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THE CHARM OF PARIS

By Ida M. Tarbell

AN attempt to analyze anything so personal and consequently so variable as the charm of a city is perhaps a trifle hazardous. So much of one's impression of a city depends upon his peculiar experience in it that it is hardly possible for two persons to feel the same degree of attraction or repulsion toward a particular place. Indeed, such slaves are we of circumstances that if on entering a new city one makes an unfortunate selection of a hotel, has a sudden attack of *la grippe*, receives a bit of unwelcome news, he often remains prejudiced against the place forever. For one of my readers who may know Paris better than I, the city may have no charm at all, and for another it may have a charm quite different from that which I found in it. This paper, however, is not on their experience. It properly should be called "The Charm Paris Had for Me." Although the analysis I propose is of purely personal impression, it is not to be supposed that it is, therefore, elaborate. The charm the city had for me lay in very simple, evident things.

I think the first of these was so obvious a matter as its uniformity of coloring. In our American towns and cities variety of color is one of the most conspicuous features. The other day in Chicago I occupied a room on the eighth floor of a big hotel, overlooking the city. From my window I counted *twenty* distinct shades, gray, brown, red, and green, not to speak of one brilliant yellow building. This experience might be repeated in almost every American city excepting Washington; happily there the prevailing red brick, relieved by the marble of the public buildings, is as harmonious as unusual. In Paris there is no such variety; from wall to wall gray is the prevailing tone; dwellings, churches, palaces, stores, arches, bridges, quays, walls, everything is gray. Nature ordered it so in the first place, for the quarries of this portion of France are very rich in gray stone; art has seen the wisdom of it since; and if other material has been employed, it has been painted some shade of gray. I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions to the rule. There are; for example, there is a little red brick in one of the old quarters, but not much, and many of the ancient brick façades put up in Henry IV.'s day have in later years been painted to harmonize with the stone. This may strike one who has not seen it as of questionable taste and perhaps as tiresome, but the effect on one who lives in it is restful and harmonious. Indeed, there is a dignity and good taste about the coloring of Paris which make the fantastic coloring which prevails in most cities irritating

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and vulgar. I noticed this especially on entering London, after a two-years' residence in Paris.

This gray in the soft, sunny atmosphere of the Seine Valley is capable of infinite variations. Those who know Claude Monet's studies of the façades of the Cathedral of Rouen at different hours and in different atmospheres have there the scale of coloring which the city of Paris runs. I have seen her walls and towers as purple and translucent as an amethyst, as rosy as a woman's cheek; again I have seen them black and forbidding; and this coloring was not an affair of my mood, as one may imagine, if he has never amused himself by studying graystone in different lights and atmospheres. They were the actual tones which any eye could discern if he cared to take the trouble. This graystone is finely relieved by the numbers of trees in the city. Washington itself, young as it is, and made to order as in a way it has been, is not more thoroughly a city of trees than Paris. Two years ago there were nearly 90,000 of them by actual count within the walls—horse-chestnuts, elms, and sycamores as a rule. They give a beautiful freshness and restfulness to the gray town.

Along the River-bank.

Similar in its effect to the uniformity of coloring is a peculiarity of the city which, at first, one would think of much less importance; that is, the height of the buildings. As a rule, they are six, seven, or eight stories high, rarely higher than eight, rarely lower than six. I do not mean that there are no two- or three-storied houses in Paris; there are, but they are the occasional houses of the very rich who can afford to live in a separate dwelling, instead of in apartments, as the vast majority of Parisians do. Of course, there are buildings higher, too. The churches are, some of them, higher; so is the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower; but cut off these exceptions and you could support a floor on the roofs of Paris which would not be very uneven. Now compare this with Chicago, for instance. From the same window where I counted the twenty colors the other day I counted the varying heights. As a matter of fact, I could have made a stair-case of twenty steps of the different-storied buildings I could see. There was every number, from a mean one-storied wooden structure at the very foot of the magnificent Auditorium to the twenty stories of the great Monadnock. The zigzag sky-line which the roofs of a street in a city like Chicago make, compared with the nearly straight lines in Paris, is almost painful. The eyes are never quiet, but continually going up and down in a fruitless attempt to find something on which to rest. They are no sooner turned up to a sky-scraper than the advancing steps carry them by it, and they are obliged to fall to the sidewalk-line. There is no harmony about such violent contrasts.

But it is not to be supposed that Paris learned the beauty of harmonious colors and outline in a day, or that the ancient Parisians, when they started the city—something over 1,900 years ago—passed an ordinance adopting gray as their town color and seven stories as the average height of their dwellings. Not at all. This harmony has come about largely in the making-over which the city has gone through in the past one hundred years. The idea of making over Paris is due mainly to one of the greatest of all human constructors as well as one of the greatest destroyers—the First Napoleon. To rebuild and decorate Paris until she surpassed any city of the earth in beauty was one of the great despot's noble dreams. Indeed, it was he who began the work of building some magnificent structures and laying out certain streets, but he over-reached himself,

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Drawn by A. Lepère.

Notre Dame from the Left Bank of the Seine.

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and it was his nephew, Napoleon III., who took it up in the 50's and began the gigantic task of making a model city from a feudal one. What this task was one cannot understand without a glance at Old Paris. Enough of the feudal city still remains for one to study it. In some of the old quarters, the streets are still so narrow that, when a two-wheeled cart passes, the pedestrian has to step inside a doorway to avoid being rubbed. In many of these streets there are long rows of houses which lean out as they go up—the tops of two facing buildings being considerably nearer together than the ground floors. Room was gained by this method, and light shut out from the narrow alleys. In mediæval Paris there were no open squares; there were parks, to be sure, but mainly for the nobles; even the beautiful churches were little addition to the city's charm, for buildings shut them in, closely clinging, in fact, to their sides like swallow-nests to a barn, and hiding their wonderful carvings. The very bridges across the Seine were built up on each side by houses which hung over the water and which were full of all sorts of trades-people. Now, Napoleon III. undertook to turn these narrow streets into broad boulevards; to straighten up the fronts of the houses so that sun and air could get in; to plant open spaces all over the city; to tear off the ugly excrescences from cathedrals and churches and bridges — in short, to open up Paris.

A Flower-girl.

The city is almost wheel-shaped, the hub being an island in the Seine, on which the original Paris was planted. The tire of this wheel is formed by the walls. The river forms the east-to-west diameter of the wheel. The plan for making over the town proposed to inscribe around the hub, or island, two boulevards within the tire and parallel to it as nearly as possible. This would give, to start with, a vast amount of open space equally distributed. Then, running from the hub, or island, it was proposed that broad avenues should radiate like spokes. Now consider the work of such a plan carried out in Washington. Suppose that with the White House as a centre, we should cut two circular boulevards through the town—the radius of one being from the White House to Seventh Street; of the other, from the White House to the Capitol. Think not only of the work, but the cost and, worse still, of the changes; think of the homes destroyed, the trees uprooted. Yet this is what has been done in Paris; at least, almost done. The boulevard scheme is not quite complete, although the late maps show it so. I remember once attempting to find a location on a portion of the outer boulevard called the Boulevard Raspail. I found a number approaching the one I wanted, and followed the street; suddenly the street stopped, a row of houses confronting me. I knew that, two blocks beyond where I was, the Boulevard Raspail went on. I was startled. It was like following one of those rivers which suddenly disappear in the ground, to rise a few rods ahead. On inquiry I found that there was a little way where the city had had trouble in purchasing the buildings, and the boulevard had been run up to this section on each side. By this time it is probably through.

The circular boulevards and those which intersect them are far from being regular in their outline. In making over the town, it was decided to save all important historical buildings—not only that, but to clear a space around them so as to show off all their beauty, and when possible to make them the terminus of a broad boulevard. For instance, Notre Dame de Paris, the Cathedral, was simply stifled by the mass of high, rickety buildings which closed up to her eaves like so many

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Drawn by A. Lepère.

In the Rue de la Paix.

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Recreation in the Buttes-Chaumont.

parasites. These were torn away, and a great square opened about her. Buildings like the Madeleine and the Panthéon had broad avenues cut leading up to them. Around many fine historical buildings owned by the city, parks were made. It was a magnificent plan. It has been marvellously carried out. Paris is new, reconstructed—the Paris of fifty years ago is gone. I never realized how complete this work was until, while living in the city, I tried once to track the route of the hero of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," Jean Valjean, in that famous flight with Cosette away from his enemy. The quarter through which he passed is accurately described as it existed when the book was written. That was about forty years ago. Two years ago I could find scarcely one of the streets he threaded. Not only were the old streets gone, the whole character of the quarter in which he and Cosette hid themselves was transformed. As Hugo described the place, it is, you remember, the embodiment of desolation. "It was no longer a solitude," he says, "for there were passers-by; it was not the country—there were houses and streets; it was not a city—the streets had ruts like country roads, and the grass grew in them; it was not a village—the houses were too high. What was it, then? An inhabited place which was solitary, a desert which was peopled; it was a boulevard of the great city, a street of Paris, more perilous by night than a forest, sadder by day than a cemetery."

How different I found it! In the very heart of this desolation a great space has been cleared of its high frowning houses and the superb Place d'Italie laid out. Diverging from this centre six broad boulevards cut through the former gloom, letting in air and sunshine. Since Hugo's day nearly 8,000 trees have been planted in the quarter, while fountains, flowers, and seats have been scattered about freely. The opening of these boulevards has connected the quarter with the Jardin des Plantes in the north and with the pleasant Park of Montsouris in the south, so that these two beautiful open spaces, instead of making the quarter gloomier by contrast as they once did, now seem to be a part of it.

To understand all of the audacity and the difficulty in carrying out this plan one must not fail to remember that, just as the work was well advanced, it was stopped by the Franco-Prussian War, and that, in the Siege and the Commune which followed, not only was much undone, but

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The Promenade Along the Seine.

many beautiful monuments were frightfully injured. Yet as soon as that war was over, the Parisians picked up the work where they had left it. While they repaired the ravages of fire and shot and shell they went on opening new streets and making new parks. To-day there is to be seen scarcely a vestige of the war. Only one ruin stands in the city, and that will soon go. Now and then one finds a scar in a church wall made by a shell—a saint with his head knocked off—but for the most part the holes and the saints have been patched.

The making over of Paris has cost more than money and time and inconvenience. It has uprooted associations centuries old, and even broken hearts. There are no people more faithful to their hearthstones than the Parisians. They love the spot in which they were born and in which their fathers lived, and generation after generation clings to the same corner of the city, the same house. People of the same trade hang together. Thus it is that the sellers of gold and silver work have lived for centuries in the same quarter—near the west end of the Île de la Cité. For this reason the sellers of birds and fowls and small animals have for centuries had their shops together in one quarter. A Parisian will suffer embarrassment, narrow rooms, unhealthful drainage, a host of evils, before he will leave the place in which he and his ancestors have done business. Now, when the city was made over, this love of locality was of necessity ignored. No matter what a man's love for his shop, a woman's for her little apartment, the decree had gone out and the place must go.

I have never seen anything more pathetic than a row of these old Parisian houses which had been condemned. One by one the shops are closed, then the curtains are taken down from the upper windows, the balconies are cleared of flowers, the people cease to come and go, men avoid the street. It is a dead, sad place, stripped of all but memories. Near where I lived once, in the Quartier Latin, was a row of these condemned houses. The street, the Rue St. Jacques, is historically one of intense interest, and the destruction of any of its old houses was painful to me. I watched the place slowly losing its color and life with something of the pain one has in seeing a human being gradually losing health. The buildings were finally entirely vacant, save one tiny shop and the apartment above it. Here two old French ladies kept a milk-shop. After the workmen had actually begun to demolish the

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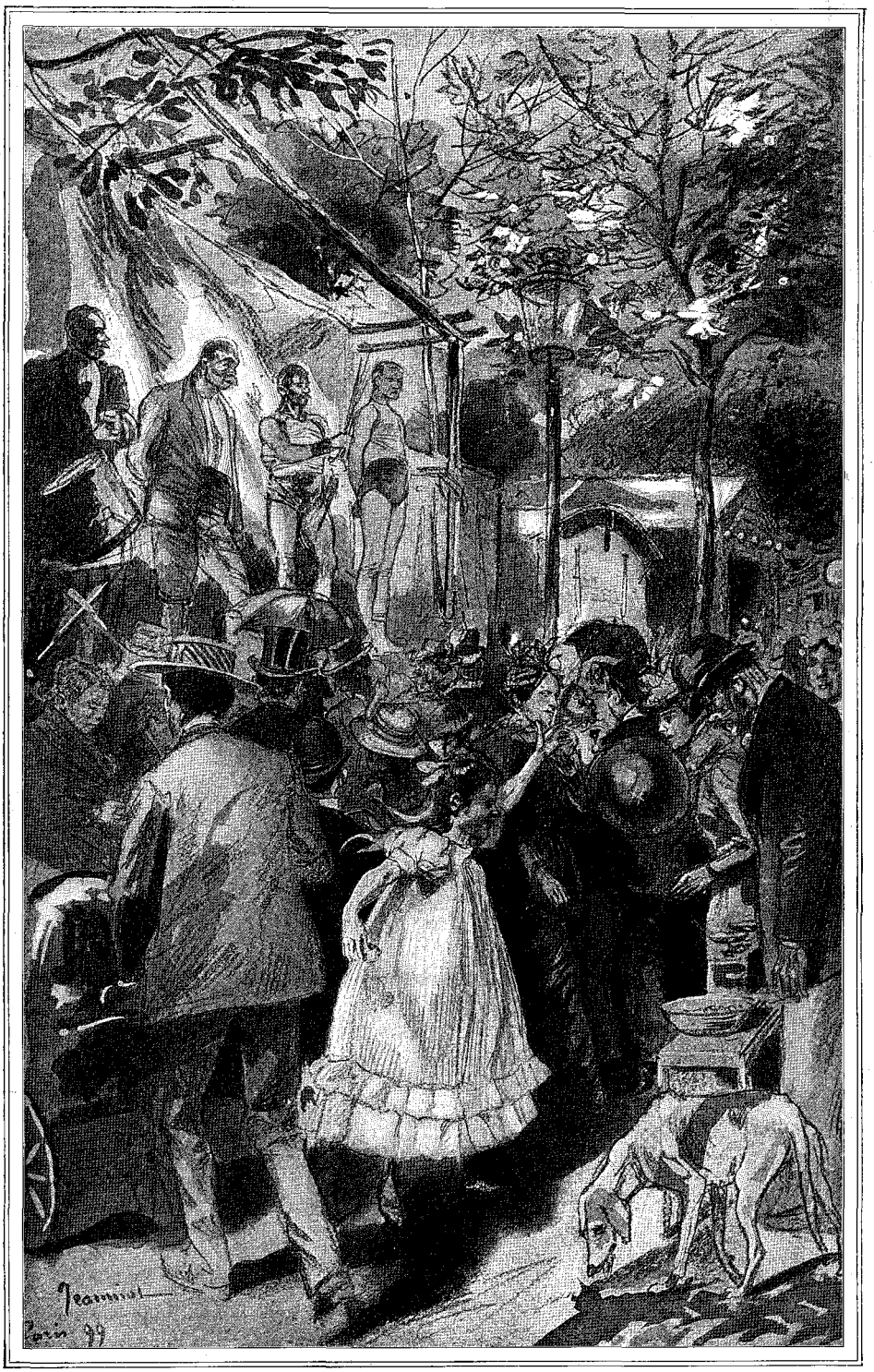

Drawn by G. Jeanniot.

Montmartre.

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lower part of the row, their butter pats and cheeses and milk-jugs stood in the window. I grew interested and one day inquired of a woman in the neighborhood what it meant.

"Ah!" she said, "they are heart-broken—the two poor old maids—to leave their shop; they have sold coffee and milk and butter to the students of the Latin Quarter for nearly seventy years; here their father and mother lived before them. They boast that they have had as customers some of the greatest men of the last century, and it is true, and now they must go. They can only weep. They know no other quarter; they do not want to learn another. It would be better to die, they say, but they must go now—to-morrow the workmen will be on them."

Repairing the Asphalt.

When to-morrow came they did go, I do not know where, but I am sure the poor old ladies never will find another real home in this world. They are only an illustration of the large class left practically waifs by the making over of Paris. Progress is costly, and money and work are not all it costs.

. . . . . .

The sense of harmony one gets in Paris is not all an affair of color, form, and rebuilding. There is much of it due to perfection of municipal housekeeping. Paris is not run in the interests of a political party, and as a consequence she can have clean streets, good lighting, good drainage, and plenty of water. With her it is a mere business matter. The best work at the least cost rules her expenditures, and the result is exactly what it is in a private house when this principle is applied. Even in a case where the handling of a part of the city's business, like tram-cars or omnibuses, is given over to a company and made a monopoly, it is so hedged in by restrictions that none of the gigantic abuses which the monopoly causes in our cities result.

Paris not only looks out that she is not cheated by those who serve her: she takes care of everything she owns. Let a crack appear in the asphalt and it is mended at once; let a cobble-stone come loose it is replaced without waiting. The economy and satisfaction which result from taking care of things are fully recognized—a striking contrast to the method which allows a street to get into the worst possible condition in order to provide a big job—for the unemployed, of course.

There is a conservatism, as well as economy, about the city's management of her affairs, which is most interesting to an American. No New Yorker would experience the faintest ripple of surprise if he read in his morning paper that the entire system of lighting or paving the city, the adopted method of transportation, had been changed over-night, nor would he resent the discomfort and inconvenience which would follow by a wholesale tearing out of the old and putting in the new. In Paris no radical change in the ways of doing things is ever made without experimenting. I was much surprised with this conservatism when the city first began to think of electricity for lighting purposes. Long after American cities were using electricity almost entirely, Paris was trying it in only one or two streets and squares. She wanted to be sure she liked it before she tore out her admirable gas arrangements, and wanted too to make sure that the people approved, for, like all wise house-wives, Paris never takes from her household that with which it is satisfied, until she is sure it will be better satisfied with the substitute she gives.

The experiment in Paris, as I watched it, seemed to me conclusive that a city can obtain much better results by perfecting

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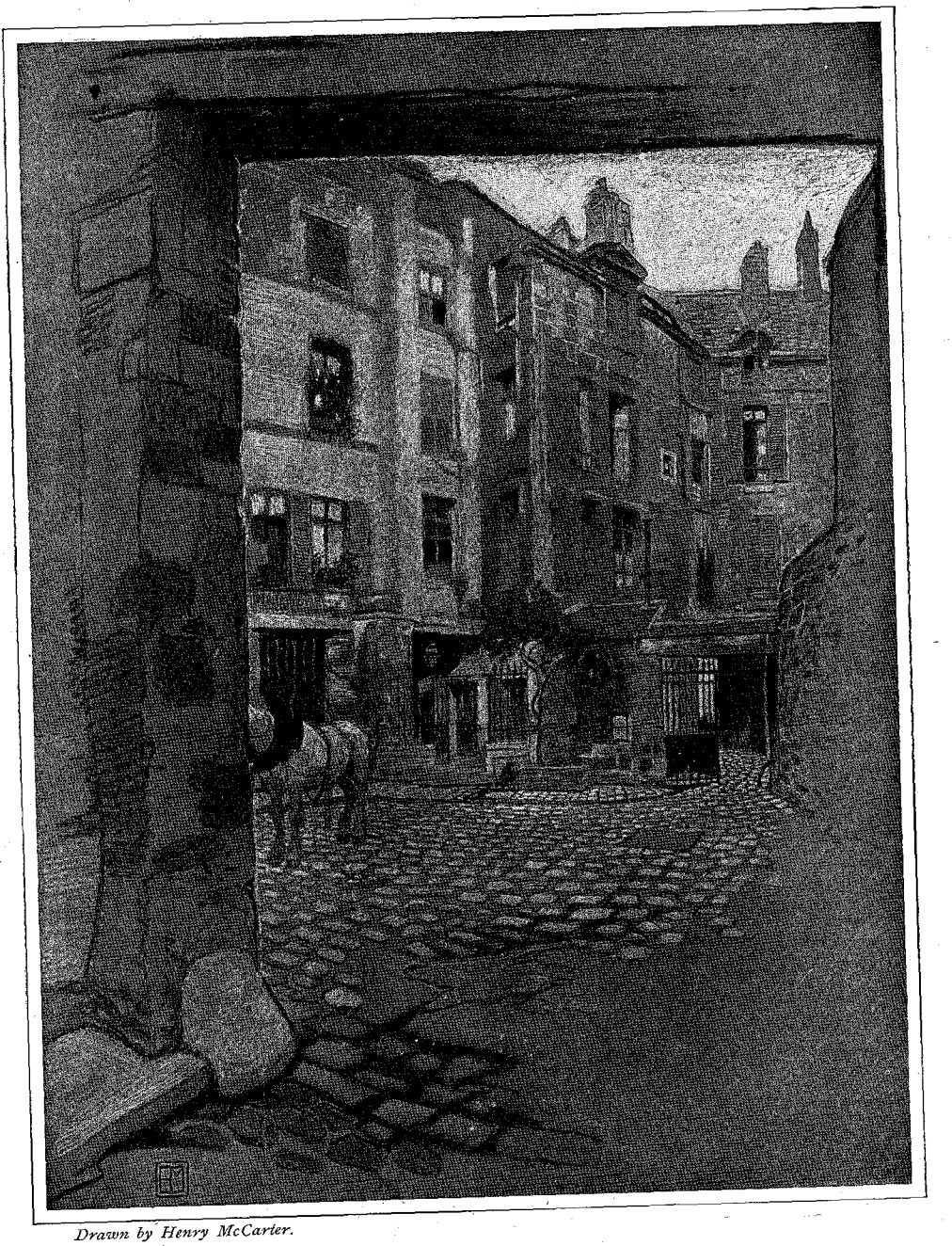

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

Cour de Rohan, in the Passage du Commerce.

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and extending an old method which is well understood and well installed than is possible, for a number of years, at least, by introducing wholesale an invention or discovery which promises brilliant things, but which is imperfectly understood and which requires complete and radical changes in service.

One of the most entertaining features of Paris housekeeping is the annual account-book. Every year the city publishes, in a bulky volume of some eight or nine hundred pages, a report of the receipts and expenditures of the year. Into this goes every item. Do you want to know how much it cost to buy new brooms to sweep the streets of the town in a certain year? The report will tell you. Do you want to know what became of the old ones? Look under Receipts, and you will find, from the sale of so many old brooms, so much.

Do you want to know how many new trees the city planted in 1890? It is written down. Even the very income from the sale of branches and twigs, cut from the trees in trimming them, is entered. This is good municipal housekeeping—and no one can go about Paris for a long time without being impressed by the thrift, the care, the perfection of appliances, the attention to details, which characterize the city and add to her charm.

But, these material features aside, a large element of the spell the city exerts is due to its wealth of historical association. One cannot go about the streets without feeling that they have seen many things. They have the same fascination, inspire the same solemnity, as the faces of old persons who have led lives of action and effort. You feel that here have been played all the tragedies of life; all the joys and sorrows, vanities and realities, have passed here. The realization of this awakens a feeling of veneration toward the city; and gradually, if one have a historical bent, the past comes back.

One re-lives here, in fact, not the history of a city, but that of a nation. Paris is France. Paris has always been France. All the great movements of the country have been centred here, whether political, religious, social, literary, or artistic; so that any attempt to trace the history of the city launches one immediately into the study of the nation—while an effort to master the history of the French people sends one to Paris. One realizes this particularly when he comes to study the lives of her great men and women. They may have been born in the south or east or north or west, but to rise to the first rank they were obliged to seek the capital. It was there they sought instruction, formed relations, began their careers, played their parts. Let me illustrate from the story of one of the most brilliant figures in French history—a man who was not by birth a Frenchman, but a Corsican, one whose greatest achievements were wrought beyond the boundaries of France, and yet who turned to Paris at every stage in the dazzling game he played—was obliged to turn there, in fact, so pre-eminent was the city. I mean, of course, the First Napoleon. You can to-day read in the monuments and dwellings of the city the man's full history. On the left bank of the Seine, in the Champ de Mars, is the old military school where at fifteen he was placed to finish his education. In that dreary place they tell you tales of him to-day. A not over-long walk from there brings you to the house on the bank of the Seine, and in the centre of the town, where in those school-days his only friends lived and where he visited constantly. The very window of the room he occupied there is still pointed out. His haunts in the years when, out of work and discredited in the army, he drifted about the city trying to re-establish himself, are still to be traced; so are the bridges and streets he defended so intelligently on the night of the 12th Vendémiaire, 1795—the act which caused his promotion to the position of General-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior, and gave him the chance to make the Italian campaign.

The scenes of the *Coup d'État* which made him First Consul, Malmaison, the home where he and Josephine passed their happiest days, the places in which as Emperor he played so dazzling a part—all these are easily located. His deeds are wrought into the very nomenclature of the city—Marengo, Jena, Friedland, Austerlitz, Wagram, being names given in honor of these great battles, to some of the most magnificent boulevards and bridges. The column Vêndome and the Arc de Triomphe, two of the conspicuous

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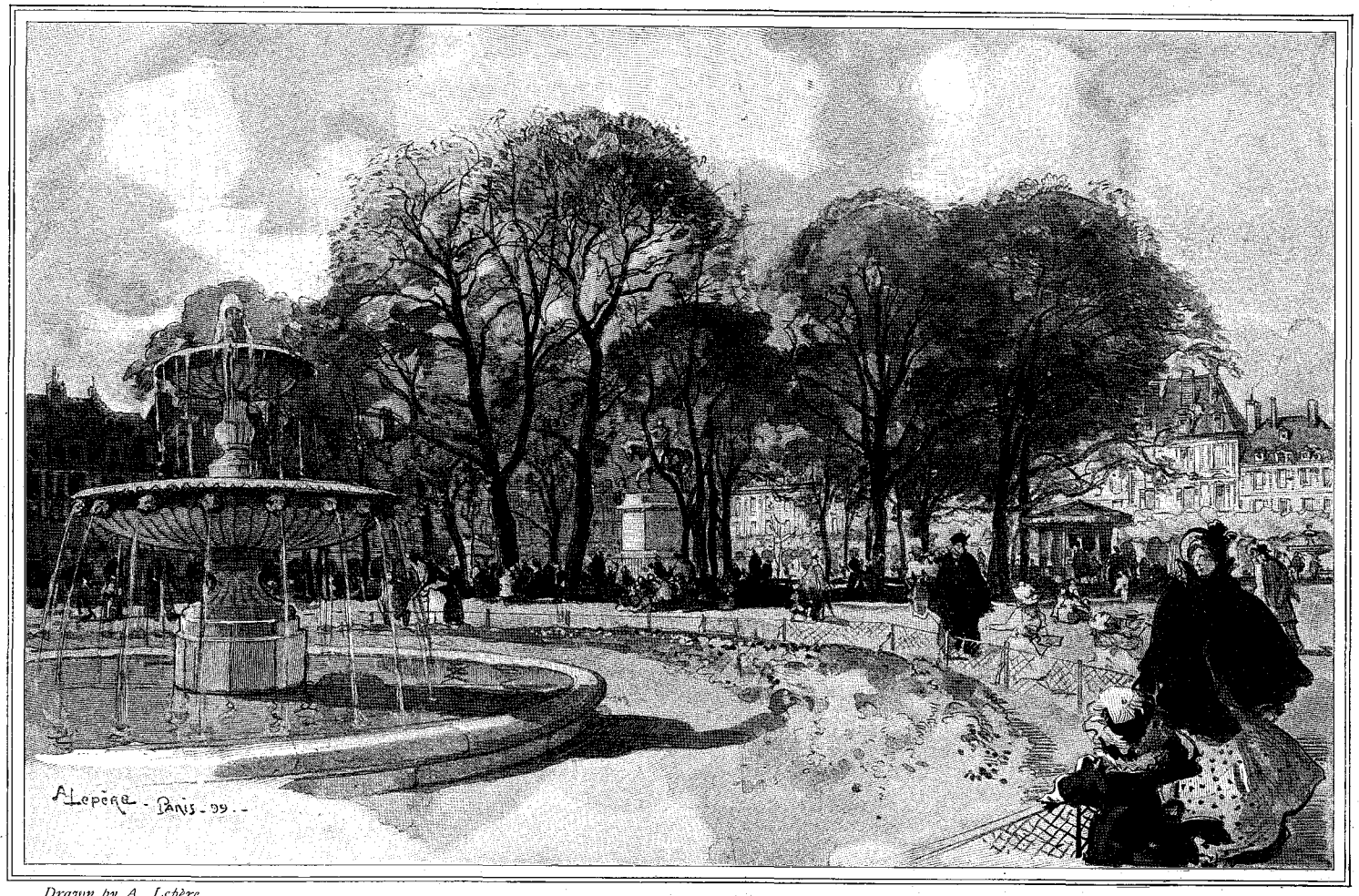

Drawn by A. Lepère.

La Place des Vosges.

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A Small Café in the Latin Quarter.

monuments of Paris, are in his honor, while his tomb is one of the great show-places of the city. Not only is Napoleon's career to be read at every turn of the streets in Paris, it is written on the walls of every museum and gallery, until one feels, after he has been studying him there, as if there was but one name in French history. But drop Napoleon, and turn to the period of the French Revolution just preceding him, and one finds Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette almost as conspicuous. Go back a hundred years farther and study Louis XIV.'s time, and Paris is transformed, until you see but him; a little farther, and it is the city of Henry IV.; a little farther, and it speaks to you of no one but Louis IX. and his friends. One can even turn the city into a Roman camp if he will, and fancy that he sees Julian crowned Emperor of Rome in the ancient quarter south of the Seine, where so many Roman remains still exist. Thus to the historical student Paris is no longer the Paris of 1900—it is the Paris of 1800, of 1700, of 900, or 200, of all the ages.

The association of French men of letters with Paris is quite as intimate as is that of statesmen. Indeed, to accomplish any success in literature in France and live permanently in the provinces is practically impossible. The publishers are in Paris, so are the journals and reviews, the critics who praise and blame, the throng which sets the vogue in books as in gowns, the great mass of readers. The young poet, novelist, essayist, historian, is driven to Paris; and from his arrival to his death his life is knit into that of the city.

In the case of the great masters of French literature you can literally track them around the town, even though they lived two hundred years ago, so carefully do the French preserve every trace of a great man whom they love. Here you are shown Molière's first theatre, there the café where Voltaire sneered, here the street in which Rousseau shut himself up to sulk—all over Paris, in fact, one is constantly running upon a page out of the history of one of her great writers.

And yet is neither the beauty nor the historical wealth of Paris which made it dearest to me. It is, if I may be allowed the word, the personality of the city; the character which it has drawn from the temperament of the Parisians. You cannot be long there without finding that it is a friendly city. The boy who passes you on the stairway lifts his hat and says

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Café d'Étudiants, Latin Quarter.

good-day. If you go of a morning into a milk-shop to buy a cup of coffee, everybody present says good-morning to you. No one enters nor leaves without a polite greeting. If you get into trouble on the street, tear your gown or fall—twenty people offer you aid. If you lose your way, there is somebody to go out of his way to put you right. In short, people notice you, and show it; and at the bottom there is no one of us who is not flattered by the consciousness that he is being noticed. An Anglo-Saxon ignores everybody to whom he has not been presented. The Frenchman may not address you, but you know he is conscious of your presence and ready to put himself at your service. This friendliness goes so far that, as a rule, a Frenchman will promise anything, tell you anything, if thereby he can be agreeable to you. Nine times out of ten he has no idea of fulfilling the promise. He makes it because it pleases him to be amiable—and forgets it immediately. This is almost universally so with trades-people, excepting those who have learned better by much experience with Americans. They will tell you their friendly little falsehoods with a cheerful complacency that completely disarms you; and even if you know the vanity of their words, you cannot resent it. It is so manifestly done, not for malice, but for your pleasure, that you would have to be a boor to look as if you didn't believe them.

In this personality enters the gayety of the city. I want to define what I mean, however, by the expression. It is common for tourists to regard a brilliant, showy life, to be seen on the Parisian boulevards and in the swell places of amusement, as typical of French gayety. There could be no greater mistake. If one takes the trouble to analyze the crowd which is so conspicuous in these resorts, for its grooming, its lavish expenditures, and its questionable dissipation, he will find that it is not French. It is cosmopolitan, hybrid—made up of the rich and irresponsible, the *déclassé*, of a dozen countries. The fast life of the boulevards, of the great and famous *cafés chantants*, of the race-course,

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of the great drives, is largely foreign. It includes the golden youth of America who busy themselves squandering what their sires have slaved to save; it includes dissolute grandees of many European countries, Spain, Russia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and above all, those of South America, men and women of fabulous fortunes made in Argentine, Brazil, Peru, who go there to live in luxury and wantonness. This is what the superficial traveller calls gay Paris, but it is not real Paris. I have frequently heard French people regret that foreign visitors regard this kind of life as representative French gayety, and protest against the practice so common among tourists of visiting the haunts of this gilded but dissolute circle for the purpose of seeing how the French enjoy themselves.

There are no doubt many French people in these throngs; there are those who furnish the amusements, clever people who know how to administer to fast tastes and to charge roundly for what they furnish; there are other clever people who are neither fastidious in their tastes nor scrupulous in their dealings, who systematically exploit these wealthy foreigners, drawing from their generosity a handsome living; there are, of course, many Frenchmen of the same character as the foreigners, the gilded youth of the city; but the very Frenchmen who seek fortune or amusement in this set would scorn the idea that their relation to it was other than accidental and transient. In short, there is nothing really representative about these most conspicuous places of amusement in Paris. They are simply gotten up to catch gullible foreigners — and they succeed admirably.

A little reflection ought to suggest to the tourist in Paris that so great a city could not be built and cared for by dissipated and frivolous people. It is only effort, patience, thought, that build houses, establish industries, invent machines, write books, paint pictures, found schools. A people must be persistent, steady, hard-working, to create a city. If a traveller wants to find representative Parisians; that is, the Parisians who do the real work—and it is only the people who do the work of the world who are interesting; nothing is so tiresome after a first glance as an idle set—he will find that he must look beyond the streets and the concert halls. He must go into the shops, the factories, the offices, the laboratories, the schools, the libraries, the Senate, the publishing houses, the homes. There are the genuine Parisians. If the traveller will take time and trouble to get to the real people and study them, then he has reached the point where he can study the character of real French gayety. He will find the mass of the people of Paris thrifty, busy, wide-awake. They work hard, and when their work is done they turn with zest to their amusements. The striking feature of the recreations of Parisians is not recklessness. It is cheerfulness. With them amusement is a matter of course, a regular feature of their week, as their meals. All their lives they have been in the habit of throwing aside work for an hour or two every day, and always on Sunday afternoons, and starting out for what they call their promenade. When one has been doing this regularly since he was three years old, he feels no excitement at the prospect. It is his habit to amuse himself, and he goes about it deliberately. Much of his amusement he takes out-of-doors. He consequently insists that the streets and squares of the city be arranged so that he may enjoy himself in them. Indeed, your Parisian is just as particular that the streets of the city are agreeable and attractive as he is that his club and his home be so. He wants them in good repair, clean, well-lighted, furnished with all conveniences. The result of his fastidiousness is that the streets of Paris have a distinction all their own. They are preeminently streets in which one can amuse himself comfortably.

The open spaces of the city are admirably arranged to gratify the Parisian love of out-door life. In remaking the city it had been arranged that every quarter, rich or poor, should have its own park. The parks of the better quarters are well known to every tourist; those of the poor are little known, they are quite as deserving of visits for their beauty, and far more deserving for their life. Indeed, I doubt if in all Paris there is a spot more gratifying to one who loves his fellow-man than the park of Buttes-Chaumont, located in the heart of the workmen's district. This picturesque place has been laid out with as much care

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as the Parc Monceaux or the Bois de Boulogne. It is cared for with the same attention. The throng which pours into it during the hour of noon, after working-hours, on Sundays and fête days, give it an intense human interest. They are the toilers of Paris. They come in blouses and bare heads—freely and gayly as my lady does in the Bois. The Park is theirs, and to it they come to forget their cares, to breathe the fresh air, to chat, and walk and be happy. The joy of it to an observing foreigner is that these people, poor and hard-working, as they evidently are, know how to use their little leisure in a rational, natural way. Indeed, one of the chief charms of Paris to me always lay in the fact that the simple, toiling people I saw all around me, know how to be happy on so little. They seemed as a class to get a great deal from life, which only occasional Americans ever get, and that only after a long experience. Nowhere is this ability to enjoy so evident as in the parks of the people.

There are two ways in which a Parisian uses almost daily the streets and parks. The first is for his promenade, that long, leisurely walk in which he loiters through some favorite spot, looking at the passers-by, gazing into shop-windows, stopping to watch some odd street incident, chatting a moment with some favorite beggar or some seller of prints, or journals, or *gaufrettes*. A Parisian really makes an art of this promenade, divesting himself during it of every worry, and giving himself over as thoroughly to the shifting panorama of the street as he does to a play at the theatre. How much it is a part of this life one has only to read French literature to know.

The second way in which he uses the street for at least nine months of the year is sitting in front of a café for an hour or more, almost daily, sipping a glass of coffee or a *petit verre*, reading his newspaper, chatting with a companion, and still watching the street. Foreigners are very apt to conclude, as they see all over the town hundreds of people sitting on the sidewalks with a glass of wine or coffee or of liquor before them, that Paris is idle and dissipated. If they would take time to observe the practice, they would find that this is merely one of the ways in which the Parisian takes his rest. Go down into the quarters where the poor live and work. At noon they pour out for a half-hour in the open air at a little table in front of a café. Again, in the evenings, the same crowds are there. They drink very little of either wine or coffee. To get a chair they must order something. Rarely are their glasses refilled. I have often seen them left half full. Certainly there is nothing dissolute about such pleasures.

One thing which always impressed me in the French at their tables on the sidewalks—and I have spent many hours there myself watching them—was their quietness. They talked but little, and it was usually in that idle, happy way which characterizes people who are on such good terms that they feel under no obligation to exert themselves. They spent a little time looking over the journals, perhaps, but usually they silently watched the passers-by.

While as a rule the Parisians are cheerful and quiet in their street life, they can on occasions rise to an enthusiasm which is irresistible. I never saw Paris really carried away by enthusiasm but once, and that was in the Franco-Russian fêtes of 1893. Here the circumstances were unusual. For twenty years and more the nation had felt as if, on account of her terrible defeat in 1870, she had lost her place as one of the great nations of Europe. She had had in all this time little but taunts and slights from other countries. Now, however, Russia had stretched out a friendly hand. It is true Russia wanted to arrange a loan, but when one has been thrust out of society for a long time he is flattered even by the prospect of a commercial arrangement if it be with one of the most powerful leaders in society. Russia not only arranged for a loan, she sent a fleet to anchor in a French port and an admiral and his staff to visit Paris. The extravagant reception they received is still fresh in mind. Not being myself particularly in sympathy with the fête, which seemed to me a mixture of business sagacity and of vanity, I concluded not to attempt to see it. For two or three days —the affair lasted a week—I remained in my room, quietly working or trying to work ; but gradually the excitement crept into my retreat. It kept calling me to my balcony to see a cavalry troop march

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by, or to watch a group of peasants in odd costumes, or to listen to a strange song—it came to me in my newspaper—through my friends. Finally, one day, when a great parade of all the dignitaries was coming through our quarter, I went to the boulevard to view it. It was a magnificent pageant, a dense swarming crowd, but those things one sees often—I had seen them frequently in Paris. There was something abroad, however, which I had never experienced before — a vast popular enthusiasm which drowned all other thoughts and feelings. As President Carnot and the Russian Admiral with their escorts came into the vicinity of our boulevard, we heard approaching a rumble which increased as they drew near, and which when finally it broke into our street had become a deafening roar. It was the applause of the people. As the interminable procession filed by, the excitement grew. It was fed by those in the parade, who stood up in their carriages waving their hats and responding to the cries of the crowd. Some of them, particularly the younger men, were white with the excitement which the enthusiasm of the people had aroused. For a few moments I watched the crowd indifferently enough, then suddenly I began to feel what it meant to these people: for twenty years they had felt in their hearts that their beloved France was disgraced—now again, as in olden days, a great monarch honored her with his attentions. Their emotion seized me. When I came to myself I was standing on my seat waving my handkerchief frantically and shouting, with all the thousands about, *Vive la Russie! Vive la Russie!* When I recovered from my demonstration and asked myself why I should cry "Long live Russia!" I had no answer. I had not changed my mind in regard to the fête, I had simply been overwhelmed by French enthusiasm.

. . . . . .

The Parisians are capable not only of enthusiasm—no people fly into a passion quicker—can threaten riot more suddenly. I once saw a French mob in active operation. It was the students' riot of the summer of 1894. There are living in and around the Latin Quarter of Paris some 10,000 students. They form a peculiar society—one with its own customs and with many privileges of which they are very jealous and which they will not allow the authorities to tamper with without resistance. Now, one of the time-honored functions of the Quartier Latin is the annual Artists' Ball. In 1894 it was said that this festival was improperly conducted, and the complaint was so great that the matter went into the Senate, where some wholesome legislation was talked of. The students flew into a passion and started out one night to demonstrate. The police attempted to drive them from a café which they had taken for head-quarters, and in the rush on the place a by-stander was killed. The students, maddened by this incident, began a riot. When I went out the next morning I found, the full length of one of the beautiful boulevards, the ravages of the night's work—trees destroyed, windows smashed, newspaper kiosques burned. Twenty-four hours later, the quarter was barricaded. The rioters had seized the omnibuses, and in several places built fortifications, behind which they defied the police, who now were trying to secure peace without bloodshed. The second day matters were more serious. From the slums, from every centre of socialistic and anarchistic discontent, numbers of vicious and dangerous men had swarmed. The Latin Quarter, with all its follies, had never looked really wicked to me, but now it took a sinister expression which was alarming. The soldiers were called out and it was evident that we had a little war on hand. I was taking my dinners out at this time, and on the third day of the disturbance went as usual in spite of the protestations of my landlady. After dinner, a French friend insisted on accompanying me home. We had reached the outskirts of the rioters, when the soldiers in a boulevard near by charged on the crowd. We were glad enough to be swept into a doorway until the rush was over. A little farther on, in crossing a square we were caught in a second charge, and here the soldiers fired over the crowd, to emphasize their intention to remain masters of the situation, I suppose. It is curious how soon the sound of a bullet whizzing through the air above her head takes away from a woman all desire for adventure. I consented to remain at

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home after that, during the two or three days longer which the mob lasted. As I lived close to one of the barricaded districts, I spent the greater part of two nights on my balcony watching the cavalry clear the streets of people at intervals of twenty or thirty minutes. As soon as the students realized that their riot was being utilized by the slums, many of them withdrew. By this time, however, the government had been so thoroughly frightened that fully 20,000 troops had been mobilized about the city. It was not the presence of this mass of soldiers, however, which broke the back of the riot. It was a trick of which I had often seen hints in studying French history, but to which I never gave serious thought until I saw its practical application at this time.

A universal characteristic of Parisians is their love of street spectacles. An out-of-door fête of any kind, a military review, a pompous funeral, the reception given by the government to a royal guest, will cause at any time a practical suspension of business in Paris. The people for days in advance prepare for the spectacle, and while it lasts give it their undivided attention. If any novel feature is advertised, their excitement is as boundless as that of a child over a coming picnic. Rarely do public affairs become so serious in Paris that the attention of the people cannot be diverted from them by advertising a great fête.

At the time of the students' riot the Parisian authorities traded skilfully on this French love of a spectacle. The 14th of July—the French 4th of July—was approaching, and the municipality and government announced extraordinary attractions for the day.

There were to be such fireworks as had never been seen before; there was to be an illuminated steam piano, there were to be music and dancing in all the public squares, the theatre and opera were to give free performances, the greatest of French artists were to perform. As the people read of the marvels, their interest in rioting cooled. The fête was something new, and all their attention was turned to it. To my utter amazement I saw after a week that the town, as a whole, was as absorbed in the celebration as it had been ten days before in the mob. The populace, eager for a great show, forgot the riot in anticipation of the display of the fête. Nor is this the first time the French Government has provided elaborate amusement to distract and appease the city. Gilding a dome, inventing a new kind of fireworks, an unusual street decoration, has more than once played a part in French politics, so eager are the people for great spectacles of all sorts.

Such an outburst of anger as this I have been describing is not, of course, frequent on the part of Paris, though one knows it is always possible. As a rule she is cheerful and friendly, with just a tinge of melancholy, as perhaps there must always be in a people with whom the desire and the effort to realize ideals of beauty and of freedom are as intense as in France. That she sometimes rises to great enthusiasm, again indulges in bursts of passion, only adds to her charm. It only makes her more feminine. And after all, perhaps, the best way to describe the charm of Paris is to call it the charm of a beautiful woman—a penetrating, subtile combination of qualities, some of them most contradictory, which make her, as a worshipping Frenchman once said, the only city which one can love as he loves a woman.

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THE LIGHT THAT FAILED NOT

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

AT long distance, looking over the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in clear weather, you might think that you saw a lonely sea-gull, snow-white, perching motionless on a cobble of gray rock. Then, as your boat drifted in, following the languid tide and the soft southern breeze, you would perceive that the cobble of rock was a rugged hill with a few bushes and stunted trees growing in the crevices, and that the gleaming speck near the summit must be some kind of a building—if you were on the coast of Italy or Spain you would say a villa or a farm-house. Then, as you floated still farther north and drew nearer to the coast, the desolate hill would detach itself from the mainland and become a little mountain-isle, with a flock of smaller islets clustering around it as a brood of wild ducks keep close to their mother, and with deep water, nearly two miles wide, flowing between it and the shore; while the shining speck on the seaward side stood out clearly as a low, whitewashed dwelling with a sturdy round tower at one end, crowned with a big eight-sided lantern—a solitary light-house.

That is the Isle of the Wise Virgin. Behind it the long blue Laurentian Mountains, clothed with unbroken forest, rise in sombre ranges toward the Height of Land. In front of it the waters of the gulf heave and sparkle far away to where the dim peaks of St. Anne des Monts are traced along the southern horizon. Sheltered a little, but not completely, by the island breakwater of granite, stretches the rocky beach of Dead Men's Point, where an English navy was wrecked in a night of storm a hundred years ago.

There is a score of wooden houses, a tiny, weather-beaten chapel, a Hudson Bay Company's store, a row of platforms for drying fish, and a varied assortment of boats and nets, strung along the beach now. Dead Men's Point has developed into a centre of industry, with a life, a tradition, a social character of its own. And in one of those houses, as you sit at the door in the lingering June twilight, looking out across the deep channel to where the lantern of the tower is just beginning to glow with orange radiance above the shadow of the island—in that far-away place, in that mystical hour, you should hear the story of the light that failed not.

I

WHEN the light-house was built, many years ago, the island had another name. It was called the Isle of Birds. Thousands of sea-fowl nested there. The handful of people who lived on the shore robbed the nests and slaughtered the birds, with considerable profit. It was perceived in advance that the building of the light-house would interfere with this, and with other things. Hence it was not altogether a popular improvement. Marcel Thibault, the oldest inhabitant, was the leader of the opposition.

"That light-house," said he, "what

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"He winks," she said, "old one-eye winks beautifully."—Page 411.

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good will it be for us? We know the way in and out when it makes clear weather, by day or by night. But when the sky gets swampy, when it makes fog, then we stay with ourselves at home, or we run into La Trinité, or Pentecôte. We know the way. What? The stranger boats? *B'en!* the stranger boats need not to come here if they know not the way. The more fish, the more seals, the more everything will there be left for us, *pour nous autres*. Just because of the stranger boats, to build something that makes all the birds *farouches* and spoils the hunting —that is a fool's work. The good God made no stupid light on the Isle of Birds. He saw no necessity of it."

"Besides," continued Thibault, puffing slowly at his pipe, "besides—those stranger boats, sometimes they are lost, they come ashore. It is sad! But who gets the things that are saved, all sorts of things, good to put into our houses, good to eat, good to sell, sometimes a boat that can be patched up almost like new—who gets these things, eh? Doubtless those for whom the good God intended them. But who shall get them when this *sacré* light-house is built, eh? Tell me that, you Baptiste Fortin."

Fortin represented the party of progress in the little parliament of the beach. He had come down from Quebec some years ago bringing with him a wife and two little daughters, and a good many new notions about life. He had good luck at the cod-fishing, and built a house with windows at the side as well as in front. When his third girl, Nataline, was born, he went so far as to paint the house red, and put on a kitchen, and enclose a bit of ground for a yard. This marked him as a radical, an innovator. It was expected that he would defend the building of the light-house. And he did.

"Monsieur Thibault," he said, "you talk well, but you talk too late. It is of a past age, your talk. A new time comes to the *Côte Nord*. We begin to civilize ourselves. To hold back against the light would be our shame. Tell me this, Marcel Thibault, what men are they that love darkness?"

"*Torrieux!*" growled Thibault, "that is a little strong. You say my deeds are evil?"

"No, no," answered Fortin, "I say not that, my friend, but I say this light-house means good: good for us and good for all who come to this coast. It will bring more trade to us. It will bring a boat with the mail, with newspapers, perhaps once, perhaps twice a month, all through the summer. It will bring us into the great world. To lose that for the sake of a few birds—*ça sera b'en de valeur!* Besides, it is impossible. The light-house is coming, certain."

Fortin was right, of course. But Thibault's position was not altogether unnatural, nor unfamiliar. All over the world, for the past hundred years, people have been kicking against the sharpness of the pricks that drove them forward out of the old life, the wild life, the free life grown dear to them because it was so easy. There has been a terrible interference with bird-nesting and other things. All over the world the great Something that bridges rivers, and tunnels mountains, and fells forests, and populates deserts, and opens up the hidden corners of the earth, has been pushing steadily on: and the people who like things to remain as they are have had to give up a great deal. There was no exception made in favor of Dead Men's Point. The Isle of Birds lay in the line of progress. The light-house arrived.

It was a very good house for that day. The keeper's dwelling had three rooms and was solidly built. The tower was thirty feet high. The lantern held a revolving light, with a four-wick Fresnel lamp, burning sperm oil. There was one of Stevenson's new cages of dioptric prisms around the flame, and once every minute it was turned by clock-work, flashing a broad belt of radiance fifteen miles across the sea. All night long that big bright eye was opening and shutting. "*Baguette!*" said Thibault, "it winks like a one-eyed Windigo."

The Department of Marine and Fisheries sent down an expert from Quebec to keep the light in order and run it for the first summer. He took Fortin as his assistant. By the end of August he reported to headquarters that the light was all right, and that Fortin was qualified to be appointed keeper. Before October was out the certificate of appointment came back,

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She refused point-blank.—Page 414.

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and the expert packed his bag to go up the river.

"Now look here, Fortin," said he, "this is no fishing-trip. Do you think you are up to this job?"

"I suppose," said Fortin.

"Well now, do you remember all this business about the machinery that turns the lenses? That's the main thing. The bearings must be kept well oiled, and the weight must never get out of order. The clock-face will tell you when it is running right. If anything gets hitched up here's the crank to keep it going until you can straighten the machine again. It's easy enough to turn it. But you must never let it stop between dark and daylight. The regular turn once a minute—that's the mark of this light. If it shines steady it might as well be out. Yes, better! Any vessel coming along here in a dirty night and seeing a fixed light would take it for the *Cap Loup-Marin* and run ashore. This particular light has got to revolve once a minute every night from April 1st to December 10th, certain. Can you do it?"

"Certain," said Fortin.

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk! Now, you've got oil enough to last you through till the tenth of December, when you close the light, and to run on for a month in the spring after you open again. The ice may be late in going out and perhaps the supply-boat can't get down before the middle of April, or thereabouts. But she'll bring plenty of oil when she comes, so you'll be all right."

"All right," said Fortin.

"Well, I've said it all, I guess. You understand what you've got to do? Good-by and good luck. You're the keeper of the light now."

"Good luck," said Fortin, "I am going to keep it."

The same day he shut up the red house on the beach and moved to the white house on the island with Marie-Anne, his wife, and the three girls, Alma, aged seventeen, Azilda, aged fifteen, and Nataline, aged thirteen. He was the captain, and Marie-Anne was the mate, and the three girls were the crew. They were all as full of happy pride as if they had come into possession of a great fortune.

It was the 31st day of October. A snow-shower had silvered the island. The afternoon was clear and beautiful. As the sun sloped toward the rose-colored hills of the mainland the whole family stood out in front of the light-house looking up at the tower.

"Regard him well, my children," said Baptiste, "God has given him to us to keep, and to keep us. Thibault says he is a Windigo. *B'en!* We shall see that he is a friendly Windigo. Every minute all the night he shall wink, just for kindness and good luck to all the world, till the daylight.

II

On the 9th of November, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Baptiste went into the tower to see that the clock-work was in order for the night. He set the dial on the machine, put a few drops of oil on the bearings of the cylinder, and started to wind up the weight.

It rose a few inches, gave a dull click, and then stopped dead. He tugged a little harder, but it would not move. Then he tried to let it down. He pushed at the lever that set the clock-work in motion.

He might as well have tried to make the island turn around by pushing at one of the little spruce-trees that clung to the rock.

Then it dawned fearfully upon him that something must be wrong. Trembling with anxiety, he climbed up and peered in among the wheels.

The escapement wheel was cracked clean through, as if someone had struck it with the head of an axe, and one of the pallets of the spindle was stuck fast in the crack. He could knock it out easily enough, but when the crack came around again, the pallet would catch and the clock would stop once more. It was a fatal injury.

Baptiste turned white, then red, gripped his head in his hands, and ran down the steps, out of the door, straight toward his canoe, which was pulled up on the western side of the island.

"*Dâme!*" he cried, "who has done this? Let me catch him! If that old Thibault"——

As he leaped down the rocky slope the setting sun gleamed straight in his eyes. It was poised like a ball of fire on the very

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edge of the mountains. Five minutes more and it would be gone. Fifteen minutes more and darkness would close in. Then the giant's eye must begin to glow, and to wink precisely once a minute all night long. If not, what became of the keeper's word, his faith, his honor ?

No matter how the injury to the clockwork was done. No matter who was to be blamed or punished for it. That could wait. The question now was whether the light would fail or not. And it must be answered within a quarter of an hour.

That red ray of the vanishing sun was like a blow in the face to Baptiste. It stopped him short, dazed and bewildered. Then he came to himself, wheeled, and ran up the rocks faster than he had come down.

" Marie-Anne ! Alma ! " he shouted, as he dashed past the door of the house, " all of you ! To me, in the tower."

He was up in the lantern when they came running in, full of curiosity, excited, asking twenty questions at once. Nataline climbed up the ladder and put her head through the trap-door.

" What is it ? " she panted, " What has hap——"

" Go down," answered her father, " go down all at once. Wait for me. I am coming. I will explain."

The explanation was not altogether lucid and scientific. There were some bad words mixed up with it.

Baptiste was still hot with anger and the unsatisfied desire to whip somebody, he did not know whom, for something, he did not know what. But angry as he was, he was still sane enough to hold his mind hard and close to the main point. The crank must be adjusted ; the machine must be ready to turn before dark. While he worked he hastily made the situation clear to his listeners.

That crank must be turned by hand, round and round all night, not too slow, not too fast. The dial on the machine must mark time with the clock on the wall. The light must flash once every minute until daybreak. He would do as much of the labor as he could, but the wife and the two older girls must help him. Nataline could go to bed.

At this Nataline's short upper lip trembled. She rubbed her eyes with the sleeve of her dress, and began to weep silently.

" What is the matter with you ? " said her mother, " bad child, have you fear to sleep alone ? A big girl like you ! "

" No," she sobbed, " I have no fear, but I want some of the fun."

" Fun ! " growled her father. " What fun ? *Nom d'un chien !* She calls this fun ! " He looked at her for a moment, as she stood there, half-defiant, half-despondent, with her red mouth quivering and her big brown eyes sparkling fire ; then he burst into a hearty laugh.

" Come here, my little wild-cat," he said, drawing her to him and kissing her, " you are a good girl after all. I suppose you think this light is part yours, eh ? "

The girl nodded.

"B'en ! You shall have your share, fun and all. You shall make the tea for us and bring us something to eat. Perhaps when Alma and 'Zilda fatigue themselves they will permit a few turns of the crank to you. Are you content ? Run now and boil the kettle."

It was a very long night. No matter how easily a handle turns, after a certain number of revolutions there is a stiffness about it. The stiffness is not in the handle, but in the hand that pushes it.

Round and round, evenly, steadily, minute after minute, hour after hour, shoving out, drawing in, circle after circle, no swerving, no stopping, no varying the motion, turn after turn — fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven—what's the use of counting ? Watch the dial ; go to sleep—no ! for God's sake, no sleep ! But how hard it is to keep awake ! How heavy the arm grows, how stiffly the muscles move, how the will creaks and groans. *Batiscan !* It is not easy for a human being to become part of a machine.

Fortin himself took the longest spell at the crank, of course. He went at his work with a rigid courage. His red-hot anger had cooled down into a shape that was like a bar of forged steel. He meant to make that light revolve if it killed him to do it. He was the captain of a company that had run into an ambuscade. He was going to fight his way through if he had to fight alone.

The wife and the two older girls followed him blindly and bravely, in the habit of sheer obedience. They did not quite understand the meaning of the task,

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the honor of victory, the shame of defeat. But Fortin said it must be done, and he knew best. So they took their places in turn, as he grew weary, and kept the light flashing.

And Nataline—well, there is no way of describing what Nataline did, except to say that she played the fife.

She felt the contest just as her father did, not as deeply, perhaps, but in the same spirit. She went into the fight with darkness like a little soldier. And she played the fife.

When she came up from the kitchen with the smoking pail of tea, she rapped on the door and called out to know whether the Windigo was at home to-night.

She ran in and out of the place like a squirrel. She looked up at the light and laughed. Then she ran in and reported. "He winks," she said, "old one-eye winks beautifully. Keep him going. My turn now!"

She refused to be put off with a shorter spell than the other girls. "No," she cried, "I can do it as well as you. You think you are so much older. Well, what of that? The light is part mine; father said so. Let me turn. *Va-t-en.*"

When the first glimmer of the little day came shivering along the eastern horizon, Nataline was at the crank. The mother and the two older girls were half-asleep. Baptiste stepped out to look at the sky. "Come," he cried, returning. "We can stop now, it is growing gray in the east, almost morning."

"But not yet," said Nataline, "we must wait for the first red. A few more turns. Let's finish it up with a song."

She shook her head and piped up the refrain of the old Canadian chanson—

En roulant ma boule-le roulant
En roulant ma bou-le.

And to that cheerful music the first night's battle was carried through to victory.

The next day Fortin spent two hours in trying to repair the clock-work. It was of no use. The broken part was indispensable and could not be replaced.

At noon he went over to the mainland to tell of the disaster, and perhaps to find out if any hostile hand was responsible for it. He found out nothing. Every one denied all knowledge of the accident. Perhaps there was a flaw in the wheel; perhaps it had broken itself. That was possible. Fortin could not deny it; but the thing that hurt him most was that he got so little sympathy. Nobody seemed to care whether the light was kept burning or not. When he told them how the machine had been turned all night by hand, they were astonished. "*Cré-ié!*" they cried, "you must have had a great misery to do that." But that he proposed to go on doing it for a month longer, until December 10th, and to begin again on April 1st, and go on turning the light by hand for three or four weeks more until the supply-boat came down and brought the necessary tools to repair the machine—such an idea as this went beyond their horizon.

"But you are crazy, Baptiste," they said, "you can never do it; you are not capable."

"I would be crazy," he answered, "if I did not see what I must do. That light is my charge. In all the world there is nothing else so great as that for me and for my family—you understand? For us it is the chief thing. It is my Ten Commandments. I shall keep it or be damned."

There was a silence after this remark. They were not very particular about the use of language at Dead Men's Point, but this shocked them a little. They thought that Fortin was swearing a shade too hard. In reality he was never more reverent, never more soberly in earnest.

After awhile he continued, "I want someone to help me with the work on the island. We must be up all the nights now. By day we must get some sleep. I want another man or a strong boy. Is there any who will come? The government will pay. Or if not, I will pay, *moi-même.*"

There was no response. All the men hung back. The light-house was still unpopular, or at least it was on trial. Fortin's pluck and resolution had undoubtedly impressed them a little. But they still hesitated to commit themselves to his side.

"*B'en,*" he said, "there is no one. Then we shall manage the affair *en famille. Bon soir, messieurs!*"

He walked down to the beach with his head in the air, without looking back. But

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before he had his canoe in the water he heard someone running down behind him. It was Thibault's youngest son, Marcel, a well-grown boy of sixteen, very much out of breath with running and shyness.

"Monsieur Fortin," he stammered, "will you—do you think—am I big enough?"

Baptiste looked him in the face for a moment. Then his eyes twinkled.

"Certain," he answered, "you are bigger than your father. But what will he say to this?"

"He says," blurted out Marcel—"well, he says that he will say nothing if I do not ask him."

So the little Marcel was enlisted in the crew on the island. For thirty nights those six people—a man, and a boy, and four women (Nataline was not going to submit to any distinctions on the score of age, you may be sure)—for a full month they turned their flashing lantern by hand from dusk to daybreak.

The fog, the frost, the hail, the snow beleaguered their tower. Hunger and cold, sleeplessness and weariness, pain and discouragement, held rendezvous in that dismal, cramped little room. Many a night Nataline's fife of fun played a feeble, wheezy note. But it played. And the crank went round. And every bit of glass in the lantern was as clear as polished crystal. And the big lamp was full of oil. And the great eye of the friendly giant winked without ceasing, through fierce storm and placid moonlight.

When the tenth of December came, the light went to sleep for the winter, and the keepers took their way across the ice to the mainland. They had won the battle, not only on the island, fighting against the elements, but also at Dead Men's Point, against public opinion. The inhabitants began to understand that the lighthouse meant something—a law, an order, a principle.

Men cannot help feeling respect for a thing when they see others willing to fight or to suffer for it.

When the time arrived to kindle the light again in the spring, Fortin could have had anyone that he wanted to help him. But no; he chose the little Marcel again; the boy wanted to go, and he had earned the right. Besides, he and Nataline had struck up a close friendship on the island, cemented during the winter by various hunting excursions after hares and ptarmigan. Marcel was a skilful setter of snares. But Nataline was not content until she had won consent to borrow her father's *carabine*. They hunted in partnership. One day they had shot a fox. That is, Nataline had shot it, though Marcel had seen it first and tracked it. Now they wanted to try for a seal on the point of the island when the ice went out. It was quite essential that Marcel should go.

"Besides," said Baptiste to his wife, confidentially, "a boy costs less than a man. Why should we waste money? Marcel is best."

A peasant-hero is seldom averse to economy in small things, like money.

But there was not much play in the spring session with the light on the island. It was a bitter job. December had been lamb-like compared with April. First, the southeast wind kept the ice driving in along the shore. Then the northwest wind came hurtling down from the Arctic wilderness like a pack of wolves. There was a snow-storm of four days and nights that made the whole world—earth and sky and sea—look like a crazy white chaos. And through it all, that weary, dogged crank must be kept turning—turning from dark to daylight.

It seemed as if the supply-boat would never come. At last they saw it, one fair afternoon, April the 29th, creeping slowly down the coast. They were just getting ready for another night's work.

Fortin ran out of the tower, took off his hat, and began to say his prayers. The wife and the two elder girls stood in the kitchen door, crossing themselves, with tears in their eyes. Marcel and Nataline were coming up from the point of the island, where they had been watching for their seal. She was singing

Mon père n'avait fille que moi,
Encore sur la mer il m'envoie.

When she saw the boat she stopped short for a minute.

"Well," she said, "they find us awake, *n'est-c'pas?* And if they don't come faster than that we'll have another chance to

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show them how we make the light wink, eh ?"

Then she went on with her song—

Sautez, mignonne, Cécilia
Ah, ah, ah, ah, Cécilia !

III

You did not suppose that was the end of the story, did you?

No, an out-of-doors story does not end like that, broken off in the middle, with a bit of a song. It goes on to something definite, like a wedding or a funeral.

You have not heard, yet, how near the light came to failing. Nataline's story is not told ; it is only begun. This first part is only the introduction, just to let you see what kind of a girl she was, and how her life was made. If you want to hear the conclusion, we must hurry along a little faster or we shall never get to it.

Nataline grew up like a young birch-tree — stately and strong, good to look at. She was beautiful in her place ; she fitted it exactly. Her bronzed face with an under-tinge of red ; her low, black eye-brows ; her clear eyes like the brown waters of a woodland stream ; her dark, curly hair with little tendrils always blowing loose around the pillar of her neck ; her broad breast and sloping shoulders ; her firm, fearless step ; her voice like the middle notes of a violoncello, rich and vibrant ; her straight, steady looks—but there, who can describe a thing like that? I tell you she was a girl to love out-of-doors.

There was nothing that she could not do. She could cook ; she could swing an axe ; she could paddle the canoe ; she could fish ; she could shoot ; and, best of all, she could run the light-house. Her father's devotion to it had gone into her blood. It was the centre of her life, her law of God. There was nothing about it that she did not understand and love. From the 1st of April to the 10th of December the flashing of that light was like the beating of her heart—steady, even, unfaltering. She kept time to it as unconsciously as the tides follow the moon. She lived by it and for it.

There were no more accidents to the clock-work after the first one was repaired. It ran on regularly, year after year. Alma and Azilda were married and went away to live, one on the South Shore, the other at Quebec. Nataline was her father's right-hand man. As the rheumatism took hold of him and lamed his shoulders and wrists, more and more of the work fell upon her. She was proud of it. At last it came to pass, one day in January, that Baptiste died. He was not gathered to his fathers, for they were buried far away beside the Montmorenci, and on the rocky coast of Brittany. But the men dug through the snow behind the tiny chapel at Dead Men's Point, and made a grave for Baptiste Fortin, and the young priest of the mission read the funeral service over the keeper of the light.

It went without saying that Nataline was to be his successor, at least until the supply-boat came down again in the spring and orders arrived from the Government in Quebec. Why not? She was a woman, it is true. But if a woman can do a thing as well as a man, why should she not do it? Besides, Nataline could do this particular thing much better than any man on the point. Everybody approved of her as the heir of her father, especially young Marcel Thibault. What?

Yes, of course. You could not help guessing it. He was Nataline's lover. They were to be married the next summer. They sat together in the best room, while the old mother was rocking to and fro and knitting beside the kitchen stove, and talked of what they were going to do. Once in awhile, when Nataline grieved for her father, she would let Marcel put his arm around her and comfort her in the way that lovers know. But their talk was mainly of the future, because they were young, and of the light, because Nataline's life belonged to it.

Perhaps the Government would remember that year when it was kept going by hand for two months, and give it to her to keep as long as she lived. That would be only fair. Certainly, it was hers for the present. No one had as good a right to it. She took possession without a doubt. At all events while it was hers the light should not fail.

But that winter was a bad one on the North Shore, and particularly at Dead Men's Point. It was terribly bad. The summer before, the fishing had been al-

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most a dead failure. In June a wild storm had smashed all the salmon nets and swept most of them away. In July they could find no caplin for bait for the cod-fishing, and in August and September they could find no cod. The few bushels of potatoes that some of the inhabitants had planted, rotted in the ground. The people at the Point went into the winter short of money and very short of food.

There were some supplies at the store, pork and flour and molasses, and they could run through the year on credit and pay their debts the following summer if the fish came back. But this resource also failed them. In the last week of January the store caught fire and burned up. Nothing was saved. The only hope now was the seal-hunting in February and March and April. That at least would bring them meat and oil enough to keep them from starvation.

But this hope failed, too. The winds blew strong from the north and west, driving the ice far out into the gulf. The chase was long and perilous. The seals were few and wild. Less than a dozen were killed in all. By the last week in March Dead Men's Point stood face to face with famine.

Then it was that old Thibault had an idea.

"There is oil on the Island of Birds," said he, "in the light-house, plenty of it, gallons of it. It is not very good to taste, perhaps, but what of that? It will keep life in the body. The Esquimaux drink it in the north, often. We must take the oil of the light-house to keep us from starving until the supply-boat comes down."

"But how shall we get it?" asked the others. "It is locked up. Nataline Fortin has the key. Will she give it?"

"Give it?" growled Thibault, "Name of a name! of course she will give it. She must. Is not a life, the life of all of us, more than a light?"

A self-appointed committee of three, with Thibault at the head, waited upon Nataline without delay, and told her their plan, and asked for the key. She thought it over silently for a few minutes, and then refused point-blank.

"No," she said, "I will not give the key. That oil is for the lamp. If you take it, the lamp will not be lighted on the first of April; it will not be burning when the supply-boat comes. For me, that would be shame, disgrace, worse than death. I am the keeper of the light. You shall not have the oil."

They argued with her, pleaded with her, tried to browbeat her. She was a rock. Her round under-jaw was set like a steel trap. Her lips straightened into a white line. Her eyebrows drew together, and her eyes grew black.

"No," she cried, "I tell you no, no, a thousand times no. All in this house I will share with you. But not one drop of what belongs to the light! Never!"

Later in the afternoon the priest came to see her; a thin, pale young man, bent with the hardships of his life, and with sad dreams in his sunken eyes. He talked with her very gently and kindly.

"Think well, my daughter; think seriously what you do. Is it not our first duty to save human life? Surely that must be according to the will of God. Will you refuse to obey it?"

Nataline was trembling a little now. Her brows were unlocked. The tears stood in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. She was twisting her hands together.

"My father," she answered, "I desire to do the will of God. But how shall I know it? Is it not His first command that we should love and serve Him faithfully in the duty which He has given us? He gave me this light to keep. My father kept it. He is dead. If I am unfaithful what will he say to me? Besides, the supply-boat is coming soon—I have thought of this—when it comes it will bring food. But if the light is out, the boat may be lost. That would be the punishment for my sin. No, *mon père*, we must trust God. He will keep the people. I will keep the light."

The priest looked at her long and steadily. A glow came into his face. He put his hand on her shoulder. "You shall follow your conscience," he said, quietly. "Peace be with you, Nataline."

That evening just at dark Marcel came. She let him take her in his arms and kiss her. She felt like a little child, tired and weak.

"Well," he whispered, "you have done

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bravely, sweetheart. You were right not to give the key. That would have been a shame to you. But it is all settled now. They will have the oil without your fault. To-night they are going out to the light-house to break in and take what they want. You need not know. There will be no blame——"

She straightened in his arms as if an electric shock had passed through her. She sprang back, blazing with anger.

"What?" she cried, "me a thief by round-about,—with my hand behind my back and my eyes shut? Never. Do you think I care only for the blame? I tell you that is nothing. My light shall not be robbed, never, never!"

She came close to him and took him by the shoulders. Their eyes were on a level. He was a strong man, but she was the stronger then.

"Marcel Thibault," she said, "do you love me?"

"My faith," he gasped, "I do. You know I do."

"Then listen," she continued; "this is what you are going to do. You are going down to the shore at once to make ready the big canoe. I am going to get food enough to last us for two weeks. It will be a hard pinch, but it will do. Then we are going out to the island to-night, in less than an hour. Day after to-morrow is the first of April. Then we shall light the lantern, and it shall burn every night until the boat comes down. You hear? Now go, and be quick, and bring your gun."

IV

THEY pushed off in the black darkness, among the fragments of ice that lay along the shore. They crossed the strait in silence, and hid their canoe among the rocks on the island. They carried their stuff up to the house and locked it in the kitchen. Then they unlocked the tower, and went in, Marcel with his shot-gun, and Nataline with her father's old *carabine*. They fastened the door again, and bolted it, and sat down in the dark to wait.

Presently they heard the grating of the prow of the barge on the stones below, the steps of men stumbling up the steep path, and voices mingled in confused talk. The glimmer of a couple of lanterns went bobbing in and out among the rocks and bushes. There was a little crowd of eight or ten men, and they came on carelessly, chattering and laughing. Three of them carried axes, and three others a heavy log of wood which they had picked up on their way.

"The log is better than the axes," said one, "take it in your hands this way, two of you on one side, another on the opposite side in the middle. Then swing it back and forwards and let it go. The door will come down, I tell you, like a sheet of paper. But wait till I give the word, then swing hard. One—two——"

"Stop!" cried Nataline, throwing open the little window. "If you dare to touch that door I shoot."

She thrust out the barrel of the rifle, and Marcel's shot-gun appeared beside it. The old rifle was not loaded, but who knew that? Besides, both barrels of the shot-gun were full.

There was amazement in the crowd outside the tower, and consternation, and then anger.

"Marcel," they shouted, "you there? *Maudit polisson!* Come out of that. Let us in. You told us——"

"I know," answered Marcel, "but I was mistaken, that is all. I stand by Mademoiselle Fortin. What she says is right. If any man tries to break in here, we kill him. *Sans paroles.*"

The gang muttered; cursed; threatened; looked at the guns; and went off to their boat.

"It is murder that you will do," one of them called out, "you are a murderess, you Mademoiselle Fortin, you cause the people to die of hunger."

"Not I," she answered, "that is as the good God pleases. *N'importe.* The light shall burn."

They heard the babble of the men as they stumbled down the hill; the grinding of the boat on the rock as they shoved off; the rattle of the oars in the row-locks. After that the island was as still as a graveyard.

Then Nataline sat down on the floor in the dark, and put her face in her hands, and cried. Marcel tried to comfort her. She took his hand and pushed it firmly away from her waist.

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"No, Marcel," she said, "not now! Not that, please Marcel! Come into the house. I want to talk with you."

They went into the cold, dark kitchen, lit a candle and kindled a fire in the stove. Nataline busied herself with a score of things. She put away the poor little store of provisions, sent Marcel for a pail of water, made some tea, spread the table, and sat down opposite to him. For awhile she kept her eyes turned away from him, while she talked about all sorts of things. Then she fell silent for a little, still not looking at him. She got up and moved about the room, arranged two or three packages on the shelves, shut the damper of the stove, glancing at Marcel's back out of the corners of her eyes. Then she came back to her chair, pushed her cup aside, rested both elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, and looked Marcel square in the face with her clear brown eyes.

"My friend," she said, "are you an honest man, *un brave garçon?*"

For an instant he could say nothing. He was so puzzled. "Why yes, Nataline," he answered, "yes, surely—I hope."

"Then let me speak to you without fear," she continued. "You do not suppose that I am ignorant of what I have done this night. I am not a baby. You are a man. I am a girl. We are shut up alone in this house for two weeks, a month, God knows how long. You know what that means, what people will say. I have risked all that a girl has most precious. I have put my good name in your hands."

Marcel tried to speak, but she stopped him.

"Let me finish. It is not easy to say. I know you are honorable. I trust you waking and sleeping. But I am a woman. There must be no love-making. We have other work to do. The light must not fail. You will not touch me, you will not embrace me—not once—till after the boat has come. Then"—she smiled at him like a sun-burned angel—"well, is it a bargain?"

She put out one hand across the table. Marcel took it in both of his own. He did not kiss it. He lifted it up in front of his face.

"I swear to you, Nataline, you shall be to me as the Blessed Virgin herself."

The next day they put the light in order, and the following night they kindled it. They still feared another attack from the mainland, and thought it needful that one of them should be on guard all the time, though the machine itself was working beautifully and needed little watching. Nataline took the night duty; it was her own choice; she loved the charge of the lamp. Marcel was on duty through the day. They were together for three or four hours in the morning and in the evening.

It was not a desperate vigil like that affair with the broken clock-work eight years before. There was no weary turning, of the crank. There was just enough work to do about the house and the tower to keep them busy. The weather was fair. The worst thing was the short supply of food. But though they were hungry, they were not starving. And Nataline still played the fife. She jested, she sang, she told long fairy stories while they sat in the kitchen. Marcel admitted that it was not at all a bad arrangement.

But his thoughts turned very often to the arrival of the supply-boat. He hoped it would not be late. The ice was well broken up already and driven far out into the gulf. The boat ought to be able to run down the shore in good time.

One evening as Nataline came down from her sleep she saw Marcel coming up the rocks dragging a young seal behind him.

"Hurra!" he shouted, "here is plenty of meat. I shot it out at the end of the island, about an hour ago."

But Nataline said that they did not need the seal. There was still food enough in the larder. On shore there must be greater need. Marcel must take the seal over to the mainland that night and leave it on the beach near the priest's house. He grumbled a little, but he did it.

That was on the 23d of April. The clear sky held for three days longer, calm, bright, halcyon weather. On the afternoon of the 27th the clouds came down from the north, not a long furious tempest, but a brief, sharp storm, with considerable wind and a whirling, blinding fall of April snow. It was a bad night for boats at sea, confusing, bewildering, a night when the lighthouse had to do its best. Nataline was in the tower all

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He lifted it up in front of his face.—Page 416.

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night, tending the lamp, watching the clock-work. Once it seemed to her that the lantern was so covered with snow that light could not shine through. She got her long brush and scraped the snow away. It was cold work, but she gloried in it. The bright eye of the tower, winking, winking steadily through the storm seemed to be the sign of her power in the world. It was hers. She kept it shining.

When morning came the wind was still blowing fitfully off shore, but the snow had almost ceased. Nataline stopped the clock-work, and was just climbing up into the lantern to put out the lamp, when Marcel's voice hailed her.

"Come down, Nataline, come down quick. Make haste!"

She turned and hurried out, not knowing what was to come; perhaps a message of trouble from the mainland, perhaps a new assault on the lighthouse.

As she came out of the tower, her brown eyes heavy from the night-watch, her dark face pale from the cold, she saw Marcel standing on the rocky knoll beside the house and pointing shoreward.

She ran up beside him and looked. Then, in the deep water between the island and the point, lay the supply-boat, rocking quietly on the waves.

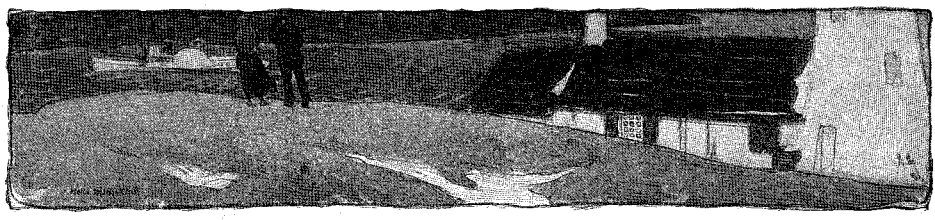
It flashed upon her in a moment what it meant—the end of her fight, relief for the village, victory! And the light that had guided the little ship safe through the stormy night into the harbor was hers.

She turned and looked up at the lamp, still burning.

"You failed not," she cried.

Then she turned to Marcel; the color rose quickly in her cheeks, the light sparkled in her eyes; she smiled, and held out both her hands, whispering, "Nor you!"

And that is how the island got its new name—the Isle of the Wise Virgin.



THE KANGAROO RAT

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was a rough, rock-built, squalid ranch-house that I lived in, on the Currumpaw. The plaster of the walls was mud, the roof and walls were dry mud, the great river flat around it was sandy mud and the hills a mile away were piled-up mud, sculptured by frost and rain into the oddest of mud vagaries, with here and there a coping of lava to prevent the utter reduction of some necessary mud pinnacle by the indefatigible sculptors named.

The place seemed uninviting to a stranger from the lush and fertile prairies of Manitoba, but the more I saw of it the more it showed up a paradise. For every cottonwood of the straggling belt that the river used to mark its doubtful course across the plain, and every dwarfed and spiny bush and weedy copse, was teeming with *life*. And every day and every night I made new friends, or learned new facts about the mudland denizens.

Man and the birds are understood to possess the earth during the daylight, therefore the night has become the time for the four-footed ones to be about, and in order that I might set a sleepless watch on their movements I was careful each night before going to bed to sweep smooth the dust about the shanty and along the two path-

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Tiny, two-legged, fur-slippered creatures came nightly to dance in the moonlight.—Page 420.

ways, one to the spring and one to the corral by way of the former corn-patch, still called the garden.

Each morning I went out with all the feelings of a child meeting the Christmas postman, or of a fisherman hauling in his largest net, eager to know what there was for me.

Not a morning passed without a message from the beasts. Nearly every night a Skunk or two would come and gather up table-scraps, prying into all sorts of forbidden places in their search. Once or twice a Bobcat came. And one morning the faithful dust reported in great detail how the Bobcat and the Skunk had differed. There was evidence, too, that the Bobcat quickly said (in Bobcat, of course),

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"I beg pardon, I mistook you for a rabbit, but will never again make such a mistake."

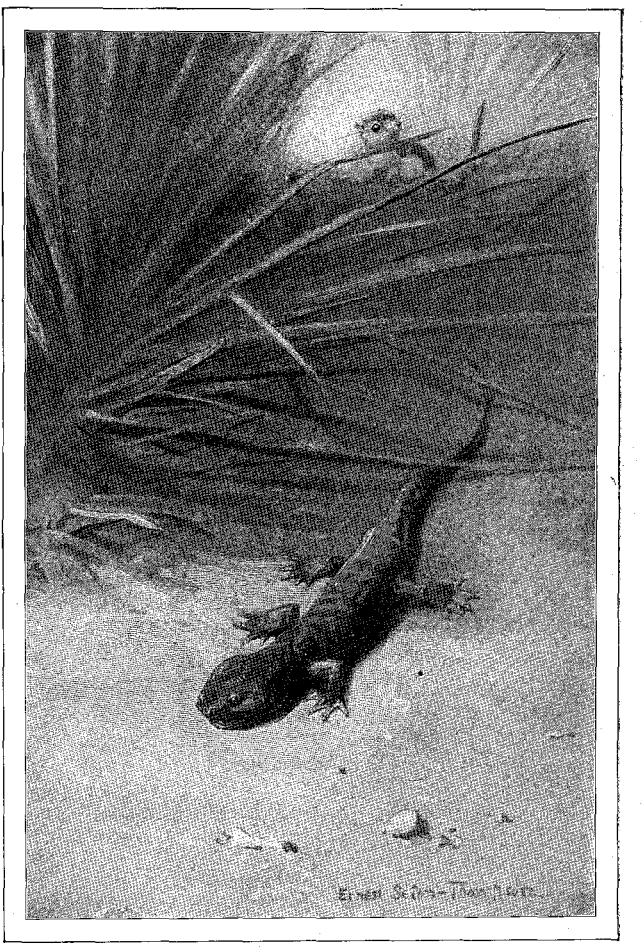
More than once the sinister trail of the "Hydrophoby-cat" was recorded. And on one occasion the great broad track of the King Wolf of the region came right up the pathway, nearly to the door—the tracks getting closer together as he neared it. Then stopping, he had exactly retraced his steps and gone elsewhere about his business. Jackrabbits, Coyotes, and Cottontails all passed, and wrote for me a few original lines, commemorative of their visit—and all were faithfully delivered on call next morning.

But always over and through all other tracks was a curious, delicate, lace-like fabric of polka dots and interwoven sinuous lines. It was there each morning, fresh made the night before, whatever else was missing. But there was so much of its pattern that it was impossible to take any one line and follow it up.

At first it seemed to be made up of the trails of many small bipeds, each closely followed by its little one. Now man and birds are the only bipeds, but these were clearly not the tracks of any bird. Trying to be judicial, I put together all the facts that the dust reported. First here was proof that a number of tiny, two-legged, fur-slippered creatures came nightly to dance in the moonlight. Each one as he pirouetted about was closely followed by a much smaller one of the same kind, as though by his page. They came from nowhere and went again as they would. And they must have been invisible at will, or else how escape the ever watchful Coyotes.

If only this had been in England or Ireland—any peasant could have explained it offhand—invisible pairs of tiny, furry boots, dancing in the moonlight—why the veriest idiot knows that—*fairies*, of course.

But in New Mexico, I had never heard of such a thing. In no work on this country, so far as I knew, was there any mention of their occurrence.



Nothing less than a ferocious-looking reptile.—Page 422.

If only it could be! Wouldn't it be delightful. I would gladly have believed. Christian Andersen would have insisted on believing in it, and then made others believe it too. But for me, alas! it was impossible, for long ago when my soul came to the fork in the trail with "to Arcadie" on the left, and "to Scientia" on the right, I took the flinty, upland right-hand path. I had given up my fayland eyes for—for I do not know what. And so I was puz-

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zled, but the more puzzled, the more interested, of course—and remembering from former experience that it pays to offer a great deal of clear writing space to the visitors who nightly favored me with their autographs, I made with unusual care a large extension of the clean-swept dust sheet to which the sagebrush-scented evening wind added a still smoother finish, and which next day enabled me to follow out a single line of the point-lace pattern.

It went dimpling down the path, toward the six old corn-stumps called "the garden," and then, leaving the clear written dust, it had turned aside, and seemed to end at a weed-covered mound, about which were several small holes that went in, not downwards, but at a level. (Yes, of course, another pretty mystery nearly gone. How sharp the flints are on this upland path.) I set a trap by these holes, and next morning I had surely caught my 'fairy.' Just the loveliest, daintiest fawn-brown little creature that I had ever seen in fur—large, beautiful eyes like a fawn's—No! not like a fawn's, for no fawn that ever lived had such wonderfully innocent orbs of liquid brown, ears like thinnest shells of the sea, showing the pink veins' flood of life. His hind-feet were large and strong; but his fore-feet—his hands I mean, were the tiniest of the tiny—pinky white and rounded and dimpled, just like a baby's, only whiter and smaller than the tip of baby's smallest finger. His throat and breast were snowy white—however does he keep himself so sweetly clean in such a land of mud! Down the outside of his brown velvet knickerbockers was the cutest little silvery white stripe, just like that on a trooper's breeches. His tail, the train that I supposed the page carried in dancing, was remarkably long, and was decorated to match the breeches with two long white stripes, and ended in a feather duster, which was very pretty, but rather overdone, I thought, until I found out that it was designed for several important purposes.

His movements were just like what one might have expected from such an elegant creature—he had touched my heart before I had seen anything but his tracks, and now he won it wholly at first meeting.

"You little beauty! You have been so invisible and mysterious that I began to hope you were a fairy, but now I see I have heard of you before—you are *Perodipus ordi*, that is sometimes called the Kangaroo Rat. I am much obliged to you for all the lace designs you have sketched and for the pretty verses you have written for me, although I could not read them all, but I am eager to have you translate them; and in fact, am ready to sit at those microscopic and beautiful feet of yours and learn."

It is of course well known that the daintiest flowers grow out of the dirt, so I was not surprised to find that the Perodipus's home is in a cave underground. No doubt those wonderful eyes and long feelers were to help him along in the unlighted corridors of his subterranean house.

It may seem a ruthless deed, but I was so eager to know him better that I determined to open his nest to the light of day as well as keep him a prisoner for a time, to act as my professor in natural history.

I transferred the plush-clad atom of life to a large box that was lined with tin and half full of loose earth. Then I went out with a spade, carefully to follow and pry into the secrets of the Brownie world of which my captive was a native.

First, I made a scaled diagram of the landscape concerned, for science is measurement, and exact knowledge was what I had sought since I made my choice of trails. Then I sketched the plants on the low mound. There were three large, prickly Thistles, and two vigorous Spanish bayonets, or Soapweeds, all of them dangerous to an unwary intruder. Next, I noticed there were nine gateways—Nine, I wonder why nine. Nine Muses? Nine lives? No, nothing of that sort (Perodipus does not live in the clouds). There were nine simply because in this case there

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happened to be nine direct approaches to this Perodipus's citadel. Another might have had three, or yet another twenty-three entries, according to the needs of its owner, or the locality.

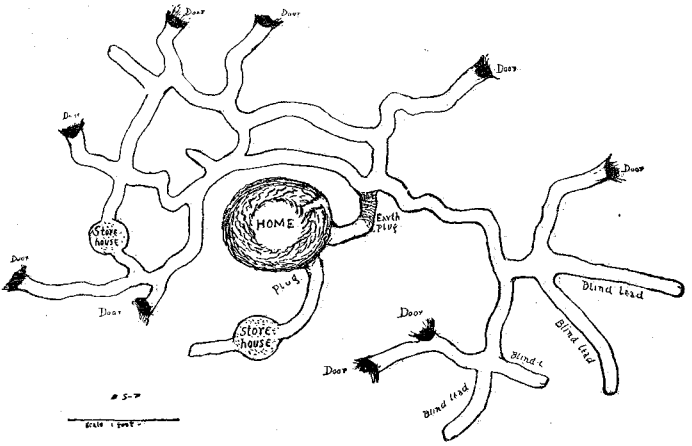
Over each of the nine holes was a strong, spine-armed sentinel forever on guard and absolutely unbuyable, so that if at any time the Coyote—the Satan of the little prairie folk—should appear among the moonlight dancers, each could dash homeward and enter by a handy door, sure that there would be standing by that door a fearless, well-armed warden, who would say to the Coyote, in a language he would well understand, "Stop, keep off, or I'll spear you."

And I feel very sure now that if an accident had opened a new approach, say in the direction of A, the wise little creature would also have made a handy door there for his own use. The Spanish bayonet could also keep the cattle and other heavy animals from trampling the mound, and when at night the Perodipus was making a dash for home with some fleet foe behind him, the tall, dark form of the friendly bayonet would be his landmark in the uncertain light. In summer-time, I now remembered, when other plants were not dead, as at present, the bayonet, in its sombre evergreen, would be a poor landmark by night; but it meets the new necessity in a splendid way. Out of its bristling topmost serried spears it sends far up into the purple night a wondrous candelabrum on a towering pole, with flowers of shining white, that must loom up afar, like some new constellation in the sky. And so the Perodipus's safety port is light-housed day and night.

I began carefully to open up the main gallery to the home of my moonlight dancer, and had not gone very far when I came on something that made me jump—nothing less than a ferocious-looking reptile—the Huajalote, that the Mexicans hold in superstitious and mortal dread. The Amblystoma of scientists. It was only a small one, but it gave me the creeps to see him lashing his venomous-looking tail and oozing all over with a poisonous slime. If he could affect me so much, what might he be like to the gentle little Perodipus whose home he seemed trying to raid. But for some reason that I did not understand then, the reptile was boring his nose into a solid bank of sand that was the end of the gallery he had entered by. Since we were all playing "Fairy Tale," I, the giant, did not hesitate to put the Dragon where he could harm the fairies no longer.

After hours of patient digging and measuring I got a map of the underground world where the Perodipus passes the daytime.

The central chamber could be *nearly* reached by any one of the entrances, but anyone not knowing the secret would have passed by and come out into the air again at another door. No matter how often he went in he never would have found the nest or any of the real treasure of the home, for the road to the nest was plugged with earth each time the owner left it.



Ground-plan of the Nest and Galleries.

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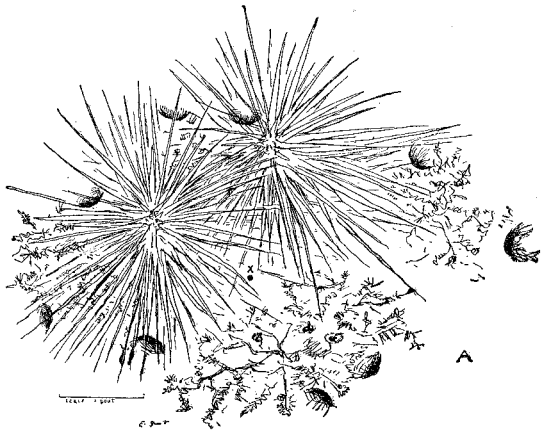
And this is exactly what happened to the Huajalote—for he seemed to have an idea that there was a secret passage if he only could find it, and no doubt thought it was somewhere through the bank of earth he was boring into, though he wasn't really anywhere near to the spot.

I do not think the chamber was shut off from the air, for the small round hole X (see drawing below) was, I suspect, its air-shaft, though I am not sure of this, for the roof caved in before I could examine it fully.

The chamber itself was very large, being twelve inches long and eight inches wide with a high vaulted roof at least over five inches from the floor, and ribbed with the living roots of the grand old bayonet trees at the door. Having discovered the entry to it I thought I was in the nest, but not so; I was stopped now by a mass of interlaced, spiny grasses that would probably have turned the Huajalote had he gotten so far. After I had forced my way through this I found that the real entrance was cleverly hidden near a corner. Then there was a thick felting of fine grass and weed silk and inside of all a lining of softest feathers. I think that every gay little bird on the plains must have contributed one of its finest feathers to that nest, for it was as soft and pretty and warm as it should have been for the cradle of those pinky white seed pearls that the Perodipus's babies are when first they come from the land of the Stars and the Stork into their underground home.



Bird's-eye View of the Mound

Down in one corner of this Great Hall I found signs of another secret passage. It was like exploring a mediæval castle. This passage went down at a slant when I got fairly into it, and before long it opened out into a large storehouse that was filled with over a pint of seeds of the prairie sunflower. This room was sunken deepest of all in the ground and was also in the shadiest part of the mound, so that the seed would be in no danger of heating or sprouting. At one end of this chamber was another blind lead that possibly was used in filling the warehouse and afterwards sealed up for safety. There were many of these blind alleys, they appeared to be either entrances plugged up or else deliberate plans to mislead an intruder who did not have the key to the secret door.

Yet one more chamber was found, and that was a second storehouse, a reserve supply of carefully selected helianthus seeds, about half a gill of them and yet not a bad one or a shrivelled one was to be found in the lot.

But I did not find any of the Perodipus family and think it possible that when they heard my rude approach they all escaped by some other secret passage that I failed to discover at all.

This was the home of my nightly visitor, planned and carried out with wisdom for all the straits of his daily life and near future.

Its owner in the cage I now watched with double interest. He was the embodiment of restless energy. Palpitating with life from the tip of his translucent nose and ears to the end of his vibrant tail. He could cross the box at a single bound, and I now saw the purpose of his huge tail. In the extraordinary long flying leaps that Perodipus makes the tuft on the end does for him what the feathers do for an arrow. They keep him straight in

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the air on his trajectory. But they do more, for they enable him to slightly change his course if he finds it wise after he has leaped. And the tail itself has other uses. The Perodipus has no pocket in his striped pants to carry him his winter supplies, but he has a capacious pocket in each cheek which he can fill—till they bulge out wider than himself. So wide that he must turn his head sidewise to enter his own front gate. Such a load added to his head totally displaces his centre of gravity, which is adjusted for leaping with empty pockets. But here is where the tail comes in. Its great length and size make it a powerful lever, and by raising it to different angles he accommodates himself to his load and leaps along in perfect poise in spite of a week's provision in his cheeks.

He was the most indefatigable little miner that I ever saw. Those little pinky white paws, not much larger than a pencil point, seemed never weary of digging, and would send the earth out between his hind legs in little jets like a steam-shovel. He seemed tireless at his work. He first tunnelled the whole mass through and through, and I doubt not made and unmade several ideal underground residences and solved many problems of rapid underground transit. Then he embarked in some landscape gardening schemes and made it his nightly business to entirely change the geography of his whole country, laboriously making hills and cañons wheresoever seemed unto him good.

There was one landscape effect that he seemed very fond of. That was a sort of Colorado Cañon with the San Francisco Mountain on its edge. He tried a long time to use a certain large stone for a peak to his mountain, but it was past his strength, and he resented rather than profited by any help I gave him. This stone gave him endless trouble for a time; he could not use it, nor even get rid of it, until he discovered that he could at least dig the earth from under it and so keep it going down until finally it settled at the bottom of the box and troubled him no more.

He used to take a lot of comfort out of jumping clear from the top of the Frisco Peak across the Grand Cañon into Utah (200 miles) at the other side of the box and back home again to the Peak (6,000 feet).

I watched, sketched, and studied him as well as I could, considering his shyness and nocturnal habits, and I learned daily to admire him more. His untiring devotion to his nightly geographical lesson was marvellous. His talent for heaving up new mountain ranges was astonishing, positively volcanic. When first I suspected his existence I had been willing to call him a fairy. When I saw him I said, 'Why it's only a Kangaroo Rat;' but after I had watched him a couple of weeks in the cage I realized so fully that millions of little creatures with such energy, working for thousands of years could not but change the whole surface of a country, by letting in the frost and rain, as well as by their own work. Then I was obliged to concede that Perodipus was more than Rat or Brownie, he was nothing less than a Geological Epoch.

There was one more lesson, a great surprise, in store for me. It is well known to scientists that the common House-mouse has a song not unlike that of some birds. Occasionally gifted individuals are found that fill our closet or cellar with midnight music that a canary might be proud of. Yet further investigations have shown that the common Deer-mouse of the Eastern woods also is a gifted vocalist.

Now any cowboy on the upland plains will tell you that at night when sleeping out, he has often heard the most curious strains of birdy music in his half-awakening hours—a soft, sweet twittering song with thrills and deeper notes, and if he thought about it at all he set it down to some small bird singing in its dreams, or accepted his comrade's unexplanatory explanation that it was one of those "prairie nightingales." But what that was he didn't trouble himself to know.

I have often heard the strange night

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Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Shooting across the open like a living, feathered arrow.—Page 427.

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Tempting the Rash Coyote.

song, but not being able to trace it home I set it down to some little bird that was too happy to express it all in daylight hours.

Several times at night I overheard from my captive a long-drawn note, before it dawned on me that this was the same voice as that that often sings to the rising moon. I did not hear him really sing, I am sorry to say. I have no final proof. My captive was not seeking to amuse me. Indeed his attitude toward me from first to last was one of unbending scorn. I can only say I *think* (and hope) that it

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was the same voice. But my allegiance is due to scant science. Oh! why didn't I take the other trail? for then I should have been able to announce here, as now I do not dare to, that the sweet night singer of the plains, and the plush-clad fairy that nightly danced about my door *are the same*.

But one night there was a fresh upheaval of nature and my Immeasurable Force tried a new experiment in terrestrial convulsions. He started his mountain not in the middle of his kingdom, as aforetime, but afar to the southwest, in one corner of the box, and a notable mountain he made. He simply ruined the Grand Cañon to use the material of its walls.

Higher and higher those tiny pink pawlets piled the beetling crags and the dizzy peak arose above the sinking plain as it never had before.

It went up fast, too, for it was in the angle of the box and it was rapidly nearing the heaven of heavens represented by the lid, when an accident turned the current of the Perodipus's ambitions. He was now at an altitude that he had never before reached since his imprisonment. So high that he could touch the narrow strip of the wooden walls that was unprotected by the tin. The new substance tempted his teeth—Oh! new-found joy, it was easy to cut. He set to work with his usual energy, and in a very short time cut his way through the half-inch pine, then escaped from the tin-clad kingdom that had been forced upon him, and its geological epoch was gone. My professor had quit his chair. I had been willing to find an impossible mystery, but I had found a delightful story from Nature's wonderland.

And now he is once more skimming merrily over the mud and sands of the upland plains; shooting across the open like a living, feathered arrow; tempting the rash Coyote to thrust his unfortunate nose into those awful cactus brakes, or teaching the Prairie Owls that if they do not let him alone they will surely come to grief on a Spanish bayonet; coming out by night again to scribble his lace-work designs on the smooth places, or write verses of measured rhythm to sing and play hopscotch in the moonlight with his merry crew.

Soft as a shadow, swift as an arrow, dainty as thistle down; bright-eyed and beautiful, with a secret way to an underground world where he finds safety from his foes—my first impression was not so very far astray. I had surely found the Little Folk, and nearer, better and more human Little Folk than any in the nursery books. My chosen flinty track had led me on to Upper Arcadie at last. And now, when I hear certain purblind folk talk of Fairies and Brownies as a race peculiar to the romantic parts of England, Ireland, or India, I think—

"*You* have been wasting your time reading books. You have never been on the shifting Currumpaw when the moon of the Mesas comes up to glint the river at its every bend, and bathe the hills in green and veil the shades in blue. You have not heard the moonlight music. You have not seen these moon-beams skip from thistle-top and bayonet-spear to rest in peace at last, as by appointment, on the smooth-swept dancing floor of a tiny race that visits this earth each night, coming from nowhere and disappearing without a sound of falling feet.

"You have never seen this, for you have not found the key to the secret chamber; and if you did, you still might doubt, for the dainty moonlight revellers have coats of darkness and become invisible at will.

"Indeed, I believe you would say the whole thing was a dream; but what about the lace-traceries in the dust?—they are there when the sun comes up next morning."

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Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"She is standing behind that tree looking at us."—Page 442.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XI

THE TEA-PARTY

IT was quite a large tea-party, and was held in what had been the school-room; nothing there now, however, to recall an academic past, for even the space against which a map of the world (Mercator's projection) had once hung was gone the color of the rest of the walls, and with it had faded away the last relic of the Hanky School.

"It will not fade so quickly from my memory," Tommy said to please Mrs. McLean. His affection for his old schoolmistress was as sincere as hers for him. I could tell you of scores of pretty things he had done to give her pleasure since his return, all carried out, too, with a delicacy which few men could rival, and never a woman, but they might make you like him, so we shall pass them by.

Ailie said, blushing, that she had taught him very little. "Everything I know," he replied, and then, with a courteous bow to the gentleman opposite, "except what I learned from Mr. Cathro."

"Thank you," Cathro said, shortly. Tommy had behaved splendidly to him, and called him his dear preceptor, and yet the dominie still itched to be at him as of old. "And fine he knows I'm itching," he reflected, which made him itch the more.

It should have been a most successful party, for in the rehearsals between the hostess and her maid Christina every conceivable difficulty had been ironed out. Ailie was wearing her black silk, but without the Honiton lace, so that Miss Sophia Innes need not become depressed, and she had herself taken the chair with the weak back. Mr. Cathro, who needed a great deal of room at table, had been seated far away from the spinet, to allow Christina to pass him without climbing. Miss Sophia and Grizel had the doctor between them, and there was also a bachelor, but an older one, for Elspeth. Mr. McLean, as stout and humorsome as of yore, had solemnly promised his wife to be jocular but not too jocular. Neither minister could complain, for if Mr. Duthie had been asked to say grace, Mr. Gloag knew that he was to be called on for the benediction. Christina, obeying strict orders, glided round the table leisurely as if she were not in the least excited, though she could be heard rushing along the passage like one who had entered for a race. And, lastly, there was as chief guest, the celebrated Thomas Sandys. It should have been a triumph of a tea-party, and yet it was not. Mrs. McLean could not tell why.

Grizel could have told why, her eyes told why every time they rested scornfully on Mr. Sandys. It was he, they said, who was spoiling the entertainment, and for the pitiful reason that the company were not making enough of him. He was the guest of the evening, but they were talking admiringly of another man, and so he sulked. Oh, how she scorned Tommy!

That other man was of course the unknown Captain Ure, gallant saviour of boys, hero of all who admire brave actions except the jealous Sandys. Tommy had pooh-poohed him from the first, to Grizel's unutterable woe.

"Have you not one word of praise for such a splendid deed?" she had asked in despair.

"I see nothing splendid about it," he replied, coldly.

"I advise you in your own interests not to talk in that way to others," she said. "Don't you see what they will say?"

"I can't help that," answered Tommy the Just. "If they ask my opinion I must give them the truth. I thought you were fond of the truth, Grizel."

To that she could wring her hands only

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and say nothing. But it had never struck her that the truth could be so bitter.

And now he was giving his opinion at Mrs. McLean's party, and they were all against him, except in a measure Elspeth's bachelor, who said, cheerily, "We should all have done it if we had been in Captain Ure's place; I would have done it myself, Miss Elspeth, though not fond of the water." He addressed all single ladies by their Christian name, with a Miss in front of it. This is the mark of the confirmed bachelor and comes upon him at one-and-twenty.

"I could not have done it," Grizel replied decisively, though she was much the bravest person present, and he explained that he meant the men only. His name was James Bonthron. Let us call him Mr. James.

"Men are so brave!" she responded with her eyes on Tommy, and he received the stab in silence. Had the blood spouted from the wound, it would have been an additional gratification to him. Tommy was like those superb characters of romance who bare their breast to the enemy and say, "Strike!"

"Well, well," Mr. Cathro observed, "none of us was on the spot, and so we had no opportunity of showing our heroism. But you were near by, Mr. Sandys, and if you had fished up the water that day instead of down, you might have been called upon. I wonder what you would have done?"

Yes, Tommy was as exasperating to him still as in the long ago, and Cathro said this maliciously, yet feeling that he did a risky thing, so convinced was he by old experience that you were getting in the way of a road machine when you opposed Thomas Sandys.

"I wonder," Tommy replied quietly.

The answer made a poor impression, and Cathro longed to go on. "But he was always most dangerous when he was quiet," he reflected uneasily, and checked himself in sheer funk.

Mr. Gloag came, as he thought, to Tommy's defence. "If Mr. Sandys questions," he said heavily, "whether courage would have been vouchsafed to him at that trying hour, it is right and fitting that he should admit it with Christian humility."

"Quite so, quite so," Mr. James agreed with heartiness. He had begun to look solemn at the word "vouchsafed."

"For we are differently gifted," continued Mr. Gloag, now addressing his congregation; "to some is given courage, to some learning, to some grace. Each has his strong point," he ended abruptly, and tucked reverently into the jam, which seemed to be his.

"If he would not have risked his life to save the boy," Elspeth interposed hotly, "it would have been because he was thinking of me."

"I should like to believe that thought of you would have checked me," Tommy said.

"I am sure it would," said Grizel.

Mr. Cathro was rubbing his hands together covertly, yet half wishing he could take her aside and whisper, "Be canny, it's grand to hear you, but be canny; he is looking most extraordinar meek, and unless he has cast his skin since he was a laddie, it's not chancey to meddle with him when he is meek."

The doctor also noticed that Grizel was pressing Tommy too hard, and though he did not like the man, he was surprised, he had always thought her so fair-minded.

"For my part," he said, "I don't admire the unknown half so much for what he did as for his behavior afterwards. To risk his life was something, but to disappear quietly without taking any credit for it was finer and I should say much more difficult."

"I think it was sweet of him," Grizel said.

"I don't see it," said Tommy, and the silence that followed should have been unpleasant to him. But he went on calmly, "Doubtless it was a mere impulse that made him jump into the pool, and impulse is not courage." He was quoting Grizel now, you observe, and though he did not look at her, he knew her eyes were fixed on him reproachfully. "And so," he concluded, "I suppose Captain Ure knew he had done no great thing and preferred to avoid exaggerated applause."

Even Elspeth was troubled, but she must defend her dear brother. "He would have avoided it himself," she explained quickly; "he dislikes praise so

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much that he does not understand how sweet it is to smaller people."

This made Tommy wince. He was always distressed when timid Elspeth blurted out things of this sort in company, and not the least of his merits was that he usually forbore from chiding her for it afterwards, so reluctant was he to hurt her. In a world where there were no women except Elspeths, Tommy would have been a saint. He saw the doctor smiling now, and at once his annoyance with her changed to wrath against him for daring to smile at little Elspeth. She saw the smile, too, and blushed, but she was not angry, she knew that the people who smiled at her liked her, and that no one smiled so much at her as Dr. Gemmell.

The dominie said, fearfully, "I have no doubt that explains it, Miss Sandys. Even as a boy I remember your brother had a horror of vulgar applause."

"Now," he said to himself, "he will rise up and smite me." But no, Tommy replied, quietly:

"I am afraid that was not my character, Mr. Cathro, but I hope I have changed since then, and that I could pull a boy out of the water without wanting to be extolled for it."

That he could say such things before her was terrible to Grizel. It was perhaps conceivable that he might pull the boy out of the water, as he so ungenerously expressed it, but that he could refrain from basking in the glory thereof, that, she knew, was quite impossible. Her eyes begged him to take back those shameful words, but his bravely declined; not even to please Grizel could he pretend that what was not was. No more sentiment for T. Sandys.

"The spirit has all gone out of him; what am I afraid of?" reflected the dominie, and he rose suddenly to make a speech, tea-cup in hand. "Cathro, Cathro, you tattie-doolie, you are riding to destruction," said a warning voice within him, but against his better judgment he stifled it and began. He begged to propose the health of Captain Ure. He was sure they would all join with him cordially in drinking it, including Mr. Sandys, who unfortunately differed from them in his estimation of the hero. "That was only, however, as had been conclusively shown, because he was a hero himself, and so could make light of heroic deeds. With other sly hits at Mr. Sandys. But when all the others rose to drink the toast, Tommy remained seated. The dominie coughed.

"Perhaps Mr. Sandys means to reply," Grizel suggested icily, and it was at this uncomfortable moment that Christina appeared suddenly and in a state of suppressed excitement requested her mistress to speak with her behind the door. All the knowing ones were aware that something terrible must have happened in the kitchen. Miss Sophia thought it might be the china tea-pot. She smiled reassuringly to signify that whatever it was she would help Mrs. McLean through, and so did Mr. James. He was a perfect lady.

How dramatic it all was, as Ailie said frequently afterwards. She was back in a moment, with her hand on her heart. "Mr. Sandys," were her astounding words, "a lady wants to see you."

Tommy rose in surprise, as did several of the others.

"Was it really you?" Ailie cried. "She says it was you!"

"I don't understand Mrs. McLean," he answered, "I have done nothing."

"But she says—and she is at the door!"

All eyes turned on the door so longingly that it opened under their pressure, and a boy who had been at the keyhole stumbled forward.

"That's him!" he announced, pointing a stern finger at Mr. Sandys.

"But he says he did not do it," Ailie said.

"He's a liar," said the boy.

His manner was that of the police, and it had come so sharply upon Tommy that he looked not unlike a detected criminal.

Most of them thought he was being accused of something vile, and the dominie demanded, with a light heart, "Who is the woman?" while Mr. James had a pleasant feeling that the ladies should be requested to retire. But just then the woman came in, and she was much older than they expected.

"That's him, granny," the boy said, still severely, "that's the man as saved my life at the Slugs." And then, when the truth was dawning on them all and there

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were exclamations of wonder, a pretty scene suddenly presented itself, for the old lady, who had entered with the timidest courtesy, slipped down on her knees before Tommy and kissed his hand. That young rascal of a boy was all she had.

They were all moved by her simplicity, but none quite so much as Tommy. He gulped with genuine emotion and saw her through a maze of beautiful thoughts that delayed all sense of triumph and even made him forget for a little while to wonder what Grizel was thinking of him now. As the old lady poured out her thanks tremblingly, he was excitedly planning her future. He was a poor man, but she was to be brought by him into Thrums to a little cottage over-grown with honeysuckle. No more hard work for those dear old hands. She could sell scones, perhaps. She should have a cow. He would send the boy to college and make a minister of him; she should yet hear her grandson preach in the church to which as a boy——

But here the old lady somewhat imperilled the picture by rising actively and dumping upon the table the contents of the bag, a fowl for Tommy.

She was as poor an old lady as ever put a half-penny into the church-plate on Sundays, but that she should present a hen to the preserver of her grandson her mind had been made up from the moment she had reason to think she could find him, and it was to be the finest hen in all the country round. She was an old lady of infinite spirit, and daily, dragging the boy with her lest he again went a-fishing, she trudged to farms near and far to examine and feel their hens. She was a brittle old lady who creaked as she walked and cracked like a whin-pod in the heat, but she did her dozen miles or more a day and passed all the fowls in review and could not be deceived by the craftiest of farmers' wives, and in the tail of the day she became possessor and did herself thraw the neck of the stoutest and toughest hen that ever entered a linen bag head foremost. By this time the boy had given way in the legs, and hence the railway journey, its cost defrayed by admiring friends.

With careful handling he should get a week out of her gift, she explained complacently, besides two makes of broth; and she and the boy looked as if they would like dearly to sit opposite Tommy during those seven days and watch him gorging.

If you look at the matter aright it was a handsomer present than many a tiara, but if you are of the same stuff as Mr. James it was only a hen. Mr. James tittered, and one or two others made ready to titter; it was a moment to try Tommy, for there are doubtless heroes as gallant as he who do not know how to receive a present of a hen. Grizel, who had been holding back, moved a little nearer. If he hurt that sweet old woman's feelings she could never forgive him, never.

He heard the titter, and ridicule was terrible to him, but he also knew why Grizel had come closer and what she wanted of him. Our Tommy, in short, had emerged from his emotion, and once more knew what was what. The way he took that old lady's wrinkled hand and bowed over it, and thanked her was an ode to manhood. Everyone was touched, those who had been about to titter wondered what on earth Mr. James had seen to titter at, and Grizel almost clapped her hands with joy; she would have done it altogether had not Tommy just then made the mistake of looking at her for approval. She fell back, and, intoxicated with himself, he thought it was because her heart was too full for utterance. Tommy was now splendid, and described the affair at the Slugs with an adorable modesty.

"I assure you it was a much smaller thing to do than you imagine; it was all over in a few minutes; I knew that in your good nature you would make too much of it, and so, foolishly, I can see now, I tried to keep it from you. As for the name Captain Ure, it was an invention of that humorous dog, Corp."

And so on, with the most considerate remarks when they insisted on shaking hands with him. "I beseech you, don't apologize to me; I see clearly that the fault was entirely my own. Had I been in your place, Mr. James, I should have behaved precisely as you have done, and had you been at the Slugs you would have jumped in as I did. Mr. Cathro, you pain me by holding back; I assure you I esteem my old dominie more than ever

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for the way in which you stuck up for Captain Ure, though you must see why I could not drink that gentleman's health."

And Mr. Cathro made the best of it, wringing Tommy's hand effusively, while muttering, "Fool, donnard stirk, gowk!" He was addressing himself and any other person who might be so presumptuous as to try to get the better of Thomas Sandys. Cathro never tried it again. Had Tommy died that week his old dominie would have been very chary of what he said at the funeral.

They were in the garden now, the gentlemen without their hats. "Have you made your peace with him?" Cathro asked Grizel in a cautious voice. "He is a devil's buckie, and I advise you to follow my example, Miss McQueen, and capitulate. I have always found him reasonable so long as you bend the knee to him."

"I am not his enemy," replied Grizel loftily, "and if he has done a noble thing I am proud of him and will tell him so."

"I would tell him so," said the dominie, "whether he had done it or not."

"Do you mean," she asked indignantly, "that you think he did not do it?"

"No, no, no," he answered hurriedly, "for mercy's sake don't tell him I think that." And then as Tommy was out of earshot, "But I see there is no necessity for my warning you against standing in his way again, Miss McQueen, for you are up in arms for him now."

"I admire brave men," she replied, "and he is one, is he not?"

"You'll find him reasonable," said the dominie, dryly.

But though it was thus that she defended Tommy when others hinted doubts, she had not yet said she was proud of him to the man who wanted most to hear it. For one brief moment Grizel had exulted on learning that he and Captain Ure were one, and then suddenly, to all the emotions now running within her, a voice seemed to cry, "Halt!" and she fell to watching sharply the doer of noble deeds. Her eyes were not wistful, nor were they contemptuous, but had Tommy been less elated with himself he might have seen that they were puzzled and suspicious. To mistrust him in face of such evidence seemed half a shame, she was indignant with herself even while she did it, but she could not help doing it, the truth about Tommy was such a vital thing to Grizel. She had known him so well, too well, up to a minute ago, and this was not the man she had known.

How unfair she was to Tommy while she watched. When the old lady was on her knees thanking him, and every other lady was impressed by the feeling he showed, it seemed to Grizel that he was again in the arms of some such absurd sentiment as had mastered him in the den. When he behaved so charmingly about the gift she was almost sure he looked at her as he had looked in the old days before striding his legs and screaming out, "Oh, am I not a wonder? I see by your face that you think me a wonder!" All the time he was so considerately putting those who had misjudged him at their ease she believed he did it considerately, that they might say to each other, "How considerate he is!" When she misread Tommy in such comparative trifles as these, is it to be wondered that she went into the garden still tortured by a doubt about the essential? It was nothing less than torture to her; when you discover what is in her mind, Tommy, you may console yourself with that.

He discovered what was in her mind as Mr. Cathro left her. She felt shy, he thought, of coming to him after what had taken place, and with the generous intention of showing that she was forgiven he crossed good-naturedly to her.

"You were very severe, Grizel," he said, "but don't let that distress you for a moment; it served me right for not telling the truth at once."

She did not flinch. "Do we know the truth now?" she asked, looking at him steadfastly. "I don't want to hurt you, you know that, but please tell me, did you really do it? I mean, did you do it in the way we have been led to suppose?"

It was a great shock to Tommy. "Grizel!" he cried, reproachfully, and then in a husky voice, "Can you really think so badly of me as that?"

"I don't know what to think," she answered, pressing her hands together. "I know you are very clever."

He bowed slightly.

"Did you?" she asked again. She

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was no longer chiding herself for being over-careful; she must know the truth.

He was silent for a moment. Then, "Grizel," he said, "I am about to pain you very much, but you give me no option. I did do it precisely as you have heard.

"And may God forgive you for doubting me," he added with a quiver, "as freely as I do."

You will scarcely believe this, but a few minutes afterwards, Grizel having been the first to leave, he saw her from the garden going, not home, but in the direction of Corp's house, obviously to ask him whether Tommy had done it. Tommy guessed her intention at once and he laughed a bitter ho-ho-ha and wiped her from his memory.

"Farewell, woman, I am done with you," are the terrible words you may conceive Tommy saying. Next moment, however, he was hurriedly bidding his hostess good-night, could not even wait for Elspeth, clapped his hat on his head, and was off after Grizel. It had suddenly struck him that, now the rest of the story was out, Corp might tell her about the glove. Suppose Gavinia showed it to her!

Sometimes he had kissed that glove passionately, sometimes pressed his lips upon it with the long tenderness that is less intoxicating but makes you a better man, but now for the first time he asked himself bluntly why he had done those things, with the result that he was striding to Corp's house.

He took a different road from hers, but to his annoyance they met at Couthies corner. He would have passed her with a distant bow, but she would have none of that.

"You have followed me," said Grizel with the hateful directness that was no part of Tommy's character.

"Grizel!"

"You followed me to see whether I was going to question Corp. You were afraid he would tell me what really happened. You wanted to see him first to tell him what to say."

"Really, Grizel——"

"Is it not true?"

There are no questions so offensive to the artistic nature as those that demand a yes or no for answer. "It is useless for me to say it is not true," he replied haughtily, "for you won't believe me."

"Say it, and I shall believe you," said she.

Tommy tried standing on the other foot, but it was no help. "I presume I may have reasons for wanting to see Corp that you are unacquainted with," he said.

"Oh, I am sure of it!" replied Grizel scornfully. She had been hoping until now, but there was no more hope left in her.

"May I ask what it is that my oldest friend accuses me of? Perhaps you don't even believe that I was Captain Ure?"

"I am no longer sure of it."

"How you read me, Grizel! I could hoodwink the others, but never you. I suppose it is because you have such an eye for the worst in anyone."

It was not the first time he had said something of this kind to her, for he knew that she suspected herself of being too ready to find blemishes in others, to the neglect of their better qualities, and that this made her uneasy and also very sensitive to the charge. To-day, however, her own imperfections did not matter to her; she was as nothing to herself just now and scarcely felt his insinuations.

"I think you were Captain Ure," she said, slowly, "and I think you did it, but not as the boy imagines."

"You may be quite sure," he replied, "that I would not have done it had there been the least risk. That, I flatter myself, is how you reason it out."

"It does not explain," she said, "why you kept the matter secret."

"Thank you, Grizel! Well, at least I have not boasted of it."

"No, and that is what makes me——" she paused.

"Go on," said he, "though I can guess what agreeable thing you were going to say."

But she said something else. "You may have noticed that I took the boy aside and questioned him privately."

"I little thought then, Grizel, that you suspected me of being an impostor."

She clenched her hands again, it was all so hard to say, and yet she must say it. "I did not. I saw he believed his story. I was asking him whether you had planned his coming with it to Mrs. McLean's house at that dramatic moment."

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"Actually you thought me capable of that!"

"It makes me horrid to myself," she replied, wofully, "but if I thought you had done that I could more readily believe the rest."

"Very well, Grizel," he said, "go on thinking the worst of me; I would not deprive you of that pleasure if I could."

"Oh, cruel, cruel," she could have replied; "you know it is no pleasure; you know it is a great pain," but she did not speak, and how great the pain was Tommy did not know, he was so wholly occupied with himself.

"I have already told you that the boy's story is true," he said, "and now I must tell you why I did not shout it from the house-tops myself. It was for your sake, Grizel. It was to save you the distress of knowing that in a momentary impulse I could so far forget myself as to act the part of a man."

She pressed her hands more tightly. "I may be wronging you," she answered, "I should love to think so, but—you have something you want to say to Corp before I see him."

"Not at all," Tommy said; "if you still want to see Corp, let us go together."

She hesitated, but she knew how clever he was. "I prefer to go alone," she replied. "Forgive me if I ask you to turn back."

"Don't go," he entreated her. "Grizel, I give you my word of honor it is to save you acute pain that I want to see Corp first."

She smiled wanly at that, for though of course there was truth in it, she misunderstood him. He had to let her go on alone.

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH A COMEDIAN CHALLENGES TRAGEDY TO BOWLS

WHEN Grizel opened the door of Corp's house she found husband and wife at home, the baby in his father's arms; what is more, Gavinia was looking on smiling and saying, "You bonny litlin, you're windy to have him dandling you; and no wonder, for he's a father to be proud o'." Corp was accepting it all with a complacent smirk. Oh, agreeable change since last we were in this house, oh, happy picture of domestic bliss, oh—but no, these are not the words; what we meant to say was, "Gavinia, you limmer, so you have got the better of that man of yours at last."

How had she contrived it? We have seen her escorting the old lady to the Dove-cot, Corp skulking behind; our next peep at them shows Gavinia back at her house, Corp peering through the window and wondering whether he dare venture in. Gavinia was still bothered, for though she knew now the story of Tommy's heroism, there was no glove in it, and it was the glove that maddened her.

"No, I ken nothing about a glove," the old lady had assured her.

"Not a sylup was said about a glove," maintained Christina, who had given her a highly colored narrative of what took place in Mrs. McLean's parlor.

"And yet there's a glove in 't as sure as there's a quirk in 't," Gavinia kept muttering to herself. She rose to have another look at the hoddy place in which she had concealed the glove from her husband, and as she did so she caught sight of him at the window. He bobbed at once, but she hastened to the door to scarify him. The clock had given only two ticks when she was upon him, but in that time she had completely changed her plan of action. She welcomed him with smiles of pride. Thus is the nimbleness of women's wit measured once and for all. They need two seconds if they are to do the thing comfortably.

"Never to have telled me, and you behaved so grandly!" she cried, with adoring glances that were as a carpet on which he strode pompously into the house.

"It wasna me that did it; it was him," said Corp, and even then he feared that he had told too much. "I kenna what you're speaking about," he added loyally.

"Corp," she answered, "you needna be so canny, for the laddie is in the town, and Mr. Sandys has confessed all."

"The whole o 't?"

"Every rissom."

"About the glove, too?"

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"Glove and all," said wicked Gavinia, and she continued to feast her eyes so admiringly on her deceived husband that he passed quickly from the gratified to the dictatorial.

"Let this be a lesson to you, woman," he said sternly, and Gavinia intimated with humility that she hoped to profit by it.

"Having got the glove in so solemn a way," he went on, "it would have been ill-done of me to blab to you about it. Do you see that now, woman?"

She said it was as clear as day to her. "And a solemn way it was," she added, and then waited eagerly.

"My opinion," continued Corp, lowering his voice as if this were not matter for the child, "is that it's a love-token frae some London woman."

"Behear's!" cried Gavinia.

"Else what," he asked, "would make him hand it to me so solemn-like, and tell me to pass it on to her if he was drowned? I didna think o' that at the time, but it has come to me, Gavinia; it has come."

This was a mouthful indeed to Gavinia. So the glove was the property of Mr. Sandys, and he was in love with a London lady and—no, this is too slow for Gavinia; she saw these things in passing, as one who jumps from the top of a house may have lightning glimpses through many windows on the way down. What she jumped to was the vital question, who was the woman?

But she was too cunning to ask a leading question.

"Ay, she's his lady-love," she said, controlling herself, "but I forget her name. It was a very wise-like thing o' you to speir the woman's name."

"But I didna."

"You didna!"

"He was in the water in a klink."

Had Gavinia been in Corp's place she would have had the name out of Tommy, water or no water, but she did not tell her husband what she thought of him. "Ay, of course," she said pleasantly. "It was after you helped him out that he telled you her name."

"Did he say he telled me her name?"

"He did."

"Well, then, I've fair forgot it."

Instead of boxing his ears she begged him to reflect. Result of reflection, that if the name had been mentioned to Corp, which he doubted, it began with M.

Was it Mary?

That was the name.

Or was it Martha?

It had a taste of Martha about it.

It was not Margaret?

It might have been Margaret.

Or Matilda?

It was fell like Matilda.

And so on. "But wi' a' your wheedling," Corp reminded his wife, bantering her from aloft, "you couldna get a scraping out o' me till I was free to speak."

He thought it a good opportunity for showing Gavinia her place once and for all. "In small matters," he said, "I gie you your ain way, for though you may be wrang, thinks I to mysel' she's but a woman; but in important things, Gavinia, if I humored you I would spoil you, so let this be a telling to you that there's no diddling a determined man," to which she replied by informing the baby that he had a father to be proud of.

A father to be proud of! They were the words heard by Grizel as she entered. She also saw Gavinia looking admiringly at her man, and in that doleful moment she thought she understood all. It was Corp who had done it, and Tommy had been the looker-on. He had sought to keep the incident secret because though he was in it the glory had been won by another (oh, how base!), and now profiting by the boy's mistake he was swaggering in that other's clothes (oh, baser still!). Everything was revealed to her in a flash, and she stooped over the baby to hide a sudden tear. She did not want to hear any more.

The baby cried. Babies are aware that they can't do very much, but all of them who knew Grizel were almost contemptuously confident of their power over her, and when this one saw (they are very sharp) that in his presence she could actually think of something else, he was so hurt that he cried.

Was she to be blamed for thinking so meanly of Tommy? You can blame her with that tear in her eye if you choose, but I can think only of the gladness that came afterwards when she knew she had been

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unjust to him. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" the bird sang to its creator when the sun came out after rain, and it was Grizel's song as she listened to Corp's story of heroic Tommy; there was no room in her exultant heart for remorse, it would have shown littleness to be able to think of herself at all when she could think so gloriously of him. She was more than beautiful now, she was radiant, and it was because Tommy was the man she wanted him to be. As those who are cold hold out their hands to the fire did she warm her heart at what Corp had to tell, and the great joy that was lit within her made her radiant. Now the baby was in her lap, smiling back to her. He thought he had done it all. "So you thought you could resist me!" the baby crowed.

The glove had not been mentioned yet. "The sweetest thing of all to me," Grizel said, "is that he did not want me to hear the story from you, Corp, because he knew you would sing his praise so loudly."

"I'm thinking," said Gavinia, archly, "he had another reason for no wanting you to question Corp; maybe he didna want you to ken about the London lady and her glove. Will you tell her, man, or will I?"

They told her together, and what had been conjectures were now put forward as facts. Tommy had certainly said a London lady, and as certainly he had given her name, but what it was Corp could not remember. But "Give her this and tell her it never left my heart," he could swear to these words.

"And no words could be stronger," Gavinia said, triumphantly. She produced the glove and was about to take off its paper wrapping when Grizel stopped her.

"We have no right, Gavinia."

"I suppose we hinna, and I'm thinking the pocket it came out o' is feeling gey toom without it. Will you take it back to him?"

"It was very wrong of you to keep it," Grizel answered, "but I can't take it to him, for I see now his reason for wanting me not to come here was that I should not hear about it; I am sorry you told me. Corp must take it back." But when she saw it being crushed in Corp's rough hand a pity for the helpless glove came over her. She said, "After all, I do know about it, so I can't pretend to him that I don't. I will give it to him, Corp," and she put the little package in her pocket, with a brave smile.

Do you think the radiance had gone from her face now? do you think the joy that had been lit in her heart was dead? Oh, no, no, Grizel had never asked that Tommy should love her, she had asked only that he should be a fine man. She did not ask it for herself, only for him; she could not think of herself now, only of him. She did not think she loved him, she thought a woman should not love any man until she knew he wanted her to love him.

But if Tommy had wanted it she would have been very glad. She knew, oh, she knew so well, that she could have helped him best. Many a noble woman has known it as she stood aside.

In the meantime Tommy had gone home in several states of mind—reckless, humble, sentimental, most practical, defiant, apprehensive; at one moment he was crying, "Now Grizel, now, when it is too late, you will see what you have lost." At the next he quaked and implored the gods to help him out of his predicament. It was apprehension that, on the whole, played most of the tunes, for he was by no means sure that Grizel would not look upon the affair of the glove as an offer of his hand and accept him. They would show her the glove, and she would, of course, know it to be her own. "Give her this, and tell her it never left my heart." The words thumped within him now. How was Grizel to understand that he had meant nothing in particular by them?

I wonder if you misread him so utterly as to believe that he thought himself something of a prize. That is a vulgar way of looking at the position of which our fastidious Tommy was incapable. As much as Grizel herself he loathed the notion that women have a thirsty eye on man: when he saw them cheapening themselves before the sex that should hold them beyond price he turned his head and would not let his mind dwell on the subject. He was a sort of gentleman, was Tommy. And he knew Grizel so well that had all the other women in the world been of this

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kind, it would not have persuaded him that there was a drop of such blood in her.

Then, if he feared that she was willing to be his it must have been because he thought she loved him? Not a bit of it. He had too much reason to think otherwise. It was remorse that he feared might bring her to his feet, the discovery that while she had been gibing at him he had been a heroic figure suffering in silence, eating his heart for love of her. Undoubtedly that was how Grizel must see things now: he must seem to her to be an angel rather than a mere man, and in sheer remorse she might cry, "I am yours." Vain though Tommy was, the picture gave him not a moment's pleasure. Alarm was what he felt.

Of course he was exaggerating Grizel's feelings. She had too much self-respect and too little sentiment to be willing to marry any man because she had unintentionally wronged him, but this was how Tommy would have acted had he happened to be a lady. Remorse, pity, no one was so good at them as Tommy.

In his perturbation he was also good at maidenly reserve. He felt strongly that the proper course for Grizel was not to refer to the glove, to treat that incident as closed unless he chose to reopen it. This was so obviously the correct procedure, that he seemed to see her adopting it like a sensible girl, and relief would have come to him had he not remembered that Grizel usually took her own way, and that it was seldom his way.

There were other ways of escape. For instance, if she would only let him love her hopelessly. Oh, Grizel had but to tell him there was no hope, and then how finely he would behave. It would bring out all that was best in him. He saw himself passing through life as her very perfect knight. "Is there no hope for me?" He heard himself begging for it, and he heard also her firm answer, "None." How he had always admired the outspokenness of Grizel. Her "None" was as splendidly decisive as of yore.

The conversation thus begun ran on in him, Tommy doing the speaking for both (though his lips never moved) and feeling the scene as vividly as if Grizel had really been present and Elspeth was not. Elspeth was sitting opposite him.

"At least let me wait, Grizel," he implored. "I don't care for how long; fix a time yourself and I shall keep to it, and I promise never to speak one word of love to you until that time comes, and then if you bid me go I shall go. Give me something to live for. It binds you to nothing and, oh, it would make such a difference to me.

Then Grizel seemed to reply gently, but with the firmness he adored, "I know I cannot change, and it would be mistaken kindness to do as you suggest. No, I can give you no hope, but though I can never marry you, I will watch your future with warm regard, for you have today paid me the highest compliment a man can pay a woman."

(How charmingly it was all working out.)

Tommy bowed with dignity and touched her hand with his lips. What is it they do next in Pym and even more expensive authors? Oh, yes, "If at any time in your life, dear Grizel," he said, "you are in need of a friend I hope you will turn first to me. It does not matter where your message reaches me I will come to you without delay."

In his enthusiasm he saw the letter being delivered to him in Central Africa, and immediately he wheeled round on his way to Thrums.

"There is one other little request I should like to make of you," he said huskily. "Perhaps I ask too much, but it is this, may I keep your glove?"

She nodded her head, she was so touched that she could scarcely trust herself to speak. "But you will soon get over this," she said at last; "another glove will take the place of mine; the time will come when you will be glad that I said I could not marry you."

"Grizel!" he cried in agony. He was so carried away by his feelings that he said the word aloud.

"Where?" asked Elspeth, looking at the window.

"Was it not she who passed just now?" he replied promptly, and they were still discussing his mistake when Grizel did pass, but only to stop at the door. She came in.

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"My brother must have the second sight," declared Elspeth, gayly, "for he saw you coming before you came," and she told what had happened, while Grizel looked happily at Tommy, and Tommy looked apprehensively at her. Grizel, he might have seen, was not wearing the tragic face of sacrifice; it was a face shining with gladness, a girl still too happy in his nobility to think remorsefully of her own misdeeds. To let him know that she was proud of him, that was what she had come for chiefly, and she was even glad that Elspeth was there to hear. It was an excuse to her to repeat Corp's story, and she told it with defiant looks at Tommy that said, "You are so modest, you want to stop me, but Elspeth will listen; it is nearly as sweet to Elspeth as it is to me, and I shall tell her every word, yes, and tell her a great deal of it twice."

It was not modesty which made Tommy so anxious that she should think less of him, but naturally it had that appearance. The most heroic fellows, I am told, can endure being extolled by pretty girls, but here seemed to be one who could not stand it.

"You need not think it is of you we are proud," she assured him light-heartedly; "it is really of ourselves. I am proud of being your friend. To-morrow when I hear the town ringing your praises I shall not say 'Yes, isn't he wonderful?' I shall say, 'Talk of me; I, too, am an object of interest, for I am his friend.'"

"I have often been pointed out as his sister," said Elspeth, complacently.

"He did not choose his sister," replied Grizel, "but he chose his friends."

For a time he could suck no sweetness from it. She avoided the glove, he was sure, only because of Elspeth's presence. But anon there arrived to cheer him a fond hope that she had not heard of it, and as this became conviction, exit the Tommy who could not abide himself and enter another who was highly charmed therewith. Tommy had a notion that certain whimsical little gods protected him in return for the sport he gave them, and he often kissed his hand to them when they came to the rescue. He would have liked to kiss it now, but gave a grateful glance instead to the corner in the ceiling where they sat chuckling at him. Grizel admired him at last. Tra, la, la! What a dear girl she was! Into his manner there crept a certain masterfulness, and instead of resisting it she beamed. Rum-ti-tum!

"If you want to spoil me," he said lazily, "you will bring me that footstool to rest my heroic feet upon."

She smiled and brought it. She even brought a cushion for his heroic head. Adoring little thing that she was, he must be good to her.

He was now looking forward eagerly to walking home with her. I can't tell you how delicious he meant to be. When she said she must go he skipped upstairs for his hat, and wafted the gods their kiss. But it was always the unexpected that lay in wait for Tommy. He and she were no sooner out of the house than Grizel said, "I did not mention the glove as I was not sure whether Elspeth knew of it."

He had turned stone-cold.

"Corp and Gavinia told me," she went on quietly, "before I had time to stop them. Of course I should have preferred not to know until I heard it from yourself."

Oh, how cold he was.

"But as I do know I want to tell you that it makes me very happy."

They had stopped, for his legs would carry him no farther. "Get us out of this," every bit of him was crying, but not one word could Tommy say.

"I knew you would want to have it again," Grizel said brightly, producing the little parcel from her pocket, "so I brought it to you."

The frozen man took it and held it passively in his hand. His gods had flown away.

No, they were actually giving him another chance. What was this Grizel was saying? "I have not looked at it, for to take it out of its wrapping would have been profanation. Corp told me she was a London girl, but I know nothing more, not even her name. You are not angry with me for speaking of her, are you? Surely I may wish you and her great happiness."

He was saved. The breath came back quickly to him; he filled like a released ball. Had ever a heart better

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right to expand? Grizel, looking so bright and pleased, had snatched him from the Slugs. Surely you will be nice to your preserver, Tommy; you will not be less grateful than a country boy?

Ah, me, not even yet have we plumbed his vanity. But we are to do it now. He could not have believed it of himself, but in the midst of his rejoicings he grew bitter, and for no better reason than that Grizel's face was bright.

"I am glad," he said, quite stiffly, "that it is such pleasant news to you."

His tone surprised her, but she was in a humble mood and answered, without being offended, "It is sweet news to me. How could you think otherwise?"

So it was sweet to her to think that he was another's! He who had been modestly flattering himself a few moments ago that he must take care not to go too far with this admiring little girl! O woman, woman, how difficult it is to know you, and how often when we think we know you at last, have we to begin again at the beginning! He had never asked an enduring love from her, but surely after all that had passed between them he had a right to expect a little more than this. Was it maidenly to bring the glove and hand it to him without a tremor? If she could do no more she might at least have turned a little pale when Corp told her of it, and then have walked quietly away. Next day she could have referred to it, with just the slightest break in her voice. But to come straight to him, looking delighted——

"And after all I am entitled to know first," Grizel said, "for I am your oldest friend."

Friend! He could not help repeating the word with bitter emphasis. For her sake he had flung himself into the black waters of the Drumly; he had worn her glove upon his heart, it had been the world to him; and she could stand there and call herself his friend. The cup was full. Tommy nodded his head sorrowfully three times.

"So be it, Grizel," he said huskily, "so be it!"

"I don't understand."

Neither did he, but, "Why should you, what is it to you!" he cried wildly. "Better not to understand, for it might give you five minutes' pain, Grizel, a whole five minutes, and I should be sorry to give you that."

"What have I said, what have I done!"

"Nothing," he answered her, "nothing. You have been most exemplary, you have not even got any entertainment out of it; the thing never struck you as possible, it was too ludicrous!"

He laughed harshly at the package which was still in his hand. "Poor little glove," he said, "and she did not even take the trouble to look at you. You might have looked at it, Grizel. I have looked at it a good deal; it meant something to me once upon a time when I was a vain fool. Take it and look at it before you fling it away, it will make you laugh."

Now she knew, and her arms rocked convulsively. Joy surged to her face and she drove it back, she looked at him steadfastly over the collar of her jacket, she looked long as if trying to be suspicious of him for the last time. Ah, Grizel, you are saying good-by to your best friend.

As she looked at him thus there was a mournfulness in her brave face that went to Tommy's heart and almost made a man of him; it was as if he knew that she was doomed.

"Grizel," he cried, "don't look at me in that way!" and he would have taken the package from her, but she pressed it to her heart.

"Don't come with me," she said almost in a whisper and went away.

He did not go back to the house. He wandered into the country, quite objectless when he was walking fastest, seeing nothing when he stood still and stared. Elation and dread were his companions. What elation whispered he could not yet believe, no, he could not believe it, while he listened, he knew that he must be making up the words. By and by he found himself among the shadows of the den. If he had loved Grizel he would have known that it was here she would come, to the sweet den where he and she had played as children, the spot where she had loved him first. She had always loved him, always, always. He did not know what figure it was by the Cuttle

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Well until he was quite close to her. She was kissing the glove passionately, and on her eyes lay little wells of gladness.

CHAPTER XIII

LITTLE WELLS OF GLADNESS

IT was dusk, and she had not seen him. In the silent den he stood motionless within a few feet of her, so amazed to find that Grizel really loved him that for the moment self was blotted out of his mind, he remembered he was there only when he heard his heavy breathing, and then he tried to check it that he might steal away undiscovered. Divers emotions fought for the possession of him. He was in the meeting of many waters, each capable of whirling him where it chose, but one only imperious, the fierce joy of being loved. He would fain have stolen away to think this tremendous thing over, but it tossed him forward, and he struggled no more; come what might to her he must know what it was to be loved, he would deny himself nothing for her sake. "Grizel," he said, in an exultant whisper, "Grizel!"

She did not start, she was scarcely surprised to hear his voice; she had been talking to him and he had answered. Had he not been there she would still have heard him answer. She could not see him more clearly now than she had been seeing him through those little wells of gladness. Her love for him was the whole of her. He came to her with the opening and the shutting of her eyes; he was the wind that bit her and the sun that nourished her, he was the lowliest object by the Cuttle Well and he was the wings on which her thoughts soared to eternity; he could never leave her while her mortal frame endured.

When he whispered her name she turned her swimming eyes to him, and a strange birth had come into her face. Her eyes said so openly they were his, and her mouth said it was his, her whole being went out to him; in the radiance of her face could he read immortal designs, the maid kissing her farewell to innocence was there, and the reason why it must be, and the fate of the unborn, it was the first stirring for weal or woe of a movement that has no end on earth, but must roll on, growing lusty on beauty or dishonor till the crack of time. This birth which comes to every woman at that hour is God's gift to her in exchange for what he has taken away, and when he has given it he stands back and watches the man.

Tommy's arms drew him nearer till he touched her. The new bloom upon her face entranced him. He knew what it meant. He was looking upon the face of love at last, and it was love coming out smiling from its hiding-place because it had heard him call. He knew the lightning was playing around him, but in his exultation he did not heed it; he would go on with this thing. "Grizel, my beloved!" he cried. He was the more excited of the two, for it was still to her the continuation of her beautiful dream. But when he drew her to him a slight quiver went through her, so that for a second she seemed to be holding back, for a second only, and the quiver was the rustle of wings on which some part of the Grizel we have known so long was taking flight from her. Then she pressed close to him passionately as if she grudged that pause. I love her more than ever, far more, but she is never again quite the Grizel we have known.

She was a new Grizel to him. As she gave herself into his arms he understood what this love was on which he had been brooding since his boyhood, and such was the rapture to him of having lit it that he would have fed it with his soul rather than let the fire go out. He did not love her, but he loved the thing he had created as if it were an immortal page, and in his exultation he mistook it for her. He believed all he was saying as soon as he had said it. He looked at her long and adoringly, not, as he thought, because he adored her but because it was thus that look should answer look; he pressed her wet eyes reverently because thus it was written in his delicious part, his heart throbbed with hers that they might beat in time, he did not love, but he was the perfect lover, he was the artist trying in a mad moment to be as

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well as to do. Warning voices called to him to desist, and he heard them, but he set his teeth. Let the heavens fall to-morrow if they must, but this hour was his. It was no base transport he felt, he seemed to be a hive of noble thoughts and could have wept with pride in himself as he heard them buzzing. He even had lightning glimpses of himself as a perfect knight. He was doing all this or most of it or some of it for her. To tell her she had made a mistake would be damnable, rather would he sacrifice himself. With one word or gesture he could spill forever the happiness with which she overflowed and sap the pride that had been the marrow of her during her twenty years of life. Was he the man to do it, Tommy, who if a dog had run to him believing he had whistled to it, would probably have taken the brute out for a walk rather than hurt its feelings?

Love was their theme, but how to know what was said when between lovers it is only the loose change of conversation that gets into words? The important matters cannot wait so slow a messenger; while the tongue is being charged with them a look, a twitch of the mouth, a movement of a finger transmits the story and the words arrive, like Blücher, when the engagement is over.

With a sudden pretty gesture—ah, so like her mother's!—she held the glove to his lips. "It is sad because you have forgotten it."

"I have kissed it so often, Grizel, long before I thought I should ever kiss you!"

She pressed it to her innocent breast at that. And had he really done so! and which was the first time and the second and the third? Oh, dear glove, you know so much, and your partner lies at home in a drawer knowing nothing. Grizel felt sorry for the other glove. She whispered to Tommy as a terrible thing, "I think I love this glove even more than I love you, just a tiny bit more." She could not part with it. "It told me before you did," she explained, begging him to give it back to her.

"If you knew what it was to me in those unhappy days, Grizel!"

"I want it to tell me," she whispered.

And did he really love her? Yes, she knew he did, but how could he?

"O Grizel, how could I help it!"

He had to say it, for it is the best answer, but he said it with a sigh, for it sounded like a quotation.

But how could she love him? I think this was almost a greater surprise to Tommy, but her reply disappointed him.

"Because you wanted me to," she said, with shining eyes. It is probably the commonest reason why women love, and perhaps it is the best, but his vanity was wounded, he had expected to hear that he was possessed of an irresistible power.

"Not until I wanted you to?"

"I think I always wanted you to want me to," she replied naïvely. "But I would never have let myself love you," she continued very seriously, "until I was sure you loved me."

"You could have helped it, Grizel!" He drew a blank face.

"I did help it," she answered. "I was always fighting the desire to love you, I can see that plainly, and I always won. I thought God had made a sort of compact with me that I should always be the kind of woman I wanted to be if I resisted the desire to love you until you loved me."

"But you always had the desire!" he said, eagerly.

"Always, but it never won. You see even you did not know of it. You thought I did not even like you! That was why you wanted to prevent Corp's telling me about the glove, was it not? You thought it would only pain me! Do you remember what you said, 'It is to save you acute pain that I want to see Corp first.'"

All that seemed so long ago to Tommy that he did not even wince.

"How could you think it would be a pain to me!" she cried.

"You concealed your feelings so well, Grizel."

"Did I not?" she said joyously. "Oh, I wanted to be so careful, and I was careful. That is why I am so happy now." Her face was glowing. She was full of odd delightful fancies to-night. She kissed her hand to the gloaming, no, not to the gloaming, to the little hunted, anxious girl she had been.

"She is looking at us," she said, "she is standing behind that tree looking at us. She wanted so much to grow into a dear

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good woman that she often comes and looks at me eagerly. Sometimes her face is so fearful! I think she was a little alarmed when she heard you were coming back."

"She never liked me, Grizel."

"Hush!" said Grizel in a low voice, "she always liked you, she always thought you a wonder, but she would be distressed if she heard me telling you: she thought it would not be safe for you to know. I must tell him now, dearest, darlingest," she suddenly called out boldly to the little self she had been so quaintly fond of because there was no other to love her, "I must tell him everything now, for you are no longer our own, you are his.

"She has gone away rocking her arms," she said to Tommy.

"No," he replied, "I can hear her, she is singing because you are so happy."

"She never knew how to sing."

"She has learned suddenly. Everybody can sing who has anything to sing about. And do you know what she said about your dear wet eyes, Grizel? She said they were just sweet. And do you know why she left us so suddenly? She ran home gleefully to stitch and dust and beat carpets and get baths ready and look after the affairs of everybody, which she is sure must be going to rack and ruin because she has been away for half an hour!"

At his words there sparkled in her face the fond delight with which a woman assures herself that the beloved one knows her little weaknesses, for she does not truly love unless she thirsts to have him understand the whole of her, and to love her in spite of the foibles and for them. If he does not love you a little for the foibles, madam, God help you from the day of the wedding.

But though Grizel was pleased she was not to be cajoled. She wandered with him through the den stopping at the Lair and the Queen's bower and many other places where the little girl used to watch Tommy suspiciously, and she called half merrily, half plaintively, "Are you there, you foolish girl, and are you wringing your hands over me. I believe you are jealous because I love him best."

"We have loved each other so long, she and I," she said apologetically to Tommy. "Ah," she said impulsively, when he seemed to be hurt, "don't you see it is because she doubts you that I am so sorry for the poor thing! Dearest, darlingest," she called to the child she had been, "don't think that you can come to me when he is away, and whisper things against him to me. Do you think I will listen to your croakings, oh, do you think, you poor, wet-faced thing, that you have any chance beside him!"

"You child!" said Tommy.

"Do you think me a child because I blow kisses to her?"

"Do you like me to think you one?" he replied.

"I like you to call me child," she said, "but not to think me one."

"Then I shall think you one," said he triumphantly. It intoxicated him that evening and for many days afterward that he could call her or think her what he chose. He was so perfect an instrument for love to play upon that he let it play on and on and listened in a fever of delight. How could Grizel have doubted Tommy? The god of love himself would have sworn that there were a score of arrows in him. I dare not tell you of the halo that was round his head nor of the exquisite swelling of his bosom; you would insist in spite of me that Tommy was really in love. There never was such a man for puzzling the jury and for puzzling himself and leaving the puzzle to work itself out, for that is what Tommy did.

The crowning glory of loving and being loved is that the pair make no real progress; however far they have advanced into the enchanted land during the day they must start again from the frontier next morning. Last night they had dredged the lovers' lexicon for superlatives and not even blushed; to-day is that the heavens cracking or merely someone whispering "dear"? All this was very strange and wonderful to Grizel. She had never been so young in the days when she was a little girl.

"I can never be quite so happy again!" she had said, with a wistful smile, on the night of nights; but early morn, the time of the day that loves maidens best, retold her the delicious secret as it kissed her on the eyes, and her first impulse was

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to hurry to Tommy. She had no joy or sorrow now, but her first impulse was to hurry with it to him.

Was he still the same, quite the same? She, whom love had made a child of, asked it fearfully, as if to gaze upon him openly just at first might be blinding, and he pretended not to understand. "The same as what, Grizel?"

"Are you still—what I think you?"

"Ah, Grizel, not at all what you think me."

"But you do?"

"Coward! You are afraid to say the word. But I do!"

"You don't ask whether I do!"

"No."

"Why? Is it because you are so sure of me?"

He nodded, and she said it was cruel of him.

"You don't mean that, Grizel."

"Don't I?" She was delighted that he knew it.

"No, you mean that you like me to be sure of it."

"But I want to be sure of it myself."

"You are. That was why you asked me if I loved you. Had you not been sure of it you would not have asked."

"How clever you are!" she said gleefully, and kissed a button of his velvet coat. "But you don't know what that means! It does not mean that I love you, not merely that."

"No, it means that you are glad I know you so well. It is an ecstasy to you, is it not, to feel that I know you so well?"

"It is sweet," she said. She asked curiously, "What did you do last night after you left me? I can't guess, though I dare say you can guess what I did."

"You put the glove under your pillow, Grizel." (She had got the precious glove.)

"However could you guess!"

"It has often lain under my own."

"Oh!" said Grizel, breathless.

"Could you not guess even that?"

"I wanted to be sure. Did it do anything strange when you had it there?"

"I used to hear its heart beating."

"Yes, exactly! But this is still more remarkable. I put it away at last in my sweetest drawer, and when I woke in the morning it was under my pillow again. You could never have guessed that."

"Easily. It often did the same thing with me."

"Story-teller! But what did you do when you went home?"

He could not have answered that exhaustively even if he would, for his actions had been as contradictory as his emotions. He had feared even while he exulted, and exulted when plunged deep in fears, there had been quite a procession of Tommies all through the night. But in so far as he did answer he told the truth.

"I went for a stroll among the stars," he said. "I don't know when I got to bed. I have found a way of reaching the stars. I have to say only, 'Grizel loves me,' and I am there."

"Without me!"

"I took you with me."

"What did we see? what did we do?"

"You spoilt everything by thinking the stars were badly managed. You wanted to take the supreme control. They turned you out."

"And when we got back to earth?"

"Then I happened to catch sight of myself in a looking-glass and I was scared. I did not see how you could possibly love me. A terror came over me that in the den you must have mistaken me for someone else. It was a darkish night, you know."

"You are wanting me to say you are handsome."

"No, no, I am wanting you to say I am very, very handsome. Tell me you love me, Grizel, because I am beautiful."

"Perhaps." she replied, "I love you because your book is beautiful."

"Then good-by forever," he said sternly.

"Would not that please you?"

"It would break my heart."

"But I thought all authors——"

"It is the commonest mistake in the world. We are simple creatures, Grizel, and yearn to be loved for our face alone."

"But I do love the book," she said when they became more serious, "because it is part of you."

"Rather that," he told her, "than that you should love me because I am part of it. But it is only a little part of me, Grizel, only the best part. It is Tommy on tiptoes. The other part, the part that does not deserve your love is what wants it most."

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"And needs it most?" she said, eagerly. "I want to think you need me."

"How I need you!"

"Yes, I think you do, I am sure you do, and I am so glad."

"Ah," he said, "now I know why Grizel loves me." And perhaps he did know now.

She loved to think that she was more to him than the book, but was not always sure of it, and sometimes this saddened her and again she decided that it was right and fitting. She would hasten to him to say that this saddened her. She would go just as impulsively to say that she thought it right. One day when picking his pockets, which she was fond of doing with a proprietary air, she found in his note-book a little entry that startled her: "Author yields to his wife in every matter save one, gives her all the money, lives where she pleases, sells soul cheerfully if she wants him to, but if she interferes with his work is tiger." Grizel shuddered, "As if I would ever presume to interfere with your work!" she said.

He had not been thinking of her when he took that note, but to tell her so might hurt her, and therefore kind Tommy told her something else.

"That came to me," he explained tenderly, "out of a sudden horror lest I loved you too much, more than honor itself. To be untrue to one's work is dishonor, and so I took that note as a warning."

"Against me!"

"Against myself." He drew her away from that note for the reason that the word "wife" occurred in it. If he and Grizel could but remain as they were, that was the state of matters which suited him best. He conceived a sudden dislike of himself when the future popped up, and he always liked to be on good terms with Tommy. Perhaps everything would come right in the end.

In the meantime what these two were to each other no one knew; it was kept from the world because of its probable effect on Elspeth. "The fault is mine," Tommy said, "that she has been brought up as she has been. You used to stamp your foot at her, Grizel, for being so dependent on me, and I see now of course that in doing everything for her as I have done, I did what was in many ways bad for her as well as for me. But to desert her now!" In short, it must be broken very gently to Elspeth, and the beginning must not be just yet.

He was not sure to what extent this was his real reason for letting things drift, but he embraced it ardently, like one who liked the look of it better than that of other reasons which might be standing by. And Grizel made no complaint. She had always, I think, underestimated Elspeth, who was so unlike herself, but she saw how terrible it must be to anyone to have had first place in Tommy's affections and to lose it. There had not come to her yet the longing to be recognized as his by others; this love was so beautiful and precious to her that there was an added joy in sharing the dear secret with him alone; it was a live thing that might escape away if she let anyone but him look between the fingers that held it.

"But how long do you think we must wait?" This was the Grizel who could face any troubles so long as she faced them in the open.

"Oh, that I could answer that question!" This was Tommy who liked to dodge them. "There are two people I love," he cried in anguish, "and I must bring distress to one or other of them!"

She caressed the hand he had clapped upon his brow. "You must not tell Elspeth yet," she said. "She can't bear things as well as I can. I can bear it easily. Look at me, dear. Do I have the appearance of a distressed person? See, I am smiling, it is such a dear delight to me to bear any burden that is put on me by you. I am of use to you already. How proud that makes me."

But he was in a noble mood. "You must not look upon yourself as bound to me, Grizel. Spare me the pain of knowing that you do that."

"Oh!" she cried, putting her hand to her heart.

"I am bound to you," he cried wildly, "it is my glory, but you must not feel bound to me. It would make me feel more of a man, Grizel."

And it would. It was an arrangement that would have suited him admirably; he could have seen himself a tragic and interesting figure at once. But of course

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she would not have it. "Elspeth may fall in love herself," said she, to cheer him.

"If only that could be!" But in his heart he was sure that Elspeth could never love anyone but himself.

Grizel confided a secret. "I have sometimes thought that David is growing fond of her. If he is, and she were to love him!"

"If she would!" cried Tommy. He was certain she would not, but to say it seemed to make things look cheerier, and the future must take care of itself.

"Whether she does or not," Grizel said, gloating over him, "I have your love, and nothing else matters so long as I have that." She meant it all, and it was what he liked to hear her say. He could be the tenderest and most idyllic of lovers while she was content with that. And he never heard her ask for more. She may have longed for it, but her longing never showed before him either in words or face. Everything else that she discovered about herself she brought impulsively to him, and her discoveries were many.

"What is it to-day?" he would say, smiling fondly at her. "I see it is something dreadful by your face."

"It is something that struck me suddenly when I was thinking of you, and I don't know whether to be glad or sorry."

"Then be glad, you child."

"It is this. I used to think a good deal of myself, the people here thought me haughty, they said I had a proud walk."

"You have it still," he assured her; the vitality in her as she moved was ever a delicious thing to him to look upon.

"Yes, I feel I have," she admitted, "but that is only because I am yours. And it used to be because I was nobody's!"

"Do you expect my face to fall at that?"

"No, but I thought so much of myself once and now I am nobody at all. At first it distressed me, and then I was glad, for it makes you everything and me nothing. Yes, I am glad, but I am just a little bit sorry that I should be so glad!"

"Poor Grizel!" said he.

"Poor Grizel!" she echoed. "You are not angry with me, are you, for being almost sorry for her, she used to be so different. 'Where is your independence, Grizel?' I say to her, and she shakes her sorrowful head. 'The little girl I used to be need not look for me any more; if we were to meet in the den she would not know me now.'"

These confessions were all exquisite to him, and made him say the things she liked to hear him say and say again. It thrilled him with an unspeakable joy that he could call forth such love as this and increased his passionate delight in treating her as a darling child. She was a woman capable of the noblest and finest that women may rise to, and no one knew it so well as he, but it added only to his joy in playing with her. He could stifle his conscience so long as she was happy at the moment and even take credit for the sweet things he said and did to her because he knew they were what she wanted him to say and do. Perhaps he really did love her, when he was with her he was usually sure he did; if he doubted when alone he could always convince himself that it was a lordly impulse to save her pride that had made him declare his love in the den. He clung to that as if it were a rock in the ocean, and possibly no great harm would have come to Grizel had she been the light-hearted child or the lady sentimentalist who was all that Tommy wanted or seemed to need.

(To be continued.)

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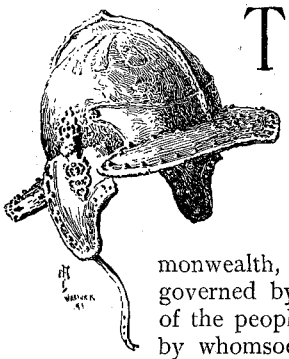
OLIVER CROMWELL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IV

THE IRISH AND SCOTCH WARS



Cromwell's Helmet, now in Warwick Castle.

THE successful Revolutionary party now enacted that the people of England and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, were constituted and established as a Commonwealth, or free State, to be governed by the representatives of the people in Parliament, and by whomsoever the Parliament should appoint as officers and ministers; the King and the House of Lords being both abolished. No provision was at first made by which any man should lawfully be recognized as chief in the new Commonwealth; but, as a matter of fact, there was one man, and one man only, who had to be acknowledged, however unwillingly, as master and leader. There were many upright and able civil servants; many high-minded and fervent reformers; many grim and good captains; but waist-high above them all rose the mighty and strenuous figure of Oliver Cromwell. It may well be that, hitherto, personal ambition had played an entirely subordinate part in all his actions. Now, in the turmoil of the Revolution, in the whirlpool of currents which none but the strongest man could breast, he became ever more and more conscious of his own great powers—powers which he knew were shared by no other man. With the sense of power came the overmastering desire to seize and wield it.

The first thing he had to do was to stop the Revolution where it was. In every such Revolution some of the original adherents of the movement drop off at each stage, feeling that it has gone too far; and at every halt the extremists insist on further progress. As stage succeeds stage, these extremists become a constantly diminishing body, and the irritation and alarm of the growing remainder increase. If the movement is not checked at the right moment by the good-sense and moderation of the people themselves, or if some master-spirit does not appear, the extremists carry it ever farther forward until it provokes the most violent reaction; and when the master-spirit does stop it, he has to guard against both the men who think it has gone too far, and the men who think it has not gone far enough.

The extreme Levellers, the extreme Republicans, and, above all, the fierce and moody fanatics who sought after an impossible, and for the matter of that a highly undesirable, realization of their ideal of God's kingdom on this earth—all these, together with the mere men of unsettled minds and the believers in what we now call communism, socialism, and nihilism—were darkly threatening the new government.

Men arose who called themselves prophets of new social and religious dispensations; and every wild theory found its fanatic advocates, ready at any moment to turn from advocacy to action. In the name of political and social liberty, some demanded that all men should be made free and equal by abolishing money and houses, living in tents, and dividing all food and clothing alike. In the name of religious reform others took to riding naked in the market-place, "for a sign"; to shouting for the advent of King Jesus; or to breaking up church services by noisy controversies with the preachers. The extreme Anabaptist and Quaker agitators were overshadowed by fantastic figures whose followers hailed them as incarnations of the Most High.

Black trouble gloomed without. The Commonwealth had not a friend in Europe. In the British Isles Scotland declared for Charles II. as the King, not

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only of Scotland, but of Great Britain. In Ireland but a couple of towns were held for the Parliament.

It was to the reconquest of Ireland that the Commonwealth first addressed itself, and naturally Cromwell was chosen for the work. He was given the rank of Lieutenant-General; but before he started, he had to deal with dangerous mutinies and uprisings in the army. The religious sectaries and political levellers, who had given to the army the fiery zeal that made it irresistible by Parliament or King, English Royalist or Scotch Covenanter, had also been infected with a spirit peculiarly liable to catch flame from such agitations as were going on round-about. Here and there, in regiment after regiment, were sudden upliftings of the banner of revolt in the name of every kind of human freedom, and often of some fierce religious doctrine quite incompatible with human freedom. Cromwell acted with his usual terrible energy, scattered the mutineers, shot the ringleaders, and reduced army and kingdom alike to obedience and order. Then he made ready for the invasion of Ireland.

The predominant motives for the various mutinies in the army offer sufficient proof of its utter unlikeness to any other army. During the civil wars the Ironsides were simply volunteers, of the very highest type; not wholly unlike those belated Cromwellians the Boers of to-day. They did not take up soldiering as a profession, but primarily to achieve certain definite moral objects. Of course, as the force gradually grew into a permanent body, it changed in some respects; but the old spirit remained strong. The soldiers became in a sense regulars; but they bore no resemblance to regulars of the ordinary type—to regulars such as served under Turenne or Marlborough, Frederick the Great or Wellington. If in Grant's army a very large number of the men, including almost all the forceful, natural leaders, had been of the stamp of Ossawatomie Brown, we should have had an army much like Cromwell's. Such an army might usually be a power for good and sometimes a power for evil; but under all circumstances, when controlled by a master hand, it was certain to show itself one of the most formidable weapons ever forged in the workshop of human passion and purpose.

Matters in Ireland were in a perfect welter of confusion. Eight years had elapsed since the original rising of the native Irish. A murderous and butcherly warfare had been carried on throughout these years, but not along the lines of original division. On the contrary, when Cromwell landed, there had been a complete shifting of the parties to the contest, every faction having in turn fought every other faction, and, more extraordinary still, having at some time or other joined its religious foes in attacking a rival faction of its own creed. The original rising was in Ulster, and was aimed at the English and Scotch settlers who had been planted under James in the lands from which the Irish had been evicted. These "plantations" under James, not to speak of the scourge of Wentworth under Charles, were on a par with the whole conduct of the English toward Ireland for generations, and gave as ample a justification for the uprising as in the Netherlands the Spaniards had given the Dutch. From the standpoint of the Irish, the war was simply the most righteous of wars—for hearthstone, for Church, and for country.

This first uprising was one of Celtic Catholics. In the Pale and elsewhere here and there throughout Ireland, were large numbers of Old-English Catholics; these, unlike the Celts, did not wish separation from England, but did wish complete religious liberty, and, if possible, Catholic supremacy. The Episcopalian and Royalist English throughout Ireland, under the lead of the Earl of Ormond, favored the King. The Puritan oligarchy of Dublin favored the Parliament, and were in touch with the Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster. The rising began to spread from Ulster southward. The Catholics of the Pale were at first loyal to the King, but the Protestant leaders, in striking back at the insurgents, harried friend and foe alike, until the Pale joined with Ulster. After this all Ireland revolted. Only a few fortified and garrisoned towns were held for the English.

Violent alterations of policy and of fortune followed. Under the lead of the Roman Catholic clergy the revolt was consolidated. Unswerving loyalty to the

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Oliver Cromwell.

From the miniature by Cooper at Devonshire House. By permission of the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

King was proclaimed, war was denounced against the Puritans, and the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism as the State religion of Ireland was demanded. On the Puritan side the lords justices in Dublin nominally acknowledged the King's authority, but really stood for the Parliament and hampered Ormond, who, while a stanch Protestant, was an ardent Royalist. Ormond gained one or two victories over the insurgents in spite of the way in which the lords justices interfered with him. Charles created him marquis, and he took command of the English interest, drove out the lords justices, and concluded a truce for one year with the Catholic party, in September, 1643. They gave Charles a free contribution of £30,000, and sent over some Irish troops to aid Montrose and the other Royalist leaders in Scotland, besides setting Ormond free to transfer part of his forces to the King in England. But Munro and the Ulster Scotch refused to recognize the armistice, took the Covenant, and declared against the King; while, in the south, certain Protestant seacoast towns, under the lead of Lord Inchiquin, followed suit and acknowledged the Parliament. Months of tortuous negotiations followed, King Charles showing the same readiness in promise, and utter indifference in performance, while dealing with the Irish as while dealing with the English. The treachery of the King was made manifest by the discovery of his secret treaty with the Irish, when Sligo was captured.

Meanwhile, the Papal nuncio, an Italian, had arrived, and exhorted the Irish to refuse any peace with the King except on the basis of the complete reinstatement of the Catholic Church. He roused what would now be called the ultramontanes against the moderate Catholic party which was acting with Ormond. Their wrangles caused a fatal delay, for by the time the moderates triumphed the King had been made a prisoner. Their treaty of peace with the King was not signed till September, 1645, and it amounted to nothing, for the adherents of the Parlia-

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ment rejected it on the one side, and the extreme Catholic party, under the nuncio, refused to be bound by it on the other. In the north the Irish were led by Owen O'Neil, a member of the great Ulster estants in Munster and the moderate Catholics. The nuncio threatened the moderates with excommunication and interdict, and fled to O'Neil's camp. Preston and Inchiquin joined forces and

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

From the miniature by S. Cooper at Windsor Castle. By permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

house of that name, and under him they had beaten Munro and the Scotch. He now hurried to the support of the nuncio. The moderate Catholic leaders and Ormond fled to Dublin at his approach, and he was joined, after some hesitation, by Preston, the leader of the Irish forces in the south. In 1647, Ormond, at his wits' end, handed over Dublin to the agents of the Parliament, and joined the Royalist refugees in France.

This for a moment eliminated the Royalists, and left the party of the nuncio, the party of the extremists, supreme among the Irish. But when Jones, the Puritan leader, marched out of Dublin and defeated Preston, while in the south Lord Inchiquin won some butchering victories, the party of the moderates again raised its head. Then there was a new and bewildering turn of the kaleidoscope. Inchiquin suddenly became offended with the Parliament, made overtures to Preston, and then to Ormond. A coalition was formed between the Royalist Protmarched against O'Neil, so that civil war broke out among the insurgents themselves.

Colonel Jones, the victor over Preston, felt doubtful of his own troops, who included a number of Royalists, and, extraordinary to relate, he actually made terms with the nuncio and O'Neil as against the Protestant Royalists and moderate Catholics—the Ultramontanes hating the moderate Catholics so that they preferred to come to terms with the Puritans. Ormond now came over from France to head the moderates, the party of the Royalist Catholics and Protestants. Peace was declared between Ormond and the Supreme Council of Dublin in the King's name.

But hardly had peace been declared when news arrived of the King's execution. Ormond proclaimed Charles II., at Cork; most of the Irish outside of Ulster united under him, and Munro and the Scotch Presbyterians joined him. The nuncio fled the country in despair. The

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Siege of Clonmel.

The heavy fortifications made the taking of Clonmel exceptionally difficult, but after resisting several assaults the defenders finally gave up and retreated to Waterford.

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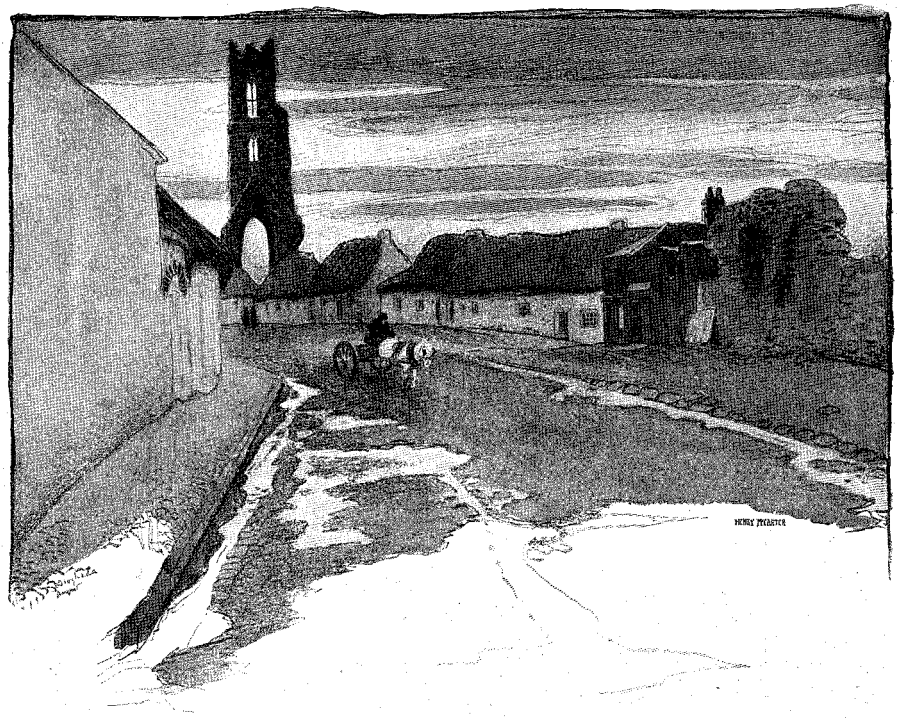

Magdalen Tower, Drogheda.
On the right may be seen the ruins of St. Sunday's Gate.

rupture between the Presbyterians and Independents was complete, and the Scotch became the open enemies of the English. They began the siege of Derry, which Coote held for the Parliament. At the same time they confronted O'Neil and the Ulster Irish, who were acting in alliance with Monk, who held Dundalk for the Parliament by order of Colonel Jones. Inchiquin captured Drogheda for the Confederates. Monk's garrison mutinied and he had to surrender Dundalk. Ormond began the siege of Dublin, but was routed by Jones, one of the sturdiest of the many sturdy Puritan fighters. Meanwhile, the Puritan Parliament had disavowed the alliance with O'Neil and the Ulster Irish, and the latter were thus forced into the arms of Ormond, who found himself at the head of all the Irish and English Catholics, of the Scotch Presbyterians in Ulster, and of the Royalist Protestants elsewhere in Ireland. It was at this time that Cromwell landed.

The exact condition of affairs in Ireland should be carefully borne in mind, because it is often alleged, in excuse of Cromwell's merciless massacres, that he was acting with the same justification that the English had when they put down the Indian Mutiny with righteous and proper severity. Without a doubt, Cromwell and most Englishmen felt this way; and in the case of the average Englishman, who could not be expected to understand the faction fighting, the feeling was justifiable. But it was Cromwell's business to know what the parties had been doing. As a matter of fact, the wrong of the original Ulster massacre, which itself avenged prior wrongs by the invaders, had been overlaid by countless other massacres committed by English and Irish alike, during the intervening years; and the very men against whom this original wrong had been committed, were now fighting side by side with the wrong-doers against Cromwell and the Puritans. Moreover, for some time the Parliamentarians had been in close alliance with these same wrong-doers against the moderate Irish who were not implicated in the massacres in question, and against the Royalist Protestants, some of whom had

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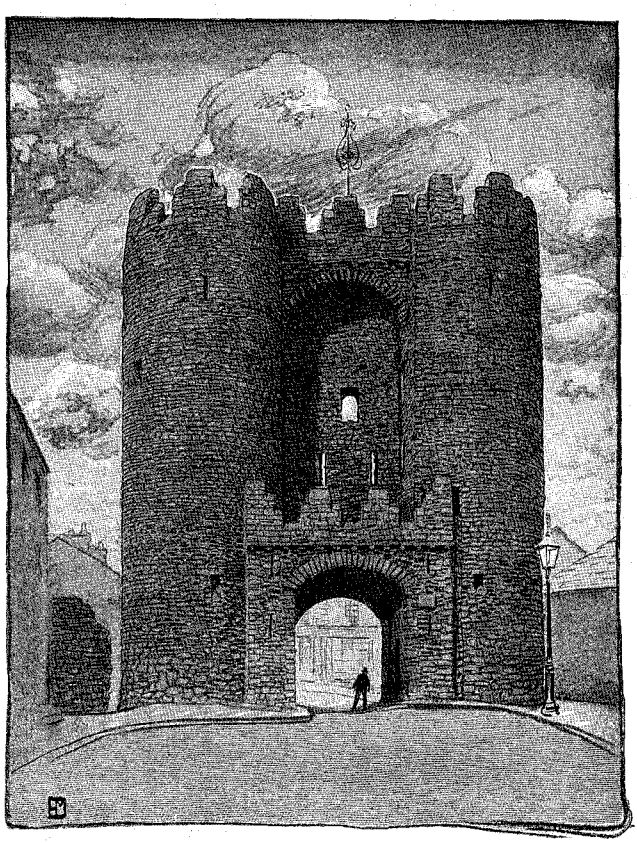
suffered from the massacres and others of whom had helped avenge them. The troops against whom Cromwell was to fight were in part Protestant and English, these being mixed in with the Catholics and Irish; and at the moment the chief Royalist leaders in Ireland included quite as many English, Scotch, and Irish Protestants as they did Irish Catholics.

Cromwell recked but little of nice distinctions between the different stripes of Royalists and Catholics when, in August, 1649, he landed in Dublin, the only place in Ireland, save Derry, which still held out for the Parliament. He brought with him the pick of his troops and soon had at Dublin some 10,000 foot and 5,000 horse. They were excellently disciplined; they included the Ironsides, the veterans of the New Model, grim Puritans for the most part, inflamed with the most bitter hatred against Catholics, Irish, and Royalists. They had been welded into one formidable mass by Cromwell's rigid discipline, and yet were all aflame with religious and political enthusiasm. There could not be gathered in all Ireland an army capable of meeting in the open field that iron soldiery, under such a leader as Cromwell; and this the Irish chiefs well knew.

Cromwell, therefore, had to deal with a numerous and individually brave, but badly disciplined enemy, formidable in guerilla warfare, because theirs was a wild country of mountain and bog, and resolute in defence of their walled towns, but not otherwise to be feared by such troops as the Ironsides. His first care was to put an end to the plundering and licentiousness which had hitherto marked the English no less than the Irish armies. He completely stopped outrages upon the peasantry and non-combatants generally, besides protecting all who lived quietly in their homes.

In September he marched against Drogh-



St. Lawrence's Gate, Drogheda.

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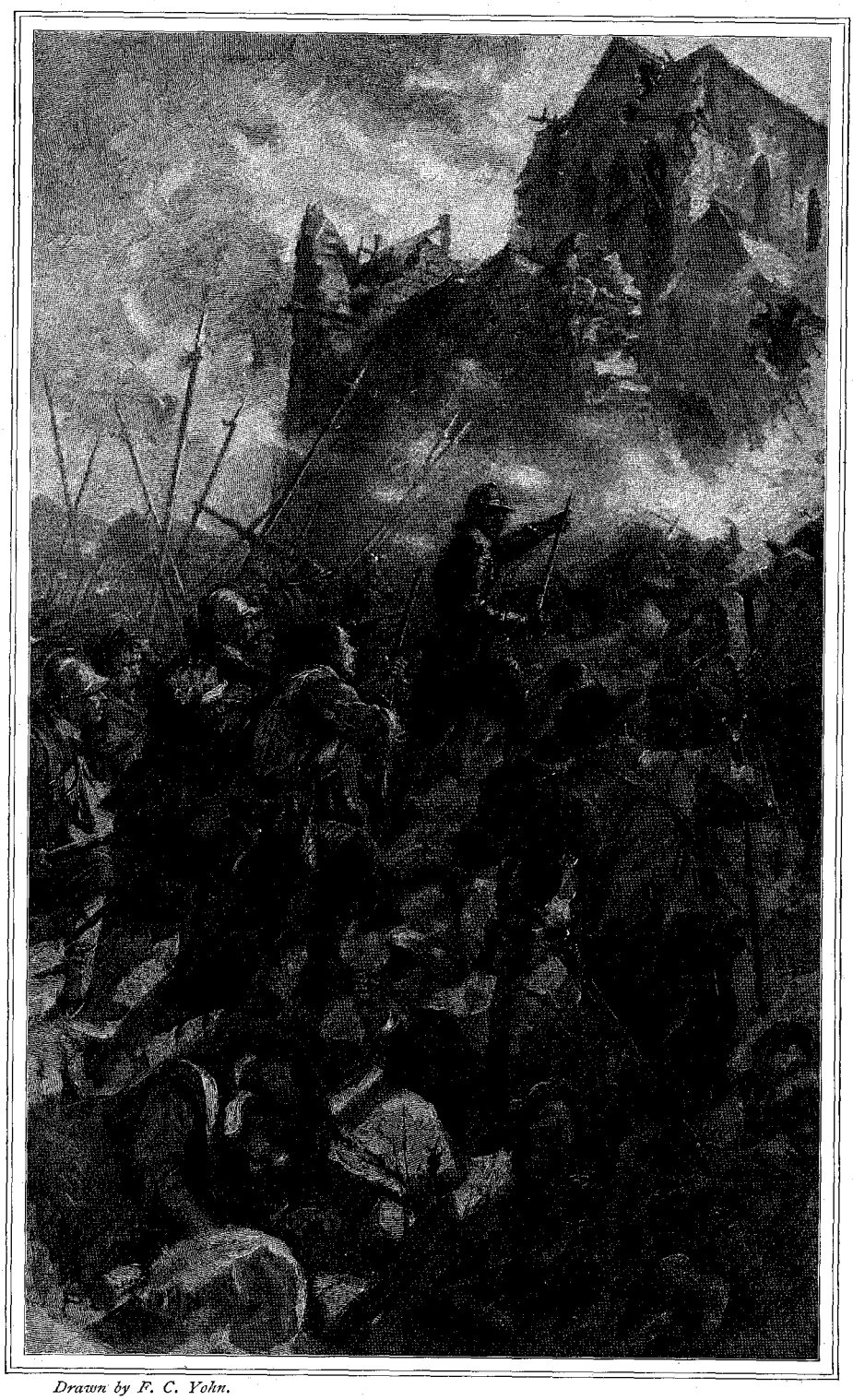

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Cromwell Leading the Assault on Drogheda.

After the batteries had made a breach in the walls an attempt was made to take the town by storm. Cromwell, seeing his men driven back, placed himself at the head of the column, and, rallying the troops, soon had complete possession of the place. His soldiers were ordered to give no quarter to those carrying arms, and it is said that more than two thousand of the defenders were put to the sword.

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eda, into which Ormond had thrown 3,000 picked men, largely English, under Sir Arthur Aston. Cromwell had with him some 8,000 men when he sat down to attack it. He brought up a siege train, beating back the sallies of the garrison with ease, and meanwhile maintaining his strict discipline, and putting down pillage by the summary process of hanging the plunderers.

When his batteries were ready he summoned the Governor to surrender, but the summons was refused. For two days the guns kept up their fire, and then in the afternoon the assault was delivered. The defenders met the stormers in the breaches; the fight was hot and stiff; the English were once repulsed, but came forward again and carried the breach only to be once more driven out by a fierce rally.

When Cromwell saw his men driven down the breach, he placed himself at the head of the reserve, and in person led it with the rallied men of the broken regiments, back to the breach. This time the stormers would not be denied. They carried the breach, the church—which was strongly held by the Irish—and finally the palisaded intrenchments of Mill Mount, in which Sir Arthur Aston had taken refuge. The horse followed close behind the foot, and speedily cleared the streets of the hostile cavalry and infantry. The victorious Puritans pressed on and a terrible slaughter followed. Cromwell forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and they put to the sword over 2,000 men. Nearly 1,000 were killed in the great Church of St. Peter's. "All the priests found were," says Cromwell, "knocked on the head promiscuously but two, both of whom were killed next day." Sir Arthur Aston, Verney, the son of the King's standard-bearer at Edgehill, and all the officers were put to the sword. Two towers held out until next day, when they submitted; their officers were "knocked on the head," says Cromwell. One tower fought hard; there every tenth man of the soldiers was killed; the rest, and all the soldiers in the other tower, were shipped to the white slavery of the Barbadoes. Of the assailants, about a hundred were slain and several hundred wounded.

West Gate, Clonmel.

Said Cromwell: "We put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. . . . This hath been a marvellous great mercy. I wish that all honest hearts may give glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. . . . I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Defence of Carrick.

After the capture of the town by Cromwell an attempt to retake it was made, under the command of Inchiquin. He summoned the place to surrender, and being refused made a general attack. The defenders having exhausted their ammunition used stones, which they hurled upon the heads of the enemy below, finally driving them away with heavy losses.

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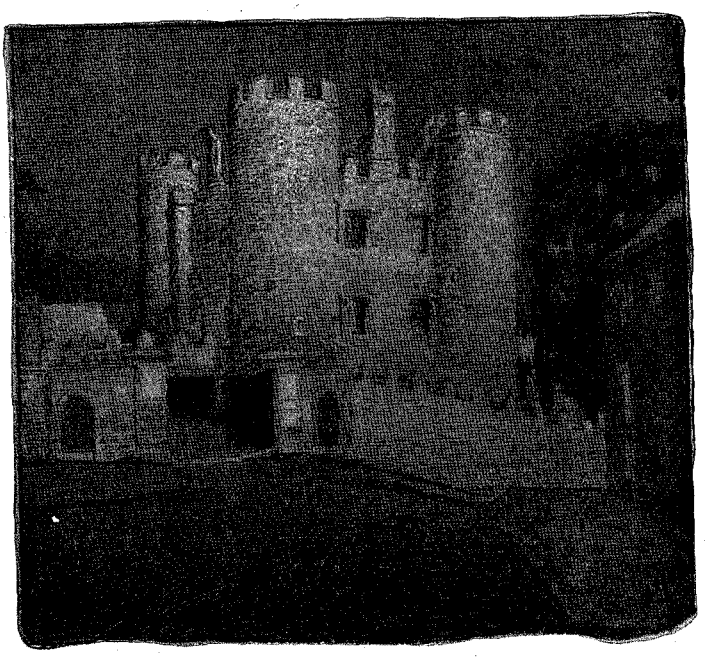

Enniscorthy Castle.

grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this garrison were the flower of their army."

Cromwell's defenders say simply that he acted from a fervent belief in the righteousness of what he was doing, and, further, that the terrible vengeance he took here and at Wexford upon all who withstood him in arms cowed the Irish and prevented further resistance. Neither defence is tenable. If on the ground of their sincerity the deeds of Cromwell and his soldiers at Drogheda and Wexford can be defended, then we cannot refuse the same defence to Philip and Alva and their soldiers in the Netherlands. Of course, we must remember always that under Cromwell, there was no burning at the stake, no dreadful torture in cold blood; and, therefore, at his worst, he rises in degree above Philip and Alva. But in kind, his deeds in Ireland were the same as theirs in the Netherlands; and though the Puritan soldiers were guiltless of the hideous licentiousness shown by the Spaniards, or by the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein, yet the merciless butchery of the entire garrisons and of all the priests—accompanied by the slaughter of other non-combatants in at least some cases—leave Drogheda and Wexford as black and terrible stains on Cromwell's character. Nor is there any justification for them on the ground that they put a stop to resistance. The war lingered on for two or three years in spite of them; and in any event the outcome was inevitable. It does not seem to have been hastened in any way by this display of savagery. There had been many such butcheries during the war, before Cromwell came to Ireland, without in any way hastening the end. Cromwell and his lieutenants put down the insurrection and established order because they gained such sweeping victories, not because Cromwell made merciless use of his first victories. It was the fighting of the Puritan troops in the battle itself which won, and not their ferocity after the battle; and it was Cromwell who not merely gave free rein to this ferocity, but inspired it. Seemingly quarter would have been freely given had it not been for his commands. Neither in morals nor in policy were these slaughters justifiable. Moreover it must be remembered that the men slaughtered were entirely guiltless of the original massacres in Ulster.

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Immediately after Drogheda, Cromwell sent forces to Dundalk, which was held by the Irish, and to Trim, which was held by the Scotch; but the garrisons deserted both places at the approach of the Cromwellians. In October, Cromwell himself advanced on Wexford and stormed the town. Very little resistance was made, but some 2,000 of the defenders were put to the sword. This time the soldiers needed no order with reference to refusing quarter; they acted of their own accord, and many of the townspeople suffered with the garrison. Practically, the town was depopulated, not one in twenty of the inhabitants being left.

Then Cromwell moved to Ross. In spite of the slaughter which he made in the towns he stormed, he exercised such strict discipline over his army in the field, and paid with such rigid punctuality for all supplies which the country people brought in, that they flocked to him as they feared to do to their own armies, and in consequence his troops were better fed and able to march more rapidly than was the case with the Irish. He soon took Ross, allowing the garrison to march out with the honors of war, and gave protection to the inhabitants. When asked to guarantee freedom of religion he responded: "For that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But, if by liberty of conscience, you mean liberty to exercise the mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of."

Three months after he landed, Cromwell had possession of almost all the eastern coast. One of the remarkable features of his campaign had been the way in which he had used the army and the fleet in combination. He used his admirals just as he used his generals and colonels, and they played a very important part in the operations against Wexford and Ross, and in securing the surrender of both. When he moved away from the coast his task was very difficult; there were no roads, the country had been harried into a wilderness, and was studded with castles and fortified towns, every one held by an Irish garrison. Ormond and O'Neil were in the field with a more numerous force than his; and though they dared not fight him a pitched battle, they threatened his detachments. The service was very wearing, and in December Cromwell went into winter quarters, the weather being bad, and his men decimated by fever. The triumphs won by his terrible soldiership rendered the conquest of the whole island only a question of time.

Having now a little leisure, Cromwell published, for the benefit of the Irish, a "Declaration," as an answer to the polemic issued in form of a manifesto at Kilkenny by the high Irish ecclesiastics. In this Declaration, which is very curious reading, he exhorted the Irish to submit, and answered at great length the arguments of their religious leaders, with all the zeal, ingenuity, and acrimony of an eager theological disputant, and with an evident and burning sincerity to which many theological disputants do not attain. The religious side of his campaigns was always very strong in his mind, and no Puritan preacher more dearly loved setting forth the justification of his religious views, or answering the arguments of his religious opponents, whether Catholics or Covenanters.

So far as Puritanism was based upon a literal following of the example set in the Old Testament, it had a very dark, as well as a very exalted side. To take the inhuman butcheries of the early Jews as grateful to Jehovah, and therefore as justification for similar conduct by Christians, could lead only to deeds of horror. When Cromwell wrote from Cork, justifying the Puritan zeal which he admitted could not be justified by "reason if called before a jury," he appealed to the case of Phinehas, who was held to have done the work of the Lord, because he thrust through the belly with his javelin the wretched Midianitish woman. No such plea can be admitted on behalf of peoples who have passed the stage of mere barbarism.

Drogheda and Wexford could not be excused by pointing out that the priests of the Jews of old had held it grateful to the Lord to kill without mercy the miserable women and children of the tribes whom the Israelites drove from the land. Such a position was in accord with the mediæval side of Cromwell's character, but was utterly out of touch with his

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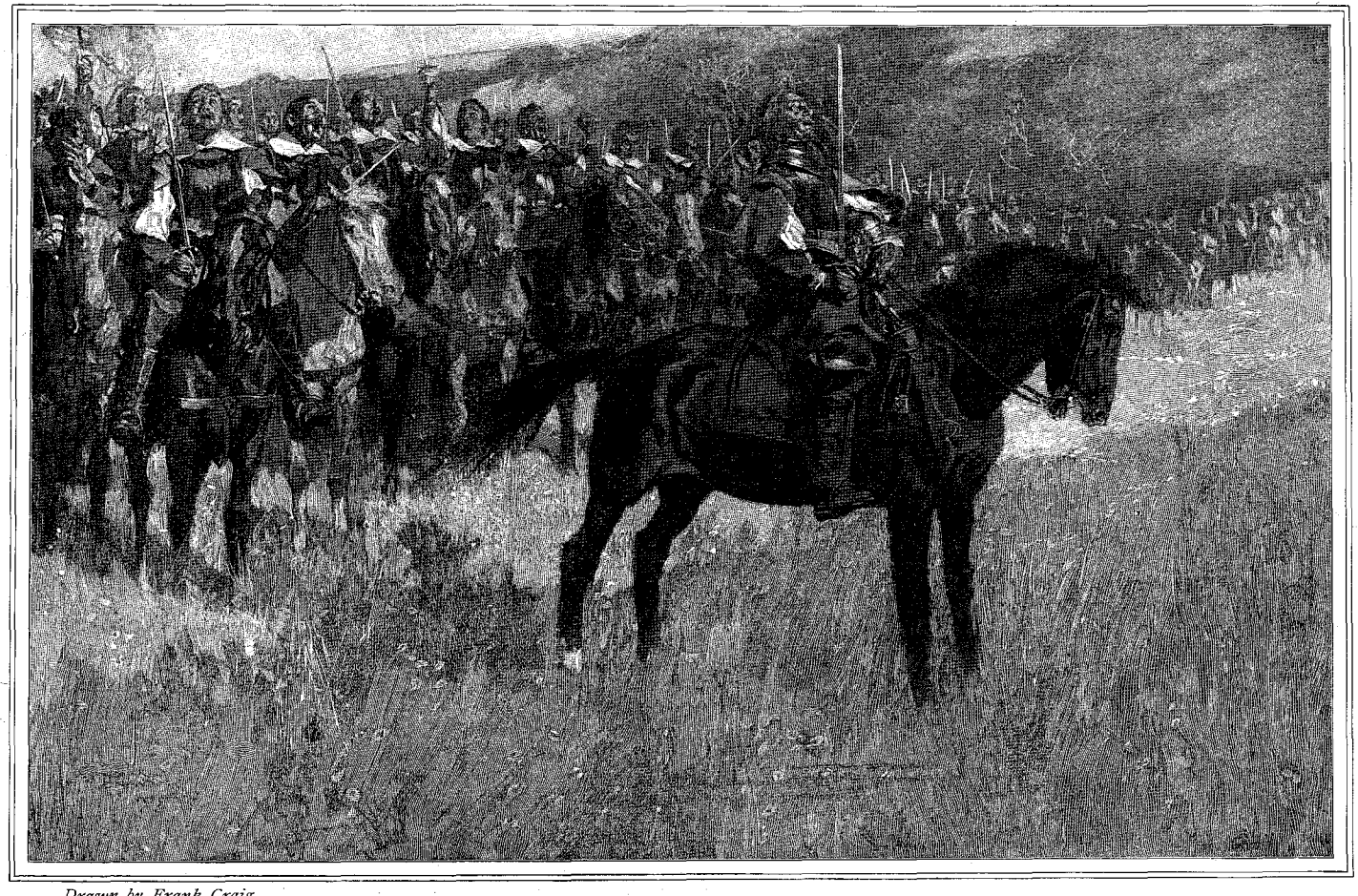

Drawn by Frank Craig.

Cromwell and his men Singing the 117th Psalm at the Battle of Dunbar.

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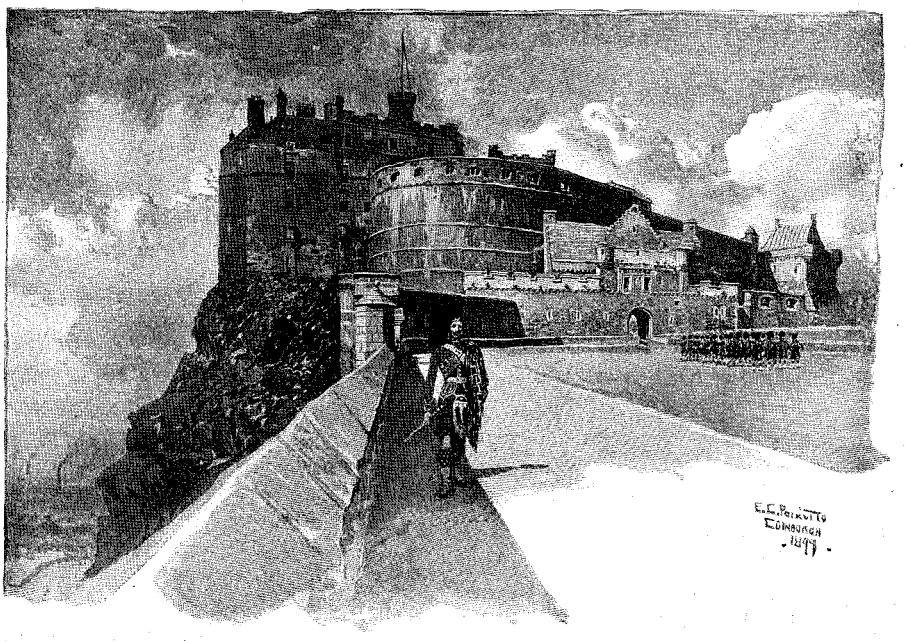

Edinburgh Castle, the Stronghold of Scotland, Surrendered to Cromwell After the Battle of Dunbar.

thoroughly modern belief in justice and freedom for all men. Queer contradictions appear in the above-mentioned "Declaration," written, as he phrased it, "For the undeceiving of deluded and seduced people." He showed that he was a leader in the modern movement for social, political, and religious liberty, when he wrote: "Arbitrary power men begin to grow weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold civil and ecclesiastical tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off *both;* and hope by the Grace of God to keep so. Others are at it." But when he came to reconcile his own declarations for religious liberty with his previous refusal to permit the celebration of the mass, he was forced into a purely technical justification of his position. He announced that he would punish, with all the severity of the law, priests "seducing the people, or, by any overt act, violating the laws established," but added: "As for the people what thoughts they have in matters of religion in their own breasts, I cannot reach; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same." In other words, Catholics could believe what they wished, but were not allowed to profess their beliefs in the form that they desired, or to have their teachers among them. To our American eyes such a position is so wholly untenable, so shocking to the moral sense, that it requires an effort to remember that it was in advance of the position taken in the next century by the English toward the Irish through their Penal Laws, and of the position taken in France toward the Protestants during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. and all the reign of Louis XV., while of course it was infinitely beyond the theory upon which the temporal and spiritual authorities of Spain acted.

While the Irish campaign was at its height, the Scotch, who had declared for Charles II., made ready for war, and the English Parliament demanded Cromwell's return. For some months, however, he remained in Ireland, capturing Kilkenny and various other towns and castles and constantly extending the area of English sway, driving the Irish westward. His campaign was a model for all military operations undertaken in a difficult country, covered by a network of fortified places, and held by masses of guerillas or irregular levies, backed by the whole population. After Clonmel was taken he

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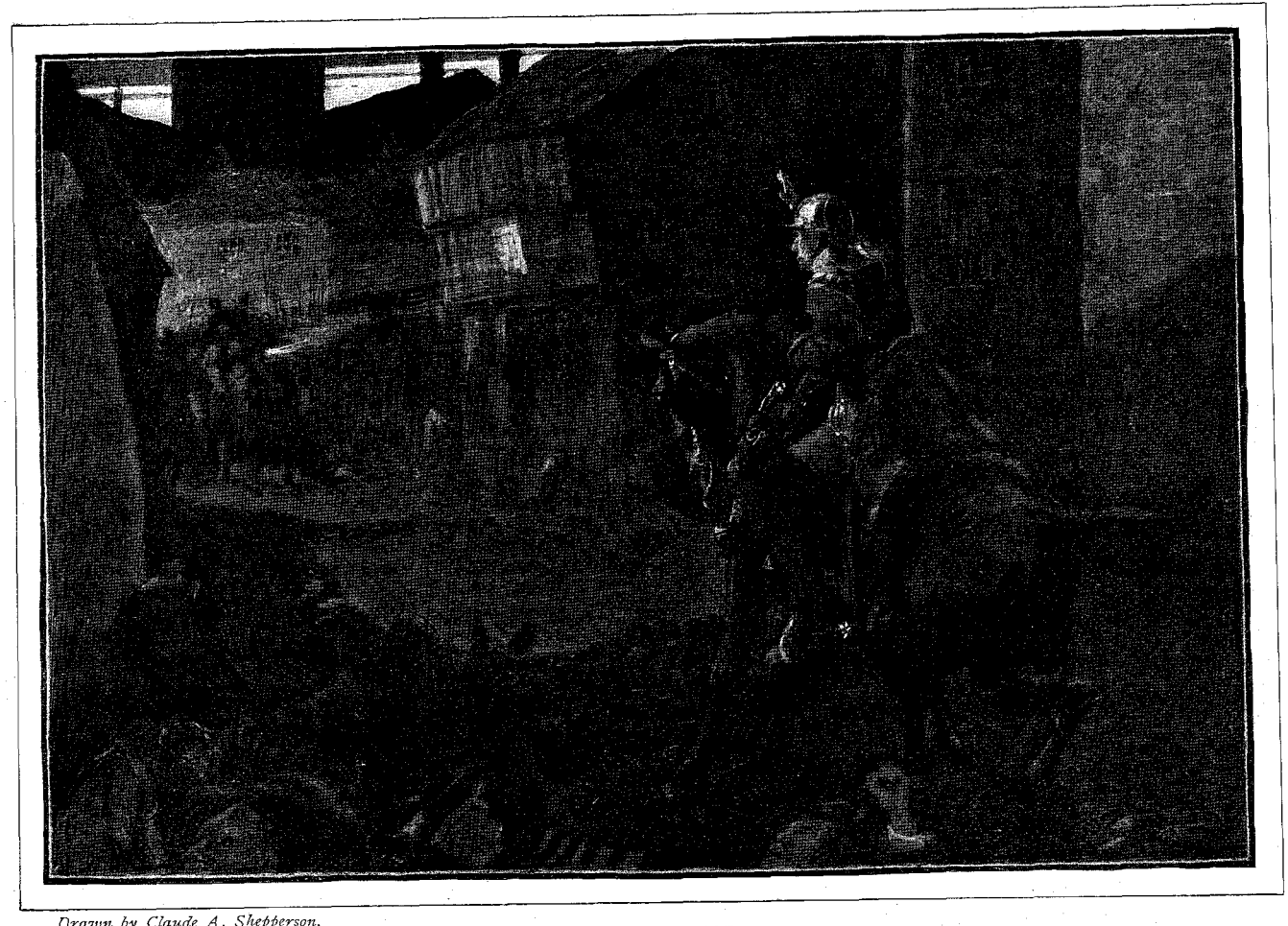

Drawn by Claude A. Shepperson.

Cromwell at the Battle of Worcester.

During the battle Cromwell rode up to a regiment of Scottish foot to offer them quarter, but as an answer they discharged their guns at him.

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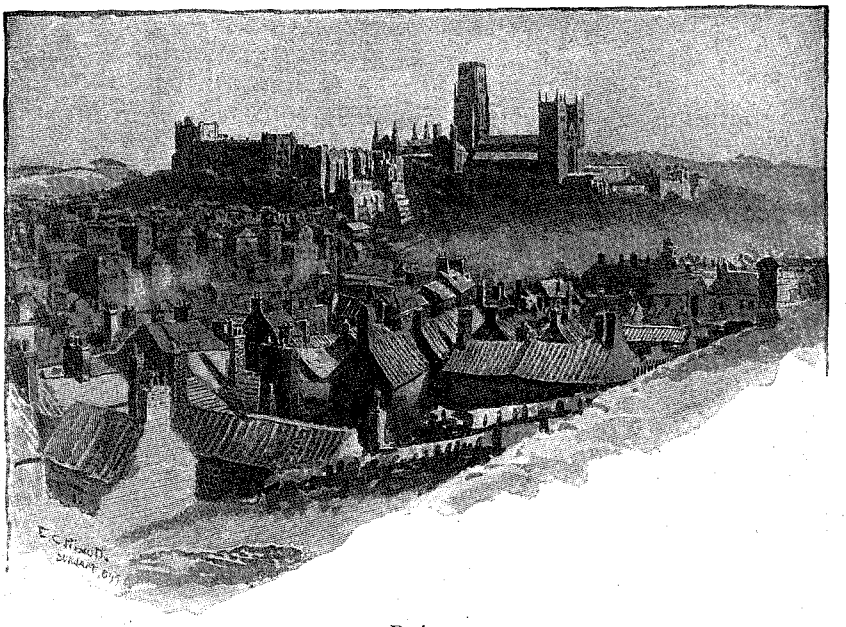

Durham.

On the hill-top are the Cathedral and Bishop's Palace.

handed over the command to Ireton; the heavy work had been done, and what remained to do was tedious and harassing rather than formidable, while the Scotch business could no longer wait.

In May, 1650, Cromwell landed in England, took his seat in the House of Commons, and was made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces, Fairfax having refused to take part in any offensive campaign against the Covenanters. It is recorded that when Cromwell entered London, greeted by surging multitudes, someone called his attention to the way the people turned out to do him honor for his triumph; whereupon he dryly answered that it was nothing to the way they would turn out to see him hanged.

The refusal of Fairfax to march against the Scotch left Cromwell the only hope of the Commonwealth. It cannot too often be repeated that, whether in the end Cromwell's ambitions did or did not obscure the high principles with which they certainly blended, yet he rose to supreme power less by his own volition than by the irresistible march of events, and because he was "a man of the mighty days, and equal to the days." In this world, in the long run, the job must necessarily fall to the man who both can and will do it when it must be done, even though he does it roughly or imperfectly. It is well enough to deplore and to strive against the conditions which make it necessary to do the job; but when once face to face with it, the man who fails either in power or will, the man who is half-hearted, reluctant, or incompetent, must give way to the actual doer, and he must not complain because the doer gets the credit and reward. President Buchanan utterly disbelieved in the right of secession, but he also felt doubts as to its being constitutional or possible to "coerce a sovereign state," and therefore he and those who thought like him had to give place to men who felt no such doubts. It may be the highest duty to oppose a war before it is brought on, but once the country is at war, the man who fails to support it with all possible heartiness comes perilously near being a traitor, and his conduct can only be justified on grounds which in time of peace would justify a revolution. The whole strength of the English Commonwealth was in the Independents. Royalists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, extreme Levellers, were all against it. When the Scotch

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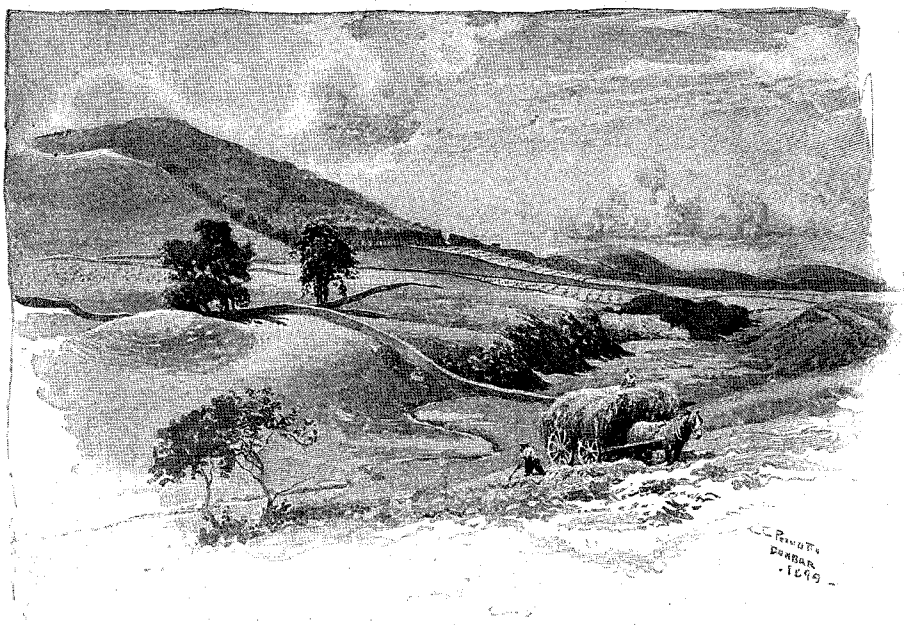
declared for Charles II. as King, not only of Scotland but of England, they rendered it necessary that either England or Scotland should be conquered. Fairfax declared that he was willing to defend the English against the Scotch attack, but not to attack Scotland. The position was puerile; a fact which should be borne in mind by the excellent persons who at the present day believe that a nation can be somehow armed for defence without being armed for attack. No fight was ever yet won by parrying alone; hard hitting is the best parry; the offensive is the only sure defensive. To refuse to attack the Scotch was merely to give them a great initial advantage in the inevitable struggle. Cromwell was far too clear-sighted and resolute to suffer from over-sentimental scruples in the matter. Accordingly he undertook the task; did it with his accustomed thoroughness; and from that moment became, not merely the first man in the Kingdom, but a man without a second or a third, without a rival of any kind.

Charles had landed in Scotland and been proclaimed King, but was forced not merely to take the Covenant but to make degrading professions of abandonment and renunciation of his father's acts and principles. He was, after all, to be a King only in name, if the dominant party in Scotland could have its way. Dour as Dopper Boers, the Covenanters were determined that the government should be, though in form royal, in essence a democratic theocracy, where the men of the strictest Calvinistic sect should all have their say in an administration marked by the most bitter intolerance of every religious belief which differed by even a shade from their own. To get real religious liberty in those days one had to go to Rhode Island or Maryland; but at least the English Puritans were in this respect very far in advance of the men against whom they were now pitted.



The Battle-field of Dunbar.

The view is taken from the point occupied by Cromwell's troops, looking up the glen which separated the two armies. Beyond are the fields which the Scots occupied, and on the left in the distance is Doon Hill on which the Scots first took their stand.

There was also a Royalist party in Scotland, which had scant sympathy with the Covenanters, but was only allowed to exist at all by their sufferance. When at this time Montrose landed to help the King, the Presbyterian friends of the King promptly overcame and slew him. The Kirk was supreme, and in the army which

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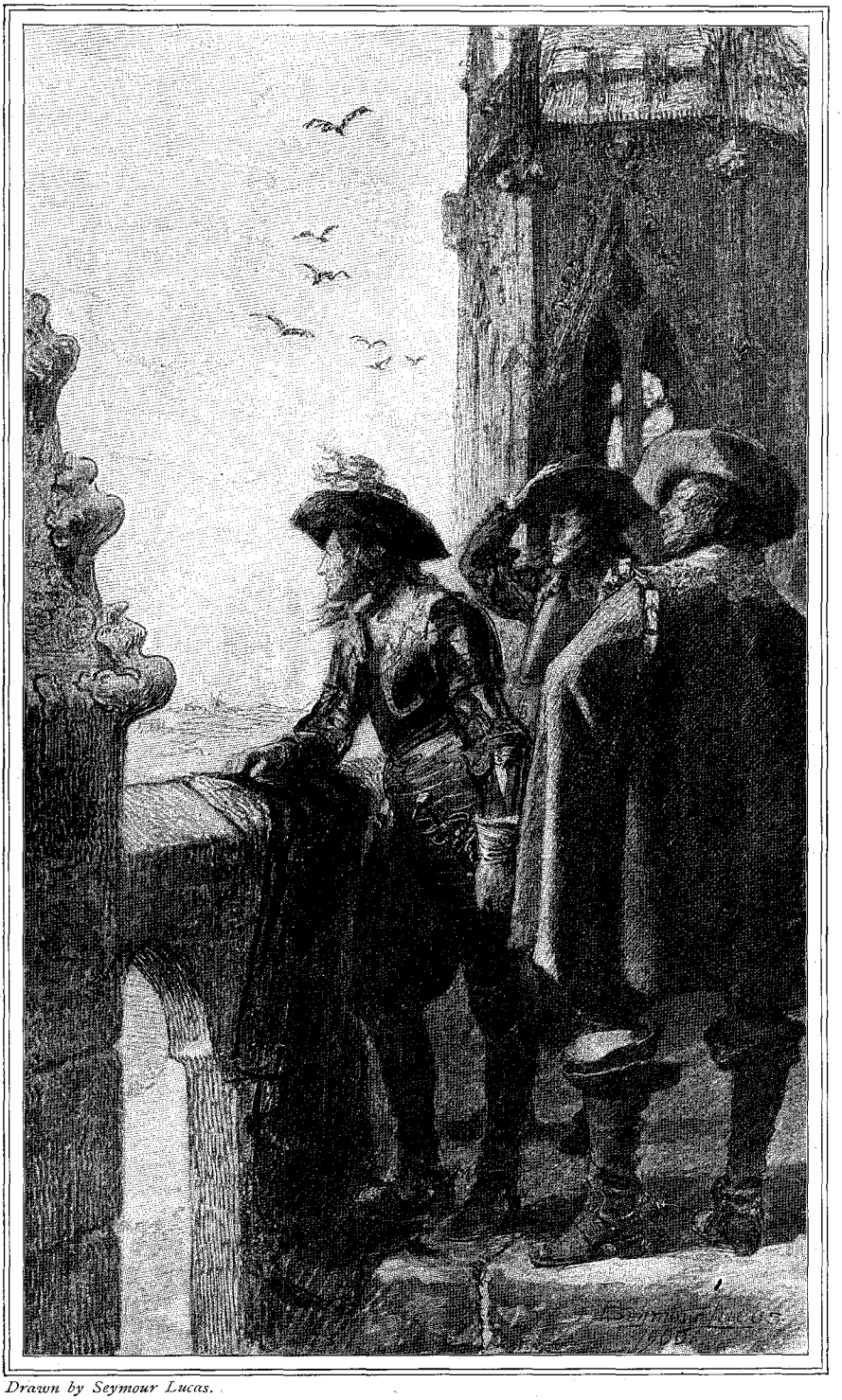

Drawn by Seymour Lucas.

Charles II. at the Tower of Worcester Cathedral Watching the Battle.

"About one in the afternoon, while Charles with his staff observed from the Tower of the Cathedral the position of the enemy, his attention was drawn by a discharge of musketry near Powick."—Lingard's "History of England," Vol. VIII., p. 313.

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Worcester, Looking Down Sidbury.

It was in Sidbury that most of the hand-to-hand fighting took place, and it was also at this place that Charles is said to have hidden under a wagon to escape capture.

it gathered to meet Cromwell it made zeal for the Covenant the all-important requirement for a commission. It would not even permit places of command to be given to the officers who had marched with Hamilton's army. The Royalists around the King complained bitterly that the commissions were most apt to go to sons of ministers, and if not, then to men whose godliness and religious enthusiasm were but poor substitutes for training and skill in arms. Cromwell's soldiers possessed all of these qualities. Devotion to country or to religion adds immensely to the efficiency of a soldier, but is a broken reed by itself. Officers whose only qualifications are religious or patriotic zeal are better than officers who seek service to gratify their vanity, or who are appointed through political favor; but until they have really learned their business, and unless they are eager and able to learn it, this is all that can be said of them.

Cromwell marched north to the walls of Edinburgh, where David Leslie lay with the Covenanting army of the Kirk. Leslie had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and beside Cromwell at Marston Moor, where the Scotch insisted that they had saved the Cromwellians from defeat. Now the two sides were decisively to test the question of supremacy. But the contest was really utterly unequal. Cromwell had a veteran army, one which had been kept under arms for years. Leslie had an army which had been brought together for this particular war. He was, therefore, under the terrible disadvantage which rests on any man who with raw volunteers confronts well-trained, well-led veterans. There were under him plenty of officers and men with previous military experience—though, as the Royalist above quoted remarked, too many of the officers were "sanctified creatures who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword but that of the Spirit"—yet the regiments were all new, and the men had no regimental pride or confidence, no knowledge of how to act together, no trust in one another or in their commanders; while Cromwell's regiments were old, and the recruits in each at once took their tone from the veterans around them.

Although Leslie's force was twice that of Cromwell, he knew his trade too well to risk a stricken field on equal terms when the soldiers were of such unequal quality. He accordingly intrenched in a strong position covering Edinburgh, and

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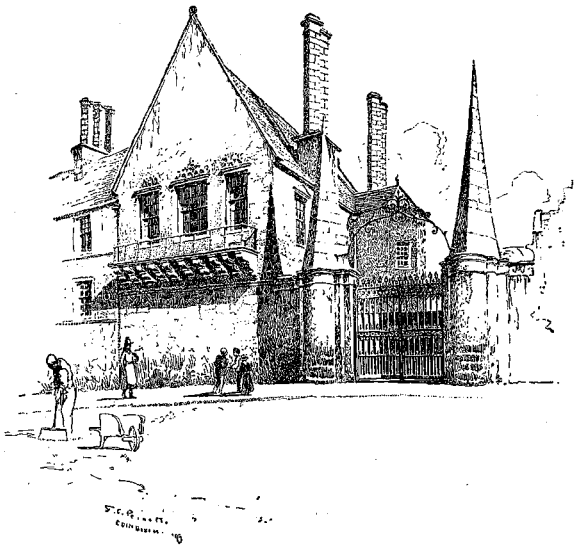

The Moray House, Edinburgh, which Cromwell Used as his Headquarters while there.

there awaited the English attack. Cromwell was a born fighter, always anxious for the trial of the sword; a man who habitally took castles and walled towns by storm, himself at need heading the stormers, and who won his pitched battles by the shock of his terrible cavalry, which he often led in person, and which invariably ruined any foe whom he had overthrown. He now advanced with too much confidence and found himself in a very ugly situation; his men sickening rapidly, while Leslie's army increased in numbers and discipline. Like every great commander, Cromwell realized that the end of all manœuvring is to fight—that the end of strategy should be the crushing overthrow in battle of the enemy's forces. On this occasion his eagerness made him forget his caution; and all his masterly skill was needed to extricate him from the position into which he had been plunged by his own overbearing courage and the wariness of his opponent.

For some time he lay before Edinburgh, unable to get Leslie to fight, and of course unwilling to attack him in his intrenchments. Sickness and lack of provisions finally forced him to retreat. He believed that this would draw Leslie out of his works, and his belief was justified by the event. The English now mustered some 11,000 men; the Scotch 22,000. Leslie was still cautious about fighting, but the ministers of the Kirk, who were with him in great numbers, hurried him on. He followed Cromwell to Dunbar, where he cut off the English retreat to England. But his army was on the hills and was suffering from the weather. He thought that the discouraged English were about to embark on their ships. The ministers fiercely urged him to destroy the "sectaries" whom they so hated, and in the afternoon of December 2d he crowded down toward the lower ground near the sea.

Cromwell saw with stern joy that at last the Scotch had given him the longed-for chance, and true to his instincts he at once decided to attack, instead of waiting to be attacked. Leslie's troops had come down the steep slopes, and at their foot were crowded together so that their freedom of movement was much impaired. Cromwell believed that if their right wing were smashed, the left could not come in time to its support. He pointed this out to Lambert, who commanded his horse, and to Monk, the saturnine tobacco-chewing colonel, now a devoted and trusted Cromwellian. Both agreed with Cromwell, and before dawn the English army was formed for the onslaught, the officers and troopers praying and exhorting loudly. Their cry was: "The Lord of Hosts!" that of their Presbyterian foes: "The Covenant!" It was a strange fight, this between the Puritan and the Covenanter, whose likeness in the intensity of their religious zeal and in the great features of their creeds but embittered their antagonism over the smaller points upon which they differed.

Day dawned, while driving gusts of rain swept across the field, and the soldiers on both sides stood motionless. Then the trumpets sounded the charge, and the English horse, followed by the English foot, spurred against the stubborn Scottish infantry of Leslie's right wing. The masses of Scotch cavalry, with their lancers at the head, fell on the English horse—disordered by the contest with the infantry—

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and pushed them back into the brook; but they rallied in a moment, as the reserves came up, and horse and foot again rushed forward to the attack. At this moment the sun flamed red over the North Sea, and Cromwell shouted aloud, with stern exultation: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered," and a few moments later—"They run! I profess they run!" for now the Scottish army broke in wild confusion, though one brigade of foot held their ground, fighting the English infantry at push of pike and butt end of musket, until a troop of the victorious horse charged from one end to the other, through and through them.

Cromwell was as terrible in pursuit as in battle. He never left a victory half-won, and always followed the fleeing foe as Sheridan followed the Confederates before Appomattox. The English horse pressed the fleeing Scotch, and their defeat became the wildest rout, their cavalry riding through their infantry. Cromwell himself rallied and re-formed his troopers, who sang as a song of praise the hundred and seventeenth Psalm; and then he again loosed his squadrons on the foe. The fight had not lasted an hour, and Cromwell's victory cost him very little; but of the Scotch, 3,000 were put to the sword, chiefly in the pursuit, and 10,000 were captured, with 30 guns and 200 colors. Leslie escaped by the speed of his horse. Never had Cromwell won a greater triumph. Like Jackson in his Valley Campaigns, though he was greatly outnumbered, he struck the foe at the decisive point with the numbers all in his own favor, and by taking advantage of their error he ruined them at a blow. Like most great generals, Cromwell's strategy was simple, and in the last resort consisted in forcing the enemy to fight on terms that rendered it possible thoroughly to defeat him; and like all great generals, he had an eye which enabled him to take advantage of the fleeting opportunities which occur in almost every battle, but which if not instantly grasped vanish forever.

The ruin of the Kirk brought to the front the Cavaliers, who still surrounded Charles and were resolute to continue the fight. Both before and after Dunbar, Cromwell carried on a very curious series of theological disputations with the leaders of the Kirk party. The letters and addresses of the two sides remind one of times when Byzantine Emperors exchanged obscure theological taunts with the factions of the Circus. Yet this correspondence reveals no little of the secret of Cromwell's power; of his intense religious enthusiasm — which was both a strength and a weakness—his longing for orderly liberty, and his half-stifled aspirations for religious freedom.

He was on sound ground in his controversy with the Scottish Kirk. He put the argument for religious freedom well when he wrote to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle concerning his ecclesiastical opponents: * "They assume to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant (and of the Scriptures), counting a different sense and judgment from their Breach of Covenant and Heresy—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at Ministers as helpers of, not Lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences whether any 'person' trying their doctrines and dissenting shall not incur the censure of Sectary? And what is this but

* Slightly condensed.

Part of the House Occupied by Charles II. during his Stay in Worcester, from which he made his escape.

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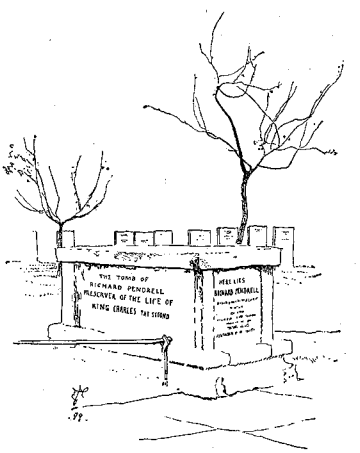
to deny Christians their liberty and assume the Infallible Chair? What doth (the Pope) do more than this?"

There is profitable study for many people of to-day in the following: "Your pretended fear lest error should step in is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country, lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly, because ye are wise. Stop such a man's mouth by sound words which cannot be gainsayed. If he speak to the disturbance of the public peace, let the civil magistrate punish him."

After Dunbar, Cromwell could afford to indulge in such disputations, for, as he said: "The Kirk had done their do." All that remained was to deal with the Cavaliers. There is, by the way, a delightful touch of the "Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry!" type in one of his letters of this time, when he desired the Commander at Newcastle to ship him three or four score masons, "for we expect that God will suddenly put some places into our hands which we shall have occasion to fortify."



The Tomb of Richard Pendrell, in St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London.

(Pendrell guided Charles II. to a place of safety after the Battle of Worcester.)

The fate of the prisoners taken at Dunbar was dreadful. War had not learned any of its modern mercifulness. Cromwell was in this, as in other respects, ahead, and not behind, the times. He released half of the prisoners—for the most part half-starved, sick, and wounded—and sent the rest under convoy southward, praying that humanity might be exercised toward them; but no care was taken of them, and four-fifths of them died from starvation and pestilence.

Meanwhile, a new Scotch army was assembling at Stirling, consisting for the most part of the Lowland Cavaliers, with their retainers, and the Royalist chiefs from the Highlands, with their clansmen. Before acting against them, Cromwell broke up the remaining Kirk forces, put down the moss-troopers and plunderers, and secured the surrender of Edinburgh. Winter came on, and operations ceased during the severe weather.

In the spring of 1651, he resumed his work, and by the end of summer he had the Royalists in such plight that it was evident that their only chance was to abide the hazard of a great effort. Early in August Charles led his army across the border into England, to see if he could not retrieve his cause there, while Cromwell was in Scotland; but Cromwell himself promptly followed him, while Cromwell's lieutenants in England opposed and hampered the march of the Royalists. There was need of resolute action, for Charles had the best Scotch army that had yet been gathered together. There was no general rising of the English to join him, but, when he reached Worcester, the town received him with open arms. This was the end of his successes. Cromwell came up, and after careful preparation, delivered his attack on September 3d. Charles had only some 15,000 men; Cromwell, nearly 30,000, half of whom, however, were the militia of the neighboring counties, who were not to be compared either with Cromwell's own veterans, or with their Royalist opponents. The fight was fierce, Cromwell's left wing gradually driving back the enemy, in spite of stubborn resistance; while, on his right, the Cavaliers and Highlanders themselves vigorously attacked the troops to which they were opposed. It was "as stiff a contest for four or five hours as ever I have seen," wrote Cromwell that evening; but at last he overthrew his foes, and following them with his usual vigor frightful carnage ensued. The victory was overwhelming. Charles himself escaped after various remarkable adventures, but all the nobles and generals of note were killed or tak-

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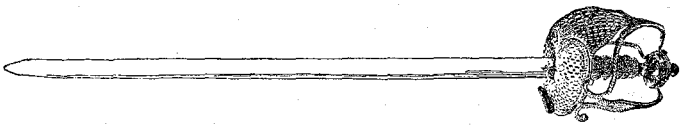
en. Nearly 11,000 men were captured, and practically all the remainder were slain.

This was, as Cromwell said, "the crowning mercy." It was the last fight of the Civil War; the last time that Cromwell had to lead an army in the field. From now till his death there never appeared in England a foe it was necessary for him to meet in person.



The Sword Used by Cromwell in his Irish Campaign.

MAGERSFONTEIN

By H. J. Whigham

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

LORD METHUEN'S march to the relief of Kimberley I have already divided into two unequal parts. The first part from Orange River to Modder River—a distance, roughly speaking, of fifty miles—was to be covered without serious opposition with the support of the railway. The second part, over the remaining twenty-five miles, was to include a big engagement at Spytfontein and then a quick dash to Kimberley, the railway being of course destroyed by the Boers and in any case unnecessary where the distance was so short. The whole march, allowing for battles and halts, was not expected to exceed eight or ten days.

It is now just four weeks since the column left Orange River, and Kimberley is still unrelieved. For all we know at present another four weeks may pass without a change in the situation.

Up to Modder River all went well. We had, it is true, three hot encounters with the enemy at Belmont, Gras Pan, and Modder River, in which we lost altogether something over one thousand men killed and wounded. But in each case we drove the Boers from their position, and our march was in consequence a triumphal procession. Yet long before Modder River was reached it became painfully apparent that no crushing blow could be dealt to the enemy with the force of cavalry and artillery at the general's command. We could send the Boers flying down the kopje's before our advancing infantry, we could get into their laager as we did at Belmont, we could even inflict considerable loss as we certainly did at Modder River, but the uncomfortable fact remained that we were advancing against an enemy numerically our superior who held his advance positions as at Belmont and Gras Pan just long enough to make us assault him, and was in the end waiting for us about Spytfontein, in a tremendously strong position, having inflicted far greater loss on our advancing column than we had inflicted upon him in spite of our three victories. In a word, Lord Methuen's flying column, constituted as it was, never had the slightest chance of reaching Kimberley without reinforcements. Even Modder River was a victory only by the courtesy of the Boers. There we ran our heads against a brick wall just as we did at Magersfontein twelve days later, and the result would have been the same if Colonel Pole-Carew, Brigadier of the Ninth Brigade, had not by splendid manœuvring under heavy fire got his men across the river on the enemy's right flank, thus saving us the necessity of a bayonet charge over level ground, which must have been ruinously expensive even if it had been successful. As it was, the Boers might have held their position instead of going away in the night, with a fair chance of keeping us at

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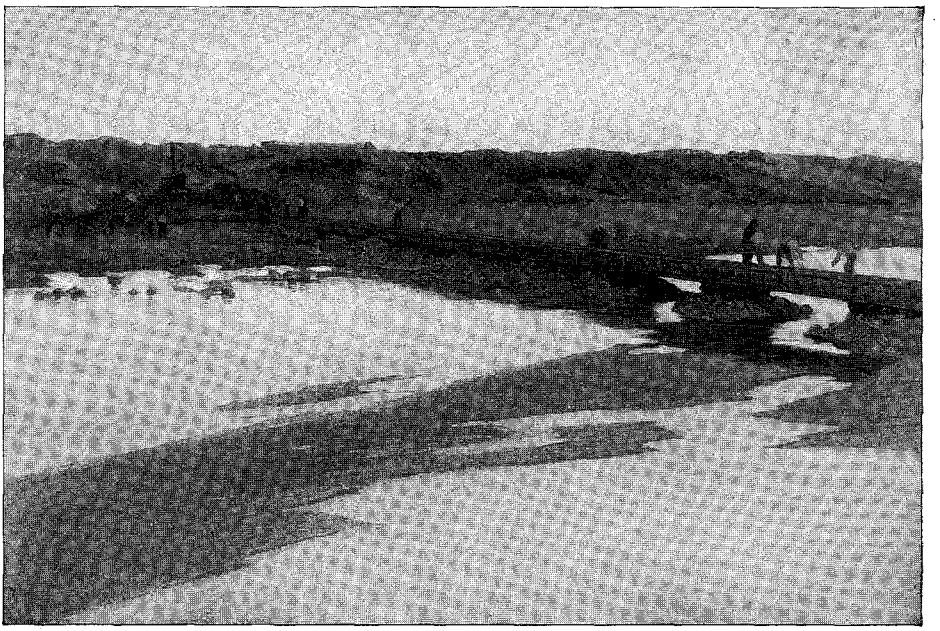

Temporary Railway Bridge Built in One Week at the Junction of the Riet and Modder Rivers.

bay. But Cronje, with singular wisdom, seeing himself outflanked, and knowing that he still had his strong position at Spytfontein to fall back upon, determined to be content with the losses he had already inflicted, and withdrew to his final stronghold.

We were bound to call the battle of Modder River a victory because we walked unopposed into the enemy's trenches at daybreak next morning. One could hardly help feeling, however, that we were only there on sufferance, and that the Boer would never have evacuated the position unless he had something better to fall back upon. Still, there we were at Modder River, within twenty-five miles of Kimberley, having accomplished the first part of our march with three victories to our credit. Lord Methuen had, then, a a choice to exercise. He could either follow up his success by keeping the enemy on the run and making a dash for Kimberley, or he could sit down and wait for reinforcements. The choice was decided —if, indeed, there ever was any real choice in the matter—by the fact that our artillery ammunition was practically exhausted. So hot had been the attack on Tuesday morning that by the middle of the afternoon the two field batteries engaged, the 18th and the 75th, had not five rounds a gun left, and the situation was only saved by the timely arrival of the 62d battery, which galloped up with four guns and four hundred rounds at a very opportune moment.

So we may take it for granted that the first alternative was really out of the question. Yet we cannot help feeling that the only thing which could have justified the course hitherto followed by Lord Methuen would have been something in the nature of a forlorn hope. If he could by any means have rushed through to Kimberley, he might have lost half his division, he might have been cut off in the rear; but at least he could have said: "My orders were to relieve Kimberley and I have done it." It is even possible that such a rash enterprise, by its sheer audacity, might have astonished the Boers into retreating before us. As a military movement it would have been the acme of folly. Yet if that was the case, how much more was the original march from Orange River with such a force, a rash and foolish proceeding? Remember that by this time Lord Methuen had been reinforced by more than half a battalion of the Highland Light Infantry and a battery of field artillery. In spite of his losses, therefore,

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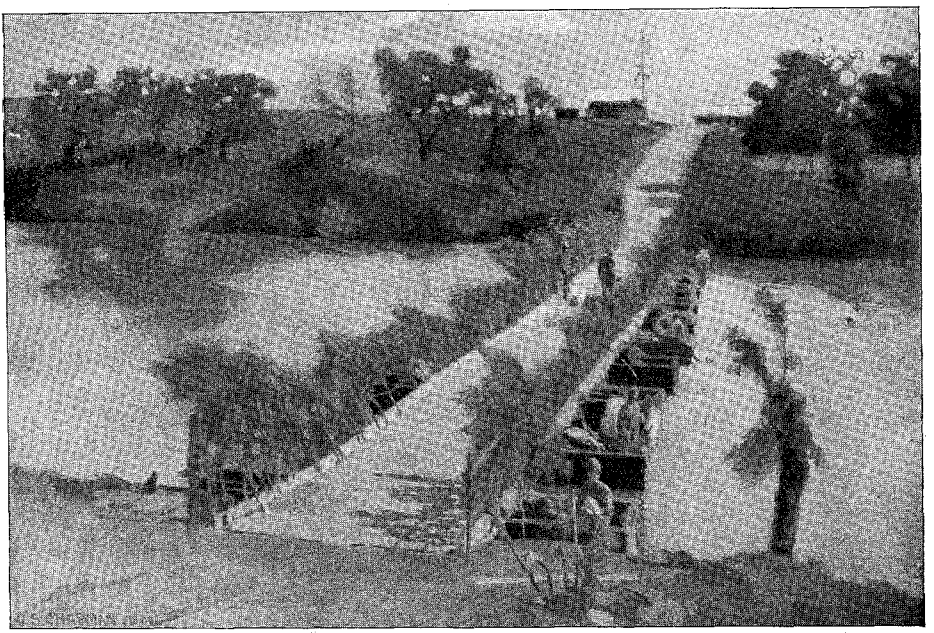

Pontoon Bridge Built Across the Modder River by the Engineers.

his division was as strong at Modder River as it was when it left Orange River. The infantry might have been fewer by a couple of hundred men, but that deficiency was cancelled by the addition of a battery of artillery. With three victories behind us and only twenty-five miles to cover in front of us, it is, nevertheless, certain that an immediate advance would have been suicidal. It requires little logic to prove that a week before, with no victories to our account, an equivalent force of men, and eighty miles to cover, with an enemy still undefeated across our advance, the scheme of the flying column was madness itself.

Of course, it will be argued that the general had no approximate idea of the enemy's strength. In answer to that I can only say that there was not a war correspondent in camp who was not convinced that there were at least fifteen thousand Boers prepared to block our passage to Kimberley, and the very evening before the march from Orange River Mr. Knight of the *Morning Post* assured me that he had the best authority for believing that there were six thousand Boers in the neighborhood of Belmont. And further, to show that this is not a case of prophesying after the event, I am convinced that everyone of the experienced correspondents, in writing to their papers before the march began, commented upon the folly of starting on such an expedition with only one regiment of cavalry and no horse artillery. In other words, if the general pleads that he was deceived as to the number of Boers in front of him, he must admit that his intelligence department cannot obtain news which is the common property of every civilian in camp. If, on the other hand, he imagined that with a division of 10,000 men, to put his force at the highest possible figure—he could attack and defeat 15,000 Boers armed with magazine rifles with all the advantage of position and knowledge of the country, then one is driven to conclude that he was criminally ignorant of the art of modern warfare.

There, at any rate, was the situation. Having fought his way bravely but expensively to the Modder, Lord Methuen was forced to sit down and wait for the reinforcements, without which he should never have left Orange River.

In the meantime, you may be sure, the Boers were not wasting their time. With their outposts constantly in touch with our patrols they were kept fully informed of our intended movements and knew ex-

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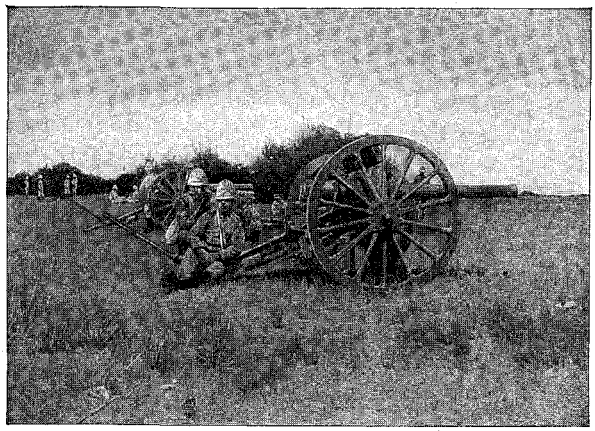
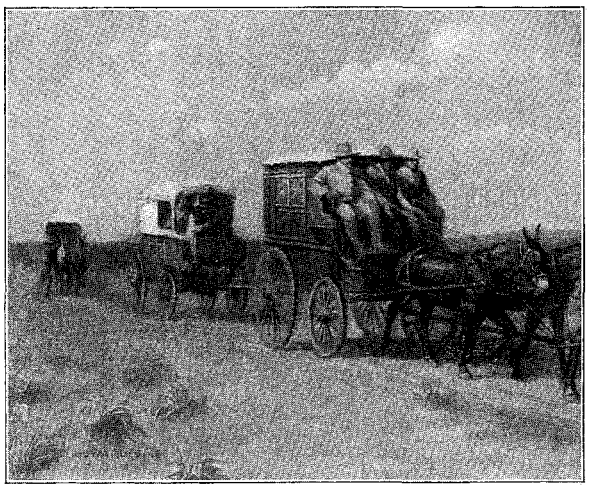


Gun of Sixty-second Battery about 1,100 Yards from Boer Trenches.

actly how many days they had to improve their position. What that position is, I must now endeavor to make clear.

Our camp, after the battle of Modder River, was situated mainly on the north bank of the stream to the right and left of the railway which runs, roughly speaking, north and south. To the west our outposts extended as far as the weir crossed during the fight by the Ninth Brigade; to the east the guards' camp was beyond the second drift, between the Riet and the Modder, stretching out in the direction of Jacobsdal. In front, toward Kimberley, our outposts swung round to the railway about two miles or rather less from the railway bridge, and a mile and a half north of the railway station. In fact, if one took the bridge as centre and described a circle with a radius of two miles one would get a fair idea of the limits of our outposts, except that on the south side in the rear we had practically no pickets at all.

In front the veldt rolls away from the river with gentle undulations on a gentle incline toward the north, until some five or six miles from the bridge the way to Kimberley is barred by an irregular range of kopjes, causing an obstruction some five miles deep between our column and Kimberley. The railway gets to Spytfontein, which is ten miles from Modder station, by means of a wedge of veldt which runs into this irregular mass of kopjes so that Spytfontein station is at the apex of a triangular depression, and can only be reached by a force advancing for several miles between two converging lines of kopjes. There could hardly be a more favorable position for defence. The attacking armies would naturally in such a case march round the Spytfontein kopjes to right or left, a task which is rendered simpler by the kopjes coming to an abrupt end on the east about two miles from the railway near Magersfontein farm, so that one would naturally in marching from Modder River proceed in a northeasterly direction, keeping the Magersfontein kopjes on one's left flank. This, however, the Boers have recognized at once, and they have accordingly entrenched themselves not only across our front but the whole way from the Magersfontein kopjes back in a southeasterly direction to the Modder River, where there is a drift about six miles from Modder station, and then beyond the drift back to Jacobsdal which is their base of supplies. So that not only do they protect themselves against a turning movement, but keep open their line of communication between Jacobsdal and Spytfontein. On



Boer Ambulances Going through Our Lines to Boer Camp After Battle of Magersfontein.

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the west of the railway line they have also entrenched themselves away toward the weir where we crossed during the Modder battle, so that if our camp may be shown by a semicircle north of the bridge, with the bridge as centre and a radius of two miles, the Boer lines may be roughly suggested by a semicircle with the same point as centre and a radius of six miles.

Twelfth Lancers' Maxim in Action at Magersfontein on Horse Artillery Hill, Checking Turning Movement of the Boers on Our Right.

It may seem incredible that an army of 15,000 Boers could hold so enormous a line of entrenchments against a force of 10 to 15,000 men who may attack where they please. But the task is not so extraordinary when one remembers that a line of fifteen miles can be occupied by a very thin line of outposts with massed bodies behind, who, being Boers, can throw themselves more quickly than we can upon any given point. Behind this long line of entrenchments they have other lines to which they can retire, and also masses of kopjes right across our front where most of their guns are carefully concealed, the larger number being, we believe, posted round Spytfontein ; but that, of course, is only a matter of conjecture based upon the fact that at Magersfontein only four of their guns came into action.

Face to face with such a position, Lord Methuen might have planned his attack in various ways. He might have gone off at right angles in an E. S. E. direction to Jacobsdal, and cut off the Boer supplies. He might have attacked somewhere between Jacobsdal and Magersfontein, where the Boers may have entrenchments, but they are at least out in the open. Or he might have gone off to the west and risked the lack of water and the danger of leaving an unbeaten enemy on his flank. Or, finally, he could proceed in his usual fashion straight ahead at the enemy's trenches between him and Kimberley, trusting in Providence and the untiring pluck of the British soldier. The Boers evidently expected the last method of attack. During our halt at Modder River they had eleven whole days in which to make themselves secure. Having found us willing on previous occasions to march straight at the centre of their position, they lost no time in fortifying the Magersfontein kopjes, which lay right between our camp and Kimberley, and formed a natural fortress of enormous strength.

Every day from our outposts we could see the dust of their wagons and sometimes their wagons themselves as they passed to and fro from Jacobsdal to the eastern spur of the kopjes, carrying ammunition and provisions to the men in front of us. Almost every morning our

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scouts or cavalry patrols got in touch with theirs, exchanging a few shots and occasionally wounding each other. But no attempt was, or could be made, to cut off their supplies or stop the constant stream of wagons across our right front, even for a few hours. We were compelled for lack of reinforcements to sit quietly at Modder River, watching them prepare their stronghold in full view of our outposts. Once they caused a diversion by attempting to cut our line of communications back at Enselin, where we only had two hundred of the Northamptonshire regiment and no guns. About a thousand of the enemy suddenly appeared on the kopjes about the railway with a gun in position, just about the scene of the Gras Pan fight. They had torn up the telegraph line south and north of Enselin, and destroyed part of the permanent way of the railway, and the ridiculously small force of infantry which held the station and compound at Enselin was powerless to drive them off. The line was cut just before daybreak; by nine o'clock the Twelfth Lancers and the Seaforth Highlanders, who had just that moment arrived from Orange River, were despatched to Enselin with a couple of field guns, and in two hours the Boers were off in the direction of Jacobsdal, making no attempt to stand before our reinforcements.

Since then we have greatly strengthened the line with the colonial contingents and there is little danger of the Boers making another attempt to cut off the column at Modder River. The interesting point in connection with that attempt is that our howitzer battery, with its lyddite shells, had just left Orange River, and one cannot resist the conclusion that this was a desperate effort to prevent the arrival of the weapon upon which we were relying for our future success. This new explosive came up with a tremendous reputation, which it hardly justified in practice. One was told with all seriousness by officers who had some experience of shell-fire that a lyddite explosion not only knocked over everything within a radius of a hundred yards, but actually suffocated with its fumes all those who were not killed by the force of impact. Having seen the effect of dynamite shells in the Spanish-American War, I was not so sanguine as most people about the efficacy of lyddite; yet, even so, one could not help a sensation of relief when the big naval gun (4.7) arrived on the spot with three hundred rounds of lyddite, closely followed by a battery of five-inch howitzers with about 2,500 rounds. In the meantime we had been reinforced by the Twelfth Lancers, under the gallant Lord Airlie, a battery of horse artillery (12-pounders) and the whole Highland Brigade under General Wauchope. By Saturday, December 9th, we had 15,000 men of all arms, with thirty-five guns. We began to feel a trifle sorry for the Boers, working away at their trenches, which were so soon to be blown to dust by our lyddite.

The Boers, on their part, paid very little attention to us beyond capturing an occasional scout who became too inquisitive, for they were busy at Magersfontein converting a donga, or dry watercourse, into a long, deep trench, not exactly at the foot of the kopjes, but two or three hundred yards out in the open; in front of this deep trench, into which they can apparently ride on horseback, they made a barbed-wire entanglement, and they also constructed covering trenches in the rear and on the flanks, so that the enemy who got into their first line of entrenchments would be rather worse off than he was out in the open, for he would then be subject to a crossfire from three sides. On the kopjes, behind their main line of trenches, they had placed their guns — only a few of them, because they could not afford to bunch them all in one spot when they could be attacked anywhere along a line of fifteen miles — but so cunningly arranged that they could not be seen, and with difficulty hit.

On Saturday morning, December 9th, our force being now complete, and the enemy's position being strong enough for our purpose, we sent the big naval gun about a mile and a half up the line to try the range of the kopjes. Sixteen rounds were fired, including ten lyddite shells, while the newly arrived horse battery with its 12-pounders moved out to the left of the railway and attempted to reach the western kopjes. As far as the battery was concerned the reconnoissance only showed that horse artillery is not very effective at 6,000 yards; the big

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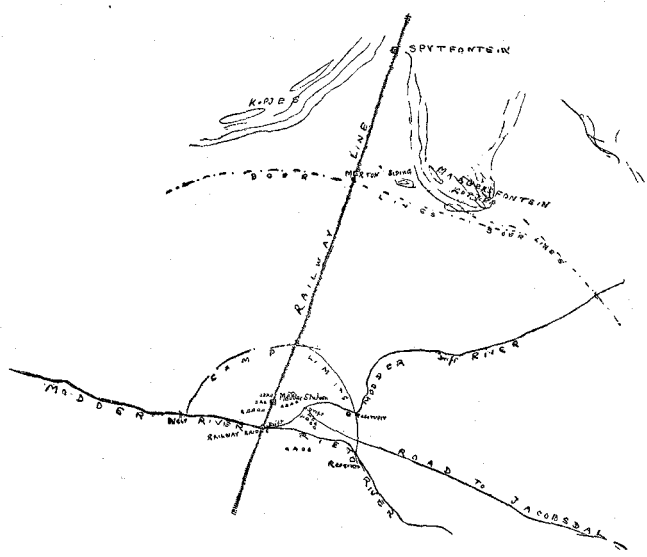

Plan of Modder River Camp, Showing Boer Lines.
(Fac-simile of Mr. Whigham's sketch.)

naval gun succeeded in demonstrating that the Magersfontein kopjes were about 7,400 yards away from its own position, and that lyddite exploded against rocks makes much uproar and disturbance. Beyond this we learned nothing at all, as the Boers obstinately refused to be drawn. We had, however, given them an excellent hint that our attack would be delivered at the very point where they had been working so diligently for eleven days.

Next afternoon the expected move came. Soon after two o'clock the column was on the march in a northeasterly direction; cavalry first, supported by a couple of guns, then the whole mass of artillery —three field batteries, one horse battery, and one howitzer battery—escorted by the Dargai Gordons, and then the whole of the Highland Brigade, three battalions in their kilts, and the Highland Light Infantry in khaki. The Guards Brigade was coming out later, and the Ninth Brigade remained behind in reserve. The four naval 12-pounders stayed in camp with the Ninth Brigade, and "Joey Chamberlain," the big gun, dragged by sixteen yoke of oxen, went up the line to the position he had taken up on Saturday morning.

The column moved in a northeasterly direction in such a way that, by continuing the same course, it would just miss the Magersfontein kopjes by passing to the east of them. This direction at the start meant nothing at all because we were merely taking advantage of a fold in the veldt to hide our advance. Fortunately it was a wet afternoon with a dull, lowering sky, and the veldt was sodden with rain or, at least, as sodden as the veldt can be, so that the Boers could have no indication of our coming. That is to say, he had not the usual indication in the shape of the sand cloud which, under ordinary circumstances, accompanies a column on the march. He had, however, other and sufficient means of information. Not only had we made clear our intentions by Saturday morning's reconnoissance and by striking our tents in broad daylight on Sunday, but we allowed so many suspicious characters to wander freely about camp that no real concealment of our plans was possible. Headquarters were at the station hotel which was literally infested with bearded Boers who professed great loyalty to the Queen, but had no difficulty in communicating with their fellow-countrymen by means of the farmers who used to ride unmolested through our lines every day. One man in particular, a German called Müller, lived out beyond the Guards' camp on the way to Jacobsdal. He was

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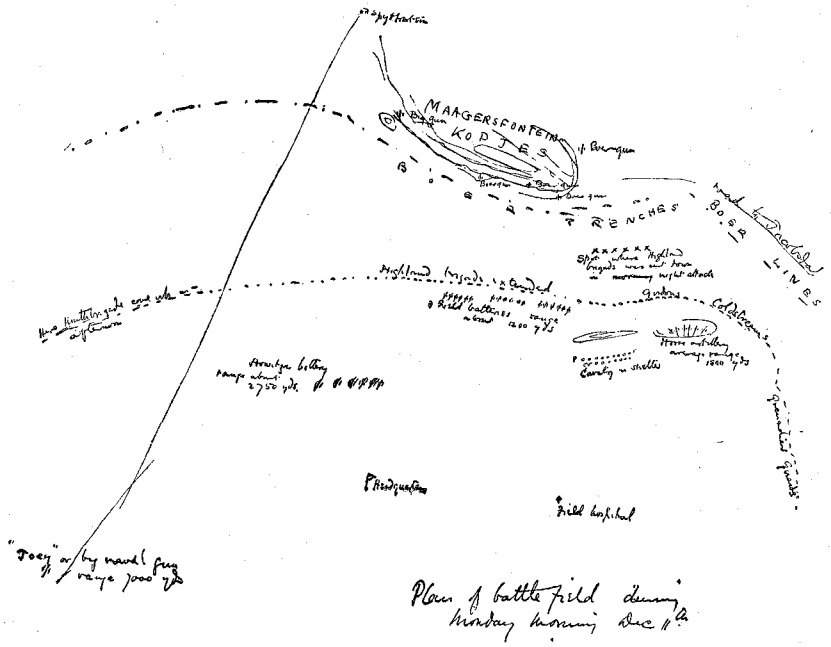
a very useful person, because he supplied us each morning with milk and eggs, and we should have been very sorry to lose him. But that he was a thorough-paced scoundrel who gave information to the Boers at the same time he was selling forage to the British Government and eggs to the correspondents at equally exorbitant rates, I have not the slightest doubt. A few days after the battle of Magersfontein four Boers were seen riding away from his farm in the morning, and yet he is still at large ; and he was only one among many who could easily procure information in camp and retail it to General Cronje. And as though Nature might weep to cover our advance, we certainly took no mean advantage of the Boer by concealing our movements in other ways.

The Boer, for his part, gave no secrets away, or at least none which it was worth his while to keep. We knew he had been fortifying himself for days at Magersfontein, but, as we invariably elected to attack him at his strongest point, the knowledge was altogether in his favor. For the rest he lay in his trenches all Sunday afternoon and never made a sign.

It was three o'clock before the column was under way, and three miles or so had to be covered before we could get within striking distance. Yet it was only four o'clock when "Joey" by the railway gave the signal for the battle to begin by throwing a lyddite shell right upon the face of the kopjes, at a range of something over four miles. In less than half an hour the field batteries were hurried up, the Highland Brigade extended in open order across our front, the howitzers opened on the left and the horse artillery came up on the right, and one could sit on the rising ground to the left of our advance and see the finest display of fireworks it was possible to wish for. Thirty-one guns for two whole hours poured shrapnel and lyddite upon the front of the Magersfontein kopjes until one began to wonder why the ridge was not levelled to the plain. Against the lowering sky of a wet afternoon the shrapnel flashed and roared while the lyddite spouted flame; the earth underfoot trembled at each report and the air shook with endless vibrations cast back again by the echoing rocks. To our disappointment the Boers made not the slightest response. Not only did they refuse to fire a shot, but not a vestige of an enemy was to be seen in any direction. Once



Rough Plan (drawn by Mr. Whigham) of the Operations at Magersfontein.

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"Joey Chamberlain" the Big Naval Gun (4.7) in Action at Magersfontein.

the howitzers fired at a wagon going away to Spytfontein, no bigger than a speck on the distant curve of the veldt, and we reckoned that a few Boers must have been hit, but as the wagon had disappeared altogether before the dust of the explosion cleared away, it is quite impossible to say that the shell took effect. Otherwise our bombardment was like throwing pebbles at a precipice, for all we could see of the result. The Boer, like a wise man, was either secure in his trenches out in front of the line of kopjes, or he was away from the scene altogether; and as we made very little attempt to shell the trenches which we could not exactly locate, it is not likely that any great damage was done. At least, however, we had signified our intention of attacking the enemy at Magersfontein, and having done so, we bivouacked for the night, giving him from six to eight hours to collect his forces. A few tacticians conjectured, from the direction of our advance, that the Highland Brigade was about to make a turning movement, and that this direct bombardment was only a ruse to deceive the enemy. Others were of the opinion that the Boers had evacuated their trenches and retired upon Spytfontein. The understanding was that the Highland Brigade would take Magersfontein by marching round the left flank of the Boers, and the Guards who had only broken camp at sundown were to come up and attack the main position at Spytfontein later in the day. For once in a way the general was going to resort to tactics instead of simply rushing the position.

But the wise were doomed to disappointment; early in the morning, in pitch darkness and drenching rain, the Highlanders were marched forward in quarter column to a night attack with the bayonet. Instead of proceeding to the right of the kopjes, the column was turned almost due north, and sent right at the position which we had shelled so diligently on Sunday afternoon without extracting a reply. No one knew what was going to happen, not even the brigade general's aide-de-camps; the common expectation being that we should attack at daybreak. The ground over which the brigade advanced was easy enough to cover in daylight, but in the darkness of a moonless, clouded night it became rough and difficult, being mostly of a stony nature and studded with thick thorn-bushes. So careful was Lord Methuen of his plan that not an officer in any of the battalions knew what was coming or was in any way prepared for attack when, suddenly, a single rifle-shot rang out just as the order was given to deploy, and in an instant from a distance of three hundred yards such a murderous fire was poured into the column that the front sections of the Seventy-third Regiment, which led the attack, were literally cut to pieces. It seems almost incredible that a brigade should be marched up to trenches

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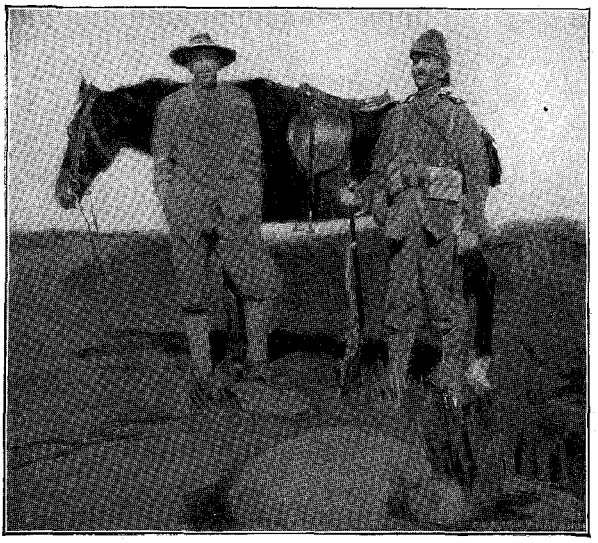
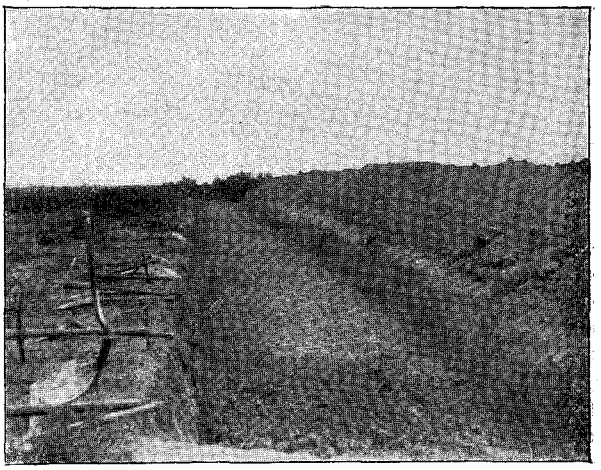


Lord Basil Blackwood and Gilbert Russell (Third Grenadiers).

manned by an enemy armed with magazine rifles in quarter column. In daylight, of course, not a man would have come out alive ; but even in dense darkness, given a general direction for fire such as the Boers had from a scout who accompanied the Highlanders and who gave the signal just at the right moment, the fire delivered from the trenches was sufficiently effective to knock over about one man in six. The column, thus taken unawares, reeled and shuddered like a ship in a heavy sea. For a few moments the fate of the day hung in the balance; but with General Wauchope down, two colonels mortally wounded, and officers hit by the score, there never could have been a chance of ultimate success. Someone shouted retire, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the brigade broke and ran for cover, leaving at least a sixth of its numbers on the field. Back they came, nearly as far as the rise which was afterward known as Horse Artillery Hill, about 1,500 yards from the trenches, and there they rallied as far as four battalions all mixed and confused in the darkness with not two-thirds of their officers left could be said to rally. Perhaps if the commanding officer had not fallen at the first shock, something might have been done to retrieve the disaster. But it is the fate of night attacks that if they fail they fail beyond repair. As it was, an attempt was made to reform and charge again with the bayonet, this time more to our right front, from where the enemy were pouring in a cross-fire upon the brigade. But with companies and even battalions mingled together, with officers separated from their men in the darkness, and whole batches of men without officers at all, the attempt, gallant as it was, and even successful up to a certain point—for the Highlanders got into a few Boers lying out among the bushes in small shelter trenches—the final result remained the same. When day broke and our guns came into action, the brigade, shattered and broken, skirmished out bravely in front of the artillery, but never got within seven hundred yards of the spot where they had met their first disaster.

So it came about that at four o'clock in the morning the day was practically lost. It did not require the eye of a practised soldier to see that the Highland Brigade could never go in again to attack the



Redoubt Built by Guards Toward Jacobsdal.

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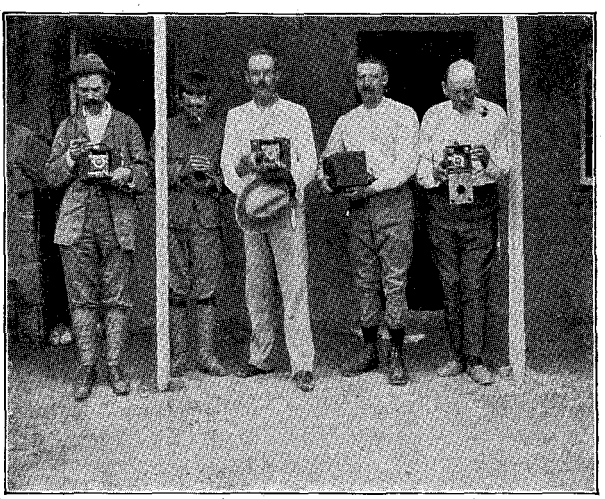
trenches with the bayonet, nor was it possible to suppose that the Guards, who were in reserve, could attack such a position in broad daylight. Under the circumstances a prudent general might have recalled his troops and reserved all his energy for a new form of attack. But General Methuen was not the sort of man to acknowledge defeat so early in the day, besides he had recollections of Modder River, where matters seemed just as bad and yet turned to our advantage in the end. Accordingly he kept the Highlanders where they were stretched prostrate across our front, he threw in two battalions of Coldstreams on our right front to take the place of the Highlanders who had fallen, he brought up the Gordons from guarding the baggage and sent them straight ahead into the firing-line, and extended the Grenadiers on our right to repel a turning movement which Cronje was just on the point of developing. The artillery then proceeded to bombard the enemy's position in front as on the previous afternoon. The remainder of the day's fighting may easily be imagined. All day long our artillery, with splendid zeal, kept down the enemy's rifle fire and prevented him firing a single gun lest he should give us a target. But one cannot suppose that the Boer, secure in his trenches, suffered very heavily from shrapnel or even from lyddite, which does not burst nearly so well on the sandy veldt as it does on rocky kopjes, for whenever our artillery fire slackened even for an instant, the Mausers, smokeless and invisible, began to pop again all along the line. No praise can possibly be too great for the way in which the gunners served our field pieces throughout the day without a vestige of cover. Not content with a range of a mile, the three field batteries, the 18th, 62d, and 75th, limbered up early in the morning about seven o'clock and moved in to 1,200 yards, where they were well under rifle fire, and even their limbers were exposed. The howitzers, who had started at something under 4,000 yards, came up at eight o'clock to 2,750 yards in order to get a more exact range on the trenches, while the horse artillery on the right, on a slight eminence which gave shelter to our cavalry, kept up a rapid fire right and left and in front at a range which averaged 1,500 yards. It is impossible to give the exact number of yards in each case, because our guns had absolutely no target, but were firing now at the kopjes and now about two hundred yards shorter at the line on the veldt where our gunners imagined the trenches to be. But enough has been said to show that they kept up a finely concentrated fire upon the front of the enemy's stronghold during the greater part of the day.



Lester Ralph. Julian Ralph.

Correspondents in Camp at Modder River.

On the right we were defended from a flank attack by two guns of the horse battery which were pointed eastward, and the maxims of the ninth and twelfth Lancers which did excellent work. But with the road to Jacobsdal open right across our flank we were never secure from attack, and in the afternoon the Yorkshires had to come out along the banks of the Modder, and one squadron of the Ninth Cavalry dismounted there and taking shelter behind a stone fence became hotly engaged for more than an hour.

So we waited under a hot sun wondering from hour to hour what the outcome of the battle would be, until about half-past one an order came down from the

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On Outpost Duty—the Midday Meal.

general to the effect that the Highlanders were to hold the position until dark when the Grenadiers and Scots Guards and what was left of the Gordons would attack with the bayonet. This was exceedingly pleasant for the Guards who had to spend the afternoon in anticipation of a bayonet charge out of which not two men in five would have come alive. It is only fair to say that the officers who received the order faced the situation with perfect equanimity, never doubting that their men would follow them. Fortunately the events of the afternoon saved a fine brigade from what must have been practical annihilation.

Between half past one and two, the Highlanders, unable any longer to suffer the continued fire from the trenches, took the opportunity of a heavy cannonade to retire upon our guns, and in so doing, retreated, a good deal farther than was intended, leaving the brave gunners absolutely unprotected until the Scots Guards went in to support them. It was pitiful to see staff officers urging the poor Highlanders to rally again, and sad to hear the doleful wail of the bagpipes as the pipers strove in vain to rouse the fighting spirit of the Scotchmen. It must be remembered that the brigade had suffered the fatigue of a night march without food and practically without sleep ; after being led like sheep to the slaughter, they had been left for nine hours under a persistent fire from the trenches, with no protection from sun or bullets ; to expect them to rally and fight again in the afternoon was to expect the impossible. Still they did rally behind the guns and were preparing to go forward again when suddenly the enemy's guns, till then silent, opened fire upon our limbers and cavalry, round which the Scotchmen were assembling. That was the last straw. When the first shell burst, the men, who were in close order, huddled together in dispirited fashion, turned their backs deliberately on the enemy and streamed back as far as the general's flag. This was enough for Lord Methuen, who had, perhaps, hardly realized up to this point how decisive his reverse had been. With one brigade worn out and cut to pieces it would have been sheer madness to sacrifice the Guards in another night assault. The Ninth Brigade, under Colonel Pole-Carew, had made a demonstration on our left and had failed to discover any means of delivering a flank attack. The day was lost, unless indeed the enemy should evacuate his position during the night as he did at Modder River. Evidently Lord Methuen had still hopes of such a movement, for he made no attempt to withdraw his troops to Modder River under cover of dark-

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ness. Unfortunately, on this occasion, we had not turned his flank, and we had hardly made our attack in front sufficiently convincing, in spite of the noble efforts of our artillery, to induce General Cronje to fall back upon another position.

After a bitterly cold night on the veldt we awoke to find the Boer trenches just as full of men as they had been on the previous evening, and we had no choice but to go back to Modder River with the best possible grace, which we did about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning. The Boers, not sorry perhaps to see us go, showed their good spirits by some exceedingly pretty artillery practice as the column retreated. But their shells, though well aimed, were singularly ineffective, and our men paid about as much attention to them as they would have done to a shower of snowballs. Altogether it was a sad day for Scotland, yet there was a little cold comfort in the thought that though one brigade was ruined, the rest of the division showed no signs of demoralization.

It is now nearly two weeks since the disastrous battle of Magersfontein, and the folly of the Highlanders' night attack has been obscured by Sir William Gatacre's exploit at Stormberg and Sir Redvers Buller's reverse on the Tugela. Perhaps one is inclined to make too much of these temporary checks, seeing that, after all, defeats must come as well as victories, and the loss of a few hundred men in such a war as this is a mere drop in the bucket. One cannot, however, leave the subject without a word of comment upon the strategy and tactics which have ruled up to the present stage of the campaign.

In a previous article I endeavored to point out the danger of splitting up the army corps into three divisions, as was originally intended, advancing along three converging lines. Since that article was written the force at Sir Redvers Buller's command has, owing to the apparent necessity of relieving Kimberley and Ladysmith, been divided into four parts, of which one is at Modder River with Lord Methuen, one at Naauwport with General French, one at Molteno with General Gatacre, and the remainder with Sir Redvers Buller on the Tugela in Natal. We have thus frittered away a fine army by dividing it into bits which cannot be united, and our great superiority over the Boers has been sacrificed. The obvious course to pursue would have been to march the whole army into the Free State by way of Orange River Bridge, leaving Kimberley and Ladysmith to hold out until our advance into the enemy's country drew off the Free Staters from Natal and Griqualand. Any civilian of common sense would have followed such a course. Unfortunately, our generals in this campaign have regarded common sense as quite incompatible with strategy. As for their tactics, they cannot properly be said to exist at all; for our one method of attack has been to go for the Boer whenever and wherever you find him. Lord Methuen's march to Modder River resembled nothing so much as the oncoming of a tidal wave which sweeps unheedingly over such minor obstacles as shoals and reefs, with the loss, perhaps, of a little spray, until it dashes itself impotently against some Magersfontein headland.

The flank movement which saved us at Modder River was developed late in the day and was not part of the original attack which was purely frontal. As for the night assault at Magersfontein, one can hardly now speak of it with calmness. It is doubtful whether night assaults are ever justifiable against a watchful enemy behind trenches and armed with a magazine rifle. But if they can be justified at all it is only when every inch of the ground is accurately reconnoitred, when the men know exactly what is expected of them, and when the object to be gained is of paramount importance. In the case of the Highlanders' attack not one of these conditions held good. The exact position of the enemy's trenches was not known, the ground over which our men had to advance was protected by barbed-wire entanglements, and the enemy were thoroughly alert, having been carefully warned by our Sunday's bombardment. Our own men had not the vaguest idea of what was expected of them, and the night was so dark that only the most careful directions could have saved disaster; finally the brigade advanced at such a point of the enemy's lines that even had they got into the first

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lines of Boer entrenchments they would have been subject to a terrific cross-fire from the flanking trenches. And we may be very sure that the Boer would never have waited for the bayonet and that Tommy, when he got there, would have found an empty trench awaiting him. Against such a position on such a night one can only say that the idea of a night attack was the outcome of one of those strange mental aberrations which do at times assail even our best generals. The result was not only the loss of close on a thousand men, but the demoralization of a splendid brigade which had just arrived at the front full of life and vigor, the death of one of our best brigadiers, the gallant Wauchope, whose place at the head of his own Scotch soldiers can hardly be filled, and the killing and wounding of fifty-seven officers of various ranks. And the hardest part of all is that the brigade was committed to the assault against the better judgment of General Wauchope, who would never willingly have embarked on so rash a venture. His death, with a word of protest on his lips, was the most tragic feature of a tragic day.

THOROUGHBREDS

WHÄ! Bess, you young vixen!
Now, Nellie, your foot—
So—hoop-la! You've got her?
The beautiful brute!
Hold her in for a moment:
One hitch to my girth,
And I'm with you, my lass,
For the ends of the earth.

Now, Duroc, my hero—
Be careful, dear heart!
She is fresh as the fountain,
And rank for a start.
'*You fear not?*' oh, no,
But you like your sweet wills—
And we'll give you a breathing!
Away! To the hills!—

Oh, bathe me, ye winds
Of the withering downs!
Brush the scent of the "functions,"
The taint of the towns!
What is art, to this nature!
Or wine, to this air!
What's a picture, to Nell
And her blooded bay mare!

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THE TOUCHSTONE

By Edith Wharton

VII

A KNOCK roused him and looking up he saw his wife. He met her glance in silence, and she faltered out, "Are you ill?"

The words restored his self-possession. "Ill? Of course not. They told me you were out and I came upstairs."

The books lay between them on the table; he wondered when she would see them. She lingered tentatively on the threshold, with the air of leaving his explanation on his hands. She was not the kind of woman who could be counted on to fortify an excuse by appearing to dispute it.

"Where have you been?" Glennard asked, moving forward so that he obstructed her vision of the books.

"I walked over to the Dreshams for tea."

"I can't think what you see in those people," he said with a shrug; adding, uncontrollably—"I suppose Flamel was there?"

"No; he left on the yacht this morning."

An answer so obstructing to the natural escape of his irritation left Glennard with no momentary resource but that of strolling impatiently to the window. As her eyes followed him they lit on the books.

"Ah, you've brought them! I'm so glad," she exclaimed.

He answered over his shoulder, "For a woman who never reads you make the most astounding exceptions!"

Her smile was an exasperating concession to the probability that it had been hot in town or that something had bothered him.

"Do you mean it's not nice to want to read the book?" she asked. "It was not nice to publish it, certainly; but after all, I'm not responsible for that, am I?" She paused, and, as he made no answer, went on, still smiling, "I do read sometimes, you know; and I'm very fond of Margaret Aubyn's books. I was reading 'Pomegranate Seed' when we first met. Don't you remember? It was then you told me all about her."

Glennard had turned back into the room and stood staring at his wife. "All about her?" he repeated, and with the words remembrance came to him. He had found Miss Trent one afternoon with the novel in her hand, and moved by the lover's fatuous impulse to associate himself in some way with whatever fills the mind of the beloved, had broken through his habitual silence about the past. Rewarded by the consciousness of figuring impressively in Miss Trent's imagination he had gone on from one anecdote to another, reviving dormant details of his old Hillbridge life, and pasturing his vanity on the eagerness with which she received his reminiscences of a being already clothed in the impersonality of greatness.

The incident had left no trace in his mind; but it sprang up now like an old enemy, the more dangerous for having been forgotten. The instinct of self-preservation—sometimes the most perilous that man can exercise—made him awkwardly declare—"Oh, I used to see her at people's houses, that was all;" and her silence as usual leaving room for a multiplication of blunders, he added, with increased indifference, "I simply can't see what you can find to interest you in such a book."

She seemed to consider this intently. "You've read it, then?"

"I glanced at it—I never read such things."

"Is it true that she didn't wish the letters to be published?"

Glennard felt the sudden dizziness of the mountaineer on a narrow ledge, and with it the sense that he was lost if he looked more than a step ahead.

"I'm sure I don't know," he said; then, summoning a smile, he passed his hand

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through her arm. "*I* didn't have tea at the Dreshams, you know; won't you give me some now?" he suggested.

That evening Glennard, under pretext of work to be done, shut himself into the small study opening off the drawing-room. As he gathered up his papers he said to his wife: "You're not going to sit indoors on such a night as this? I'll join you presently outside."

But she had drawn her armchair to the lamp. "I want to look at my book," she said, taking up the first volume of the "Letters."

Glennard, with a shrug, withdrew into the study. "I'm going to shut the door; I want to be quiet," he explained from the threshold; and she nodded without lifting her eyes from the book.

He sank into a chair, staring aimlessly at the outspread papers. How was he to work, while on the other side of the door she sat with that volume in her hand? The door did not shut her out—he saw her distinctly, felt her close to him in a contact as painful as the pressure on a bruise.

The sensation was part of the general strangeness that made him feel like a man waking from a long sleep to find himself in an unknown country among people of alien tongue. We live in our own souls as in an unmapped region, a few acres of which we have cleared for our habitation; while of the nature of those nearest us we know but the boundaries that march with ours. Of the points in his wife's character not in direct contact with his own, Glennard now discerned his ignorance; and the baffling sense of her remoteness was intensified by the discovery that, in one way, she was closer to him than ever before. As one may live for years in happy unconsciousness of the possession of a sensitive nerve, he had lived beside his wife unaware that her individuality had become a part of the texture of his life, ineradicable as some growth on a vital organ; and he now felt himself at once incapable of forecasting her judgment and powerless to evade its effects.

To escape, the next morning, the confidences of the breakfast-table, he went to town earlier than usual. His wife, who read slowly, was given to talking over what she read, and at present his first object in life was to postpone the inevitable discussion of the letters. This instinct of protection in the afternoon, on his way uptown, guided him to the club in search of a man who might be persuaded to come out to the country to dine. The only man in the club was Flamel.

Glennard, as he heard himself almost involuntarily pressing Flamel to come and dine, felt the full irony of the situation. To use Flamel as a shield against his wife's scrutiny was only a shade less humiliating than to reckon on his wife as a defence against Flamel.

He felt a contradictory movement of annoyance at the latter's ready acceptance, and the two men drove in silence to the station. As they passed the bookstall in the waiting-room Flamel lingered a moment and the eyes of both fell on Margaret Aubyn's name, conspicuously displayed above a counter stacked with the familiar volumes.

"We shall be late, you know," Glennard remonstrated, pulling out his watch.

"Go ahead," said Flamel, imperturbably. "I want to get something——"

Glennard turned on his heel and walked down the platform. Flamel rejoined him with an innocent-looking magazine in his hand; but Glennard dared not even glance at the cover, lest it should show the syllables he feared.

The train was full of people they knew, and they were kept apart till it dropped them at the little suburban station. As they strolled up the shaded hill, Glennard talked volubly, pointing out the improvements in the neighborhood, deploring the threatened approach of an electric railway, and screening himself by a series of reflex adjustments from the imminent risk of any allusion to the "Letters." Flamel suffered his discourse with the bland inattention that we accord to the affairs of someone else's suburb, and they reached the shelter of Alexa's tea-table without a perceptible turn toward the dreaded topic.

The dinner passed off safely. Flamel, always at his best in Alexa's presence, gave her the kind of attention which is like a beaconing light thrown on the speaker's words: his answers seemed to bring out a latent significance in her phrases, as the sculptor draws his statue from the block. Glennard, under his wife's com-

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posure, detected a sensibility to this manœuvre, and the discovery was like the lightning-flash across a nocturnal landscape. Thus far these momentary illuminations had served only to reveal the strangeness of the intervening country: each fresh observation seemed to increase the sum-total of his ignorance. Her simplicity of outline was more puzzling than a complex surface. One may conceivably work one's way through a labyrinth; but Alexa's candor was like a snow-covered plain where, the road once lost, there are no landmarks to travel by.

Dinner over, they returned to the veranda, where a moon, rising behind the old elm, was combining with that complaisant tree a romantic enlargement of their borders. Glennard had forgotten the cigars. He went to his study to fetch them, and in passing through the drawing-room he saw the second volume of the "Letters" lying open on his wife's table. He picked up the book and looked at the date of the letter she had been reading. It was one of the last . . . he knew the few lines by heart. He dropped the book and leaned against the wall. Why had he included that one among the others? Or was it possible that now they would all seem like that . . . ?

Alexa's voice came suddenly out of the dusk. "May Touchett was right—— it *is* like listening at a key-hole. I wish I hadn't read it!"

Flamel returned, in the leisurely tone of the man whose phrases are punctuated by a cigarette, "It seems so to us, perhaps; but to another generation the book will be a classic."

"Then it ought not to have been published till it had become a classic. It's horrible, it's degrading almost, to read the secrets of a woman one might have known." She added, in a lower tone, "Stephen *did* know her——"

"Did he?" came from Flamel.

"He knew her very well, at Hillbridge, years ago. The book has made him feel dreadfully . . . he wouldn't read it . . . he didn't want me to read it. I didn't understand at first, but now I can see how horribly disloyal it must seem to him. It's so much worse to surprise a friend's secrets than a stranger's."

"Oh, Glennard's such a sensitive chap," Flamel said, easily; and Alexa almost rebukingly rejoined, "If you'd known her I'm sure you'd feel as he does. . . ."

Glennard stood motionless, overcome by the singular infelicity with which he had contrived to put Flamel in possession of the two points most damaging to his case: the fact that he had been a friend of Margaret Aubyn's, and that he had concealed from Alexa his share in the publication of the letters. To a man of less than Flamel's astuteness it must now be clear to whom the letters were addressed; and the possibility once suggested, nothing could be easier than to confirm it by discreet research. An impulse of self-accusal drove Glennard to the window. Why not anticipate betrayal by telling his wife the truth in Flamel's presence? If the man had a drop of decent feeling in him, such a course would be the surest means of securing his silence; and above all, it would rid Glennard of the necessity of defending himself against the perpetual criticism of his wife's belief in him. . . .

The impulse was strong enough to carry him to the window; but there a reaction of defiance set in. What had he done, after all, to need defence and explanation? Both Dresham and Flamel had, in his hearing, declared the publication of the letters to be not only justifiable but obligatory; and if the disinterestedness of Flamel's verdict might be questioned, Dresham's at least represented the impartial view of the man of letters. As to Alexa's words, they were simply the conventional utterance of the "nice" woman on a question already decided for her by other "nice" women. She had said the proper thing as mechanically as she would have put on the appropriate gown or written the correct form of dinner-invitation. Glennard had small faith in the abstract judgments of the other sex; he knew that half the women who were horrified by the publication of Mrs. Aubyn's letters would have betrayed her secrets without a scruple.

The sudden lowering of his emotional pitch brought a proportionate relief. He told himself that now the worst was over and things would fall into perspective again. His wife and Flamel had turned to other topics, and coming out on the veranda, he handed the cigars to Flamel,

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saying, cheerfully—and yet he could have sworn they were the last words he meant to utter!—"Look here, old man, before you go down to Newport you must come out and spend a few days with us—mustn't he, Alexa?"

VIII

GLENNARD had, perhaps unconsciously, counted on the continuance of this easier mood. He had always taken pride in a certain robustness of fibre that enabled him to harden himself against the inevitable, to convert his failures into the building materials of success. Though it did not even now occur to him that what he called the inevitable had hitherto been the alternative he happened to prefer, he was yet obscurely aware that his present difficulty was one not to be conjured by any affectation of indifference. Some griefs build the soul a spacious house—but in this misery of Glennard's he could not stand upright. It pressed against him at every turn. He told himself that this was because there was no escape from the visible evidences of his act. The "Letters" confronted him everywhere. People who had never opened a book discussed them with critical reservations; to have read them had become a social obligation in circles to which literature never penetrates except in a personal guise.

Glennard did himself injustice. It was from the unexpected discovery of his own pettiness that he chiefly suffered. Our self-esteem is apt to be based on the hypothetical great act we have never had occasion to perform; and even the most self-scrutinizing modesty credits itself negatively with a high standard of conduct. Glennard had never thought himself a hero; but he had been certain that he was incapable of baseness. We all like our wrong-doings to have a becoming cut, to be made to order, as it were; and Glennard found himself suddenly thrust into a garb of dishonor surely meant for a meaner figure.

The immediate result of his first weeks of wretchedness was the resolve to go to town for the winter. He knew that such a course was just beyond the limit of prudence; but it was easy to allay the fears of Alexa who, scrupulously vigilant in the management of the household, preserved the American wife's usual aloofness from her husband's business cares. Glennard felt that he could not trust himself to a winter's solitude with her. He had an unspeakable dread of her learning the truth about the letters, yet could not be sure of steeling himself against the suicidal impulse of avowal. His very soul was parched for sympathy; he thirsted for a voice of pity and comprehension. But would his wife pity? Would she understand? Again he found himself brought up abruptly against his incredible ignorance of her nature. The fact that he knew well enough how she would behave in the ordinary emergencies of life, that he could count, in such contingencies, on the kind of high courage and directness he had always divined in her, made him the more hopeless of her entering into the torturous psychology of an act that he himself could no longer explain or understand. It would have been easier had she been more complex, more feminine—if he could have counted on her imaginative sympathy or her moral obtuseness—but he was sure of neither. He was sure of nothing but that, for a time, he must avoid her. Glennard could not rid himself of the delusion that by and by his action would cease to make its consequences felt. He would not have cared to own to himself that he counted on the dulling of his sensibilities: he preferred to indulge the vague hypothesis that extraneous circumstances would somehow efface the blot upon his conscience. In his worst moments of self-abasement he tried to find solace in the thought that Flamel had sanctioned his course. Flamel, at the outset, must have guessed to whom the letters were addressed; yet neither then nor afterward had he hesitated to advise their publication. This thought drew Glennard to him in fitful impulses of friendliness, from each of which there was a sharper reaction of distrust and aversion. When Flamel was not at the house, he missed the support of his tacit connivance; when he was there, his presence seemed the assertion of an intolerable claim.

Early in the winter the Glennards took possession of the little house that was to

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cost them almost nothing. The change brought Glennard the immediate relief of seeing less of his wife, and of being protected, in her presence, by the multiplied preoccupations of town life. Alexa, who could never appear hurried, showed the smiling abstraction of a pretty woman to whom the social side of married life has not lost its novelty. Glennard, with the recklessness of a man fresh from his first financial imprudence, encouraged her in such little extravagances as her good sense at first resisted. Since they had come to town, he argued, they might as well enjoy themselves. He took a sympathetic view of the necessity of new gowns, he gave her a set of furs at Christmas, and before the New Year they had agreed on the obligation of adding a parlor-maid to their small establishment.

Providence the very next day hastened to justify this measure by placing on Glennard's breakfast-plate an envelope bearing the name of the publishers to whom he had sold Mrs. Aubyn's letters. It happened to be the only letter the early post had brought, and he glanced across the table at his wife, who had come down before him and had probably laid the envelope on his plate. She was not the woman to ask awkward questions, but he felt the conjecture of her glance, and he was debating whether to affect surprise at the receipt of the letter, or to pass it off as a business communication that had strayed to his house, when a check fell from the envelope. It was the royalty on the first edition of the letters. His first feeling was one of simple satisfaction. The money had come with such infernal opportuneness that he could not help welcoming it. Before long, too, there would be more; he knew the book was still selling far beyond the publisher's previsions. He put the check in his pocket and left the room without looking at his wife.

On the way to his office the habitual reaction set in. The money he had received was the first tangible reminder that he was living on the sale of his self-esteem. The thought of material benefit had been overshadowed by his sense of the intrinsic baseness of making the letters known; now he saw what an element of sordidness it added to the situation and how the fact that he needed the money, and must use it, pledged him more irrevocably than ever to the consequences of his act. It seemed to him, in that first hour of misery, that he had betrayed his friend anew.

When, that afternoon, he reached home earlier than usual, Alexa's drawing-room was full of a gayety that overflowed to the stairs. Flamel, for a wonder, was not there; but Dresham and young Hartly, grouped about the tea-table, were receiving with resonant mirth a narrative delivered in the fluttered staccato that made Mrs. Armiger's conversation like the ejaculations of a startled aviary.

She paused as Glennard entered, and he had time to notice that his wife, who was busied about the tea-tray, had not joined in the laughter of the men.

"Oh, go on, go on," young Hartly rapturously groaned; and Mrs. Armiger met Glennard's inquiry with the deprecating cry that really she didn't see what there was to laugh at. "I'm sure I feel more like crying. I don't know what I should have done if Alexa hadn't been at home to give me a cup of tea. My nerves are in shreds—yes, another, dear, please—" and as Glennard looked his perplexity, she went on, after pondering on the selection of a second lump of sugar, "Why, I've just come from the reading, you know—the reading at the Waldorf."

"I haven't been in town long enough to know anything," said Glennard, taking the cup his wife handed him. "Who has been reading what?"

"That lovely girl from the South—Georgie—Georgie what's her name—Mrs. Dresham's protégée—unless she's *yours*, Mr. Dresham! Why, the big ball-room was *packed*, and all the women were crying like idiots—it was the most harrowing thing I ever heard——"

"What *did* you hear?" Glennard asked; and his wife interposed: "Won't you have another bit of cake, Julia? Or, Stephen, ring for some hot toast, please." Her tone betrayed a polite satiety of the topic under discussion. Glennard turned to the bell, but Mrs. Armiger pursued him with her lovely amazement.

"Why, the "Aubyn Letters"—didn't you know about it? The girl read them so beautifully that it was quite horrible—I should have fainted if there'd been a man near enough to carry me out."

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Hartly's glee redoubled, and Dresham said, jovially, "How like you women to raise a shriek over the book and then do all you can to encourage the blatant publicity of the readings!"

Mrs. Armiger met him more than halfway on a torrent of self-accusal. "It *was* horrid; it was disgraceful. I told your wife we ought all to be ashamed of ourselves for going, and I think Alexa was quite right to refuse to take any tickets—even if it was for a charity."

"Oh," her hostess murmured, indifferently, "with me charity begins at home. I can't afford emotional luxuries."

"A charity? A charity?" Hartly exulted. "I hadn't seized the full beauty of it. Reading poor Margaret Aubyn's love-letters at the Waldorf before five hundred people for a charity! *What* charity, dear Mrs. Armiger?"

"Why, the Home for Friendless Women——"

"It was well chosen," Dresham commented; and Hartly buried his mirth in the sofa-cushions.

When they were alone Glennard, still holding his untouched cup of tea, turned to his wife, who sat silently behind the kettle. "Who asked you to take a ticket for that reading?"

"I don't know, really—Kate Dresham, I fancy. It was she who got it up."

"It's just the sort of damnable vulgarity she's capable of! It's loathsome—it's monstrous——"

His wife, without looking up, answered gravely, "I thought so too. It was for that reason I didn't go. But you must remember that very few people feel about Mrs. Aubyn as you do——"

Glennard managed to set down his cup with a steady hand, but the room swung round with him and he dropped into the nearest chair. "As I do?" he repeated.

"I mean that very few people knew her when she lived in New York. To most of the women who went to the reading she was a mere name, too remote to have any personality. With me, of course, it was different——"

Glennard gave her a startled look. "Different? Why different?"

"Since you were her friend——"

"Her friend!" He stood up impatiently. "You speak as if she had had only one—the most famous woman of her day!" He moved vaguely about the room, bending down to look at some books on the table. "I hope," he added, "you didn't give that as a reason, by the way?"

"A reason?"

"For not going. A woman who gives reasons for getting out of social obligations is sure to make herself unpopular or ridiculous."

The words were uncalculated; but in an instant he saw that they had strangely bridged the distance between his wife and himself. He felt her close on him, like a panting foe; and her answer was a flash that showed the hand on the trigger.

"I seem," she said from the threshold, "to have done both in giving my reason to you."

The fact that they were dining out that evening made it easy for him to avoid Alexa till she came downstairs in her opera-cloak. Mrs. Touchett, who was going to the same dinner, had offered to call for her, and Glennard, refusing a precarious seat between the ladies' draperies, followed on foot. The evening was interminable. The reading at the Waldorf, at which all the women had been present, had revived the discussion of the "Aubyn Letters" and Glennard, hearing his wife questioned as to her absence, felt himself miserably wishing that she had gone, rather than that her staying away should have been remarked. He was rapidly losing all sense of proportion where the "Letters" were concerned. He could no longer hear them mentioned without suspecting a purpose in the allusion; he even yielded himself for a moment to the extravagance of imagining that Mrs. Dresham, whom he disliked, had organized the reading in the hope of making him betray himself—for he was already sure that Dresham had divined his share in the transaction.

The attempt to keep a smooth surface on this inner tumult was as endless and unavailing as efforts made in a nightmare. He lost all sense of what he was saying to his neighbors and once when he looked up his wife's glance struck him cold.

She sat nearly opposite him, at Flamel's side, and it appeared to Glennard that they

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had built about themselves one of those airy barriers of talk behind which two people can say what they please. While the reading was discussed they were silent. Their silence seemed to Glennard almost cynical—it stripped the last disguise from their complicity. A throb of anger rose in him, but suddenly it fell, and he felt, with a curious sense of relief, that at bottom he no longer cared whether Flamel had told his wife or not. The assumption that Flamel knew about the letters had become a fact to Glennard; and it now seemed to him better that Alexa should know too.

He was frightened at first by the discovery of his own indifference. The last barriers of his will seemed to be breaking down before a flood of moral lassitude. How could he continue to play his part, to keep his front to the enemy, with this poison of indifference stealing through his veins? He tried to brace himself with the remembrance of his wife's scorn. He had not forgotten the note on which their conversation had closed. If he had ever wondered how she would receive the truth he wondered no longer—she would despise him. But this lent a new insidiousness to his temptation, since her contempt would be a refuge from his own. He said to himself that, since he no longer cared for the consequences, he could at least acquit himself of speaking in self-defence. What he wanted now was not immunity but castigation: his wife's indignation might still reconcile him to himself. Therein lay his one hope of regeneration; her scorn was the moral antiseptic that he needed, her comprehension the one balm that could heal him. . . .

When they left the dinner he was so afraid of speaking that he let her drive home alone, and went to the club with Flamel.

IX

HE rose next morning with the resolve to know what Alexa thought of him. It was not anchoring in a haven, but lying to in a storm—he felt the need of a temporary lull in the turmoil of his sensations.

He came home late, for they were dining alone and he knew that they would have the evening together. When he followed her to the drawing-room after dinner he thought himself on the point of speaking; but as she handed him his coffee he said, involuntarily: "I shall have to carry this off to the study, I've got a lot of work to-night."

Alone in the study he cursed his cowardice. What was it that had withheld him? A certain bright unapproachableness seemed to keep him at arm's length. She was not the kind of woman whose compassion could be circumvented; there was no chance of slipping past the outposts; he would never take her by surprise. Well—why not face her, then? What he shrank from could be no worse than what he was enduring. He had pushed back his chair and turned to go upstairs when a new expedient presented itself. What if, instead of telling her, he were to let her find out for herself and watch the effect of the discovery before speaking? In this way he made over to chance the burden of the revelation.

The idea had been suggested by the sight of the formula enclosing the publisher's check. He had deposited the money, but the notice accompanying it dropped from his note-case as he cleared his table for work. It was the formula usual in such cases and revealed clearly enough that he was the recipient of a royalty on Margaret Aubyn's letters. It would be impossible for Alexa to read it without understanding at once that the letters had been written to him and that he had sold them. . . .

He sat downstairs till he heard her ring for the parlor-maid to put out the lights; then he went up to the drawing-room with a bundle of papers in his hand. Alexa was just rising from her seat and the lamplight fell on the deep roll of hair that overhung her brow like the eaves of a temple. Her face had often the high secluded look of a shrine; and it was this touch of awe in her beauty that now made him feel himself on the brink of sacrilege.

Lest the feeling should dominate him, he spoke at once. "I've brought you a piece of work—a lot of old bills and things that I want you to sort for me. Some are not worth keeping—but you'll be able to judge of that. There may be a letter

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or two among them—nothing of much account, but I don't like to throw away the whole lot without having them looked over and I haven't time to do it myself."

He held out the papers and she took them with a smile that seemed to recognize in the service he asked the tacit intention of making amends for the incident of the previous day.

"Are you sure I shall know which to keep?"

"Oh, quite sure," he answered, easily—"and besides, none are of much importance."

The next morning he invented an excuse for leaving the house without seeing her, and when he returned, just before dinner, he found a visitor's hat and stick in the hall. The visitor was Flamel, who was in the act of taking leave.

He had risen, but Alexa remained seated; and their attitude gave the impression of a colloquy that had prolonged itself beyond the limits of speech. Both turned a surprised eye on Glennard and he had the sense of walking into a room grown suddenly empty, as though their thoughts were conspirators dispersed by his approach. He felt the clutch of his old fear. What if his wife had already sorted the papers and had told Flamel of her discovery? Well, it was no news to Flamel that Glennard was in receipt of a royalty on the "Aubyn Letters." . . .

A sudden resolve to know the worst made him lift his eyes to his wife as the door closed on Flamel. But Alexa had risen also, and bending over her writing-table, with her back to Glennard, was beginning to speak precipitately.

"I'm dining out to-night—you don't mind my deserting you? Julia Armiger sent me word just now that she had an extra ticket for the last Ambrose concert. She told me to say how sorry she was that she hadn't two—but I knew *you* wouldn't be sorry!" She ended with a laugh that had the effect of being a strayed echo of Mrs. Armiger's; and before Glennard could speak she had added, with her hand on the door, "Mr. Flamel stayed so late that I've hardly time to dress. The concert begins ridiculously early, and Julia dines at half-past seven——"

Glennard stood alone in the empty room that seemed somehow full of an ironical consciousness of what was happening. "She hates me," he murmured. "She hates me. . . ."

The next day was Sunday, and Glennard purposely lingered late in his room. When he came downstairs his wife was already seated at the breakfast-table. She lifted her usual smile to his entrance and they took shelter in the nearest topic, like wayfarers overtaken by a storm. While he listened to her account of the concert he began to think that, after all, she had not yet sorted the papers, and that her agitation of the previous day must be ascribed to another cause, in which perhaps he had but an indirect concern. He wondered it had never before occurred to him that Flamel was the kind of man who might very well please a woman at his own expense, without need of fortuitous assistance. If this possibility cleared the outlook it did not brighten it. Glennard merely felt himself left alone with his baseness.

Alexa left the breakfast-table before him and when he went up to the drawing-room he found her dressed to go out.

"Aren't you a little early for church?" he asked.

She replied that, on the way there, she meant to stop a moment at her mother's; and while she drew on her gloves, he fumbled among the knick-knacks on the mantel-piece for a match to light his cigarette.

"Well, good-by," she said, turning to go; and from the threshold she added: "By the way, I've sorted the papers you gave me. Those that I thought you would like to keep are on your study-table." She went downstairs and he heard the door close behind her.

She had sorted the papers—she knew, then—she *must* know—and she had made no sign!

Glennard, he hardly knew how, found himself once more in the study. On the table lay the packet he had given her. It was much smaller—she had evidently gone over the papers with care, destroying the greater number. He loosened the elastic band and spread the remaining envelopes on his desk. The publisher's notice was among them.

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X

HIS wife knew and she made no sign. Glennard found himself in the case of the seafarer who, closing his eyes at nightfall on a scene he thinks to put leagues behind him before day, wakes to a port-hole framing the same patch of shore. From the kind of exaltation to which his resolve had lifted him he dropped to an unreasoning apathy. His impulse of confession had acted as a drug to self-reproach. He had tried to shift a portion of his burden to his wife's shoulders and now that she had tacitly refused to carry it, he felt the load too heavy to be taken up again.

A fortunate interval of hard work brought respite from this phase of sterile misery. He went West to argue an important case, won it, and came back to fresh preoccupations. His own affairs were thriving enough to engross him in the pauses of his professional work, and for over two months he had little time to look himself in the face. Not unnaturally—for he was as yet unskilled in the subtleties of introspection—he mistook his temporary insensibility for a gradual revival of moral health.

He told himself that he was recovering his sense of proportion, getting to see things in their true light; and if he now thought of his rash appeal to his wife's sympathy it was as an act of folly from the consequences of which he had been saved by the providence that watches over madmen. He had little leisure to observe Alexa; but he concluded that the common-sense momentarily denied him had counselled her uncritical acceptance of the inevitable. If such a quality was a poor substitute for the passionate justness that had once seemed to characterize her, he accepted the alternative as a part of that general lowering of the key that seems needful to the maintenance of the matrimonial duet. What woman ever retained her abstract sense of justice where another woman was concerned? Possibly the thought that he had profited by Mrs. Aubyn's tenderness was not wholly unagreeable to his wife.

When the pressure of work began to lessen, and he found himself, in the lengthening afternoons, able to reach home somewhat earlier, he noticed that the little drawing-room was always full and that he and his wife seldom had an evening alone together. When he was tired, as often happened, she went out alone; the idea of giving up an engagement to remain with him seemed not to occur to her. She had shown, as a girl, little fondness for society, nor had she seemed to regret it during the year they had spent in the country. He reflected, however, that he was sharing the common lot of husbands, who proverbially mistake the early ardors of housekeeping for a sign of settled domesticity. Alexa, at any rate, was refuting his theory as inconsiderately as a seedling defeats the gardener's expectations. An undefinable change had come over her. In one sense it was a happy one, since she had grown, if not handsomer, at least more vivid and expressive; her beauty had become more communicable: it was as though she had learned the conscious exercise of intuitive attributes and now used her effects with the discrimination of an artist skilled in values. To a dispassionate critic (as Glennard now rated himself) the art may at times have been a little too obvious. Her attempts at lightness lacked spontaneity, and she sometimes rasped him by laughing like Julia Armiger; but he had enough imagination to perceive that, in respect of his wife's social arts, a husband necessarily sees the wrong side of the tapestry.

In this ironical estimate of their relation Glennard found himself strangely relieved of all concern as to his wife's feelings for Flamel. From an Olympian pinnacle of indifference he calmly surveyed their inoffensive antics. It was surprising how his cheapening of his wife put him at ease with himself. Far as he and she were from each other they yet had, in a sense, the tacit nearness of complicity. Yes, they were accomplices; he could no more be jealous of her than she could despise him. The jealousy that would once have seemed a blur on her whiteness now appeared like a tribute to ideals in which he no longer believed. . . .

Glennard was little given to exploring the outskirts of literature. He always

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skipped the "literary notices" in the papers and he had small leisure for the intermittent pleasures of the periodical. He had therefore no notion of the prolonged reverberations which the "Aubyn Letters" had awakened in the precincts of criticism. When the book ceased to be talked about he supposed it had ceased to be read; and this apparent subsidence of the agitation about it brought the reassuring sense that he had exaggerated its vitality. The conviction, if it did not ease his conscience, at least offered him the relative relief of obscurity: he felt like an offender taken down from the pillory and thrust into the soothing darkness of a cell.

But one evening, when Alexa had left him to go to a dance, he chanced to turn over the magazines on her table, and the copy of the *Horoscope*, to which he settled down with his cigar, confronted him, on its first page, with a portrait of Margaret Aubyn. It was a reproduction of the photograph that had stood so long on his desk. The desiccating air of memory had turned her into the mere abstraction of a woman, and this unexpected evocation seemed to bring her nearer than she had ever been in life. Was it because he understood her better? He looked long into her eyes; little personal traits reached out to him like caresses—the tired droop of her lids, her quick way of leaning forward as she spoke, the movements of her long expressive hands. All that was feminine in her, the quality he had always missed, stole toward him from her unreproachful gaze; and now that it was too late life had developed in him the subtler perceptions which could detect it in even this poor semblance of herself. For a moment he found consolation in the thought that, at any cost, they had thus been brought together; then a flood of shame rushed over him. Face to face with her, he felt himself laid bare to the inmost fold of consciousness. The shame was deep, but it was a renovating anguish; he was like a man whom intolerable pain has roused from the creeping lethargy of death. . . .

He rose next morning to as fresh a sense of life as though his hour of mute communion with Margaret Aubyn had been a more exquisite renewal of their earlier meetings. His waking thought was that he must see her again; and as consciousness affirmed itself he felt an intense fear of losing the sense of her nearness. But she was still close to him; her presence remained the sole reality in a world of shadows. All through his working hours he was re-living with incredible minuteness every incident of their obliterated past; as a man who has mastered the spirit of a foreign tongue turns with renewed wonder to the pages his youth has plodded over. In this lucidity of retrospection the most trivial detail had its significance, and the rapture of recovery was embittered to Glennard by the perception of all that he had missed. He had been pitiably, grotesquely stupid; and there was irony in the thought that, but for the crisis through which he was passing, he might have lived on in complacent ignorance of his loss. It was as though she had bought him with her blood. . . .

That evening he and Alexa dined alone. After dinner he followed her to the drawing-room. He no longer felt the need of avoiding her; he was hardly conscious of her presence. After a few words they lapsed into silence and he sat smoking with his eyes on the fire. It was not that he was unwilling to talk to her; he felt a curious desire to be as kind as possible; but he was always forgetting that she was there. Her full bright presence, through which the currents of life flowed so warmly, had grown as tenuous as a shadow, and he saw so far beyond her——

Presently she rose and began to move about the room. She seemed to be looking for something and he roused himself to ask what she wanted.

"Only the last number of the *Horoscope*. I thought I'd left it on this table." He said nothing, and she went on: "You haven't seen it?"

"No," he returned coldly. The magazine was locked in his desk.

His wife had moved to the mantelpiece. She stood facing him and as he looked up he met her tentative gaze. "I was reading an article in it—a review of Mrs. Aubyn's letters," she added, slowly, with her deep, deliberate blush.

Glennard stooped to toss his cigar into the fire. He felt a savage wish that she would not speak the other woman's name;

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nothing else seemed to matter. "You seem to do a lot of reading," he said.

She still earnestly confronted him. "I was keeping this for you—I thought it might interest you," she said, with an air of gentle insistence.

He stood up and turned away. He was sure she knew that he had taken the review and he felt that he was beginning to hate her again.

"I haven't time for such things," he said, indifferently. As he moved to the door he heard her take a precipitate step forward; then she paused and sank without speaking into the chair from which he had risen.

XI

AS Glennard, in the raw February sunlight, mounted the road to the cemetery, he felt the beatitude that comes with an abrupt cessation of physical pain. He had reached the point where self-analysis ceases; the impulse that moved him was purely intuitive. He did not even seek a reason for it, beyond the obvious one that his desire to stand by Margaret Aubyn's grave was prompted by no attempt at a sentimental reparation, but rather by the vague need to affirm in some way the reality of the tie between them.

The ironical promiscuity of death had brought Mrs. Aubyn back to share the narrow hospitality of her husband's last lodging; but though Glennard knew she had been buried near New York he had never visited her grave. He was oppressed, as he now threaded the long avenues, by a chilling vision of her return. There was no family to follow her hearse; she had died alone, as she had lived; and the "distinguished mourners" who had formed the escort of the famous writer knew nothing of the woman they were committing to the grave. Glennard could not even remember at what season she had been buried; but his mood indulged the fancy that it must have been on some such day of harsh sunlight, the incisive February brightness that gives perspicuity without warmth. The white avenues stretched before him interminably, lined with stereotyped emblems of affliction, as though all the platitudes ever uttered had been turned to marble and set up over the unresisting dead. Here and there, no doubt, a frigid urn or an insipid angel imprisoned some fine-fibred grief, as the most hackneyed words may become the vehicle of rare meanings; but for the most part the endless alignment of monuments seemed to embody those easy generalizations about death that do not disturb the repose of the living. Glennard's eye, as he followed the way indicated to him, had instinctively sought some low mound with a quiet headstone. He had forgotten that the dead seldom plan their own houses, and with a pang he discovered the name he sought on the cyclopean base of a granite shaft rearing its aggressive height at the angle of two avenues.

"How she would have hated it!" he murmured.

A bench stood near and he seated himself. The monument rose before him like some pretentious uninhabited dwelling; he could not believe that Margaret Aubyn lay there. It was a Sunday morning and black figures moved among the paths, placing flowers on the frost-bound hillocks. Glennard noticed that the neighboring graves had been thus newly dressed; and he fancied a blind stir of expectancy through the sod, as though the bare mounds spread a parched surface to that commemorative rain. He rose presently and walked back to the entrance of the cemetery. Several greenhouses stood near the gates, and turning in at the first he asked for some flowers.

"Anything in the emblematic line?" asked the anæmic man behind the dripping counter.

Glennard shook his head.

"Just cut flowers? This way, then." The florist unlocked a glass door and led him down a moist green aisle. The hot air was choked with the scent of white azaleas, white lilies, white lilacs; all the flowers were white; they were like a prolongation, a mystical efflorescence, of the long rows of marble tombstones, and their perfume seemed to cover an odor of decay. The rich atmosphere made Glennard dizzy. As he leaned in the doorpost, waiting for the flowers, he had a penetrating sense of Margaret Aubyn's nearness—not the imponderable presence of his inner

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vision, but a life that beat warm in his arms. . . .

The sharp air caught him as he stepped out into it again. He walked back and scattered the flowers over the grave. The edges of the white petals shrivelled like burnt paper in the cold; and as he watched them the illusion of her nearness faded, shrank back frozen.

XII

THE motive of his visit to the cemetery remained undefined save as a final effort of escape from his wife's inexpressive acceptance of his shame. It seemed to him that as long as he could keep himself alive to that shame he would not wholly have succumbed to its consequences. His chief fear was that he should become the creature of his act. His wife's indifference degraded him; it seemed to put him on a level with his dishonor. Margaret Aubyn would have abhorred the deed in proportion to her pity for the man. The sense of her potential pity drew him back to her. The one woman knew but did not understand; the other, it sometimes seemed, understood without knowing.

In its last disguise of retrospective remorse, his self-pity affected a desire for solitude and meditation. He lost himself in morbid musings, in futile visions of what life with Margaret Aubyn might have been. There were moments when, in the strange dislocation of his view, the wrong he had done her seemed a tie between them.

To indulge these emotions he fell into the habit, on Sunday afternoons, of solitary walks prolonged till after dusk. The days were lengthening, there was a touch of spring in the air, and his wanderings now usually led him to the Park and its outlying regions.

One Sunday, tired of aimless locomotion, he took a cab at the Park gates and let it carry him out to the Riverside Drive. It was a gray afternoon streaked with east wind. Glennard's cab advanced slowly, and as he leaned back, gazing with absent intentness at the deserted paths that wound under bare boughs between grass banks of premature vividness, his attention was arrested by two figures walking ahead of him. This couple, who had the path to themselves, moved at an uneven pace, as though adapting their gait to a conversation marked by meditative intervals. Now and then they paused, and in one of these pauses the lady, turning toward her companion, showed Glennard the outline of his wife's profile. The man was Flamel.

The blood rushed to Glennard's forehead. He sat up with a jerk and pushed back the lid in the roof of the hansom; but when the cabman bent down he dropped into his seat without speaking. Then, becoming conscious of the prolonged interrogation of the lifted lid, he called out—"Turn—drive back—anywhere—I'm in a hurry——"

As the cab swung round he caught a last glimpse of the two figures. They had not moved; Alexa, with bent head, stood listening.

"My God, my God—" he groaned.

It was hideous—it was abominable—he could not understand it. The woman was nothing to him—less than nothing—yet the blood hummed in his ears and hung a cloud before him. He knew it was only the stirring of the primal instinct, that it had no more to do with his reasoning self than any reflex impulse of the body; but that merely lowered anguish to disgust. Yes, it was disgust he felt—almost a physical nausea. The poisonous fumes of life were in his lungs. He was sick, unutterably sick. . . .

He drove home and went to his room. They were giving a little dinner that night, and when he came down the guests were arriving. He looked at his wife: her beauty was extraordinary, but it seemed to him the beauty of a smooth sea along an unlit coast. She frightened him.

He sat late that night in his study. He heard the parlor-maid lock the front door; then his wife went upstairs and the lights were put out. His brain was like some great empty hall with an echo in it; one thought reverberated endlessly. . . . At length he drew his chair to the table and began to write. He addressed an envelope and then slowly re-read what he had written.

"My Dear Flamel:

"Many apologies for not sending you sooner the enclosed check, which repre-

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sents the customary percentage on the sale of the 'Letters.'

"Trusting you will excuse the oversight,

"Yours truly,

"STEPHEN GLENNARD."

He let himself out of the darkened house and dropped the letter in the post-box at the corner.

The next afternoon he was detained late at his office, and as he was preparing to leave he heard someone asking for him in the outer room. He seated himself again and Flamel was shown it.

The two men, as Glennard pushed aside an obstructive chair, had a moment to measure each other; then Flamel advanced, and drawing out his note-case, laid a slip of paper on the desk.

"My dear fellow, what on earth does this mean?" Glennard recognized his check.

"That I was remiss, simply. It ought to have gone to you before."

Flamel's tone had been that of unaffected surprise, but at this his accent changed and he asked, quickly: "On what ground?"

Glennard had moved away from the desk and stood leaning against the calf-backed volumes of the bookcase. "On the ground that you sold Mrs. Aubyn's letters for me, and that I find the intermediary in such cases is entitled to a percentage on the sale."

Flamel paused before answering. "You find, you say. It's a recent discovery?"

"Obviously, from my not sending the check sooner. You see I'm new to the business."

"And since when have you discovered that there was any question of business, as far as I was concerned?"

Glennard flushed and his voice rose slightly. "Are you reproaching me for not having remembered it sooner?"

Flamel, who had spoken in the rapid repressed tone of a man on the verge of anger, stared a moment at this and then, in his natural voice, rejoined, good-humoredly, "Upon my soul, I don't understand you!"

The change of key seemed to disconcert Glennard. "It's simple enough—" he muttered.

"Simple enough—your offering me money in return for a friendly service? I don't know what your other friends expect!"

"Some of my friends wouldn't have undertaken the job. Those who would have done so would probably have expected to be paid."

He lifted his eyes to Flamel and the two men looked at each other. Flamel had turned white and his lips stirred, but he held his temperate note. "If you mean to imply that the job was not a nice one, you lay yourself open to the retort that you proposed it. But for my part I've never seen, I never shall see, any reason for not publishing the letters."

"That's just it!"

"What——?"

"The certainty of your not seeing was what made me go to you. When a man's got stolen goods to pawn he doesn't take them to the police-station."

"Stolen?" Flamel echoed. "The letters were stolen?"

Glennard burst into a coarse laugh. "How much longer do you expect me to keep up that pretence about the letters? You knew well enough they were written to me."

Flamel looked at him in silence. "Were they?" he said at length. "I didn't know it."

"And didn't suspect it, I suppose," Glennard sneered.

The other was again silent; then he said, "I may remind you that, supposing I had felt any curiosity about the matter, I had no way of finding out that the letters were written to you. You never showed me the originals."

"What does that prove? There were fifty ways of finding out. It's the kind of thing one can easily do."

Flamel glanced at him with contempt. "Our ideas probably differ as to what a man can easily do. It would not have been easy for me."

Glennard's anger vented itself in the words uppermost in his thought. "It may, then, interest you to hear that my wife *does* know about the letters—has known for some months. . . ."

"Ah," said the other, slowly. Glennard saw that, in his blind clutch at a weapon, he had seized the one most apt

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to wound. Flamel's muscles were under control, but his face showed the undefinable change produced by the slow infiltration of poison. Every implication that the words contained had reached its mark; but Glennard felt that their obvious intention was lost in the anguish of what they suggested. He was sure now that Flamel would never have betrayed him; but the inference only made a wider outlet for his anger. He paused breathlessly for Flamel to speak.

"If she knows, it's not through me." It was what Glennard had waited for.

"Through you, by God? Who said it was through you? Do you suppose I leave it to you, or to anybody else, for that matter, to keep my wife informed of my actions? I didn't suppose even such egregious conceit as yours could delude a man to that degree!" Struggling for a foothold in the small landslide of his dignity, he added, in a steadier tone, "My wife learned the facts from me."

Flamel received this in silence. The other's outbreak seemed to have reinforced his self-control, and when he spoke it was with a deliberation implying that his course was chosen. "In that case I understand still less——"

"Still less——?"

"The meaning of this." He pointed to the check. "When you began to speak I supposed you had meant it as a bribe; now I can only infer it was intended as a random insult. In either case, here's my answer."

He tore the slip of paper in two and tossed the fragments across the desk to Glennard. Then he turned and walked out of the office.

Glennard dropped his head on his hands. If he had hoped to restore his self-respect by the simple expedient of assailing Flamel's, the result had not justified his expectation. The blow he had struck had blunted the edge of his anger, and the unforeseen extent of the hurt inflicted did not alter the fact that his weapon had broken in his hands. He saw now that his rage against Flamel was only the last projection of a passionate self-disgust. This consciousness did not dull his dislike of the man; it simply made reprisals ineffectual. Flamel's unwillingness to quarrel with him was the last stage of his abasement.

In the light of this final humiliation his assumption of his wife's indifference struck him as hardly so fatuous as the sentimental resuscitation of his past. He had been living in a factitious world wherein his emotions were the sycophants of his vanity, and it was with instinctive relief that he felt its ruins crash about his head.

It was nearly dark when he left his office, and he walked slowly homeward in the complete mental abeyance that follows on such a crisis. He was not aware that he was thinking of his wife; yet when he reached his own door he found that, in the involuntary readjustment of his vision, she had once more become the central point of consciousness.

XIII

IT had never before occurred to him that she might, after all, have missed the purport of the document he had put in her way. What if, in her hurried inspection of the papers, she had passed it over as related to the private business of some client? What, for instance, was to prevent her concluding that Glennard was the counsel of the unknown person who had sold the "Aubyn Letters." The subject was one not likely to fix her attention—she was not a curious woman.

Glennard at this point laid down his fork and glanced at her between the candle-shades. The alternative explanation of her indifference was not slow in presenting itself. Her head had the same listening droop as when he had caught sight of her the day before in Flamel's company; the attitude revived the vividness of his impression. It was simple enough, after all. She had ceased to care for him because she cared for someone else.

As he followed her upstairs he felt a sudden stirring of his dormant anger. His sentiments had lost all their factitious complexity. He had already acquitted her of any connivance in his baseness, and he felt only that he loved her and that she had escaped him. This was now, strangely enough, his dominating thought: the consciousness that he and she had passed through the fusion of love and had emerged

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from it as incommunicably apart as though the transmutation had never taken place. Every other passion, he mused, left some mark upon the nature; but love passed like the flight of a ship across the waters.

She sank into her usual seat near the lamp, and he leaned against the chimney, moving about with an inattentive hand the knick-knacks on the mantel.

Suddenly he caught sight of her reflection in the mirror. She was looking at him. He turned and their eyes met.

He moved across the room and stood before her.

"There's something that I want to say to you," he began in a low tone.

She held his gaze, but her color deepened. He noticed again, with a jealous pang, how her beauty had gained in warmth and meaning. It was as though a transparent cup had been filled with wine. He looked at her ironically.

"I've never prevented your seeing your friends here," he broke out. "Why do you meet Flamel in out-of-the-way places? Nothing makes a woman so cheap——"

She arose abruptly and they faced each other a few feet apart.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I saw you with him last Sunday on the Riverside Drive," he went on, the utterance of the charge reviving his anger.

"Ah," she murmured. She sank into her chair again and began to play with a paper-knife that lay on the table at her elbow.

Her silence exasperated him.

"Well?" he burst out. "Is that all you have to say?"

"Do you wish me to explain?" she asked, proudly.

"Do you imply I haven't the right to?"

"I imply nothing. I will tell you whatever you wish to know. I went for a walk with Mr. Flamel because he asked me to."

"I didn't suppose you went uninvited. But there are certain things a sensible woman doesn't do. She doesn't slink about in out-of-the-way streets with men. Why couldn't you have seen him here?"

She hesitated. "Because he wanted to see me alone."

"Did he, indeed? And may I ask if you gratify all his wishes with equal alacrity?"

"I don't know that he has any others where I am concerned." She paused again and then continued, in a lower voice that somehow had an under-note of warning, "He wished to bid me good-by. He's going away."

Glennard turned on her a startled glance. "Going away?"

"He's going to Europe to-morrow. He goes for a long time. I supposed you knew."

The last phrase revived his irritation. "You forget that I depend on you for my information about Flamel. He's your friend and not mine. In fact, I've sometimes wondered at your going out of your way to be so civil to him when you must see plainly enough that I don't like him."

Her answer to this was not immediate. She seemed to be choosing her words with care, not so much for her own sake as for his, and his exasperation was increased by the suspicion that she was trying to spare him.

"He was your friend before he was mine. I never knew him till I was married. It was you who brought him to the house and who seemed to wish me to like him."

Glennard gave a short laugh. The defence was feebler than he had expected: she was certainly not a clever woman.

"Your deference to my wishes is really beautiful; but it's not the first time in history that a man has made a mistake in introducing his friends to his wife. You must, at any rate, have seen since then that my enthusiasm had cooled; but so, perhaps, has your eagerness to oblige me."

She met this with a silence that seemed to rob the taunt of half its efficacy.

"Is that what you imply?" he pressed her.

"No," she answered with sudden directness. "I noticed some time ago that you seemed to dislike him, but since then——"

"Well—since then?"

"I've imagined that you had reasons for still wishing me to be civil to him, as you call it."

"Ah," said Glennard, with an effort at lightness; but his irony dropped, for something in her voice made him feel that he and she stood at last in that naked desert of apprehension where meaning skulks vainly behind speech.

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"And why did you imagine this?" The blood mounted to his forehead. "Because he told you that I was under obligations to him?"

She turned pale. "Under obligations?"

"Oh, don't let's beat about the bush. Didn't he tell you it was I who published Mrs. Aubyn's letters? Answer me that."

"No," she said; and after a moment which seemed given to the weighing of alternatives, she added: "No one told me."

"You didn't know then?"

She seemed to speak with an effort. "Not until—not until——"

"Till I gave you those papers to sort?"

Her head sank.

"You understood then?"

"Yes."

He looked at her immovable face. "Had you suspected—before?" was slowly wrung from him.

"At times—yes—" Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"Why? From anything that was said——?"

There was a shade of pity in her glance. "No one said anything—no one told me anything." She looked away from him. "It was your manner——"

"My manner?"

"Whenever the book was mentioned. Things you said—once or twice—your irritation—I can't explain——"

Glennard, unconsciously, had moved nearer. He breathed like a man who has been running. "You knew, then, you knew"—he stammered. The avowal of her love for Flamel would have hurt him less, would have rendered her less remote. "You knew—you knew—" he repeated; and suddenly his anguish gathered voice. "My God!" he cried, "you suspected it first, you say—and then you knew it—this damnable, this accursed thing; you knew it months ago—it's months since I put that paper in your way—and yet you've done nothing, you've said nothing, you've made no sign, you've lived alongside of me as if it had made no difference—no difference in either of our lives. What are you made of, I wonder? Don't you see the hideous ignominy of it? Don't you see how you've shared in my disgrace? Or haven't you any sense of shame?"

He preserved sufficient lucidity, as the words poured from him, to see how fatally they invited her derision; but something told him they had both passed beyond the phase of obvious retaliations, and that if any chord in her responded it would not be that of scorn.

He was right. She rose slowly and moved toward him.

"Haven't you had enough—without that?" she said, in a strange voice of pity.

He stared at her. "Enough——?"

"Of misery. . . ."

An iron band seemed loosened from his temples. "You saw then . . . ?" he whispered.

"Oh, God —— oh, God ——" she sobbed. She dropped beside him and hid her anguish against his knees. They clung thus in silence, a long time, driven together down the same fierce blast of shame.

When at length she lifted her face he averted his. Her scorn would have hurt him less than the tears on his hands.

She spoke languidly, like a child emerging from a passion of weeping. "It was for the money——?"

His lips shaped an assent.

"That was the inheritance—that we married on?"

"Yes."

She drew back and rose to her feet. He sat watching her as she wandered away from him.

"You hate me," broke from him.

She made no answer.

"Say you hate me!" he persisted.

"That would have been so simple," she answered with a strange smile. She dropped into a chair near the writing-table and rested a bowed forehead on her hand.

"Was it much—?" she began at length.

"Much—?" he returned, vaguely.

"The money."

"The money?" That part of it seemed to count so little that for a moment he did not follow her thought.

"It must be paid back," she insisted. "Can you do it?"

"Oh, yes," he returned, listlessly. "I can do it."

"I would make any sacrifice for that!" she urged.

He nodded. "Of course." He sat staring at her in dry-eyed self-contempt.

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"Do you count on its making much difference?"

"Much difference?"

"In the way I feel—or you feel about me?"

She shook her head.

"It's the least part of it," he groaned.

"It's the only part we can repair."

"Good heavens! If there were any reparation—" He rose quickly and crossed the space that divided them. "Why did you never speak?" he asked.

"Haven't you answered that yourself?"

"Answered it?"

"Just now—when you told me you did it for me." She paused a moment and then went on with a deepening note—"I would have spoken if I could have helped you."

"But you must have despised me."

"I've told you that would have been simpler."

"But how could you go on like this—hating the money?"

"I knew you would speak in time. I wanted you, first, to hate it as I did."

He gazed at her with a kind of awe. "You're wonderful," he murmured. "But you don't yet know the depths I've reached."

She raised an entreating hand. "I don't want to!"

"You're afraid, then, that you'll hate me?"

"No—but that you'll hate *me*. Let me understand without your telling me."

"You can't. It's too base. I thought you didn't care because you loved Flamel."

She blushed deeply. Don't—don't—" she warned him.

"I haven't the right to, you mean?"

"I mean that you'll be sorry."

He stood imploringly before her. "I want to say something worse—something more outrageous. If you don't understand *this* you'll be perfectly justified in ordering me out of the house."

She answered him with a glance of divination. "I shall understand—but you'll be sorry."

"I must take my chance of that." He moved away and tossed the books about the table. Then he swung round and faced her. "Does Flamel care for you?" he asked.

Her flush deepened, but she still looked at him without anger. "What would be the use?" she said with a note of sadness.

"Ah, I didn't ask *that*," he penitently murmured.

"Well, then——"

To this adjuration he made no response beyond that of gazing at her with an eye which seemed now to view her as a mere factor in an immense redistribution of meanings.

"I insulted Flamel to-day. I let him see that I suspected him of having told you. I hated him because he knew about the letters."

He caught the spreading horror of her eyes, and for an instant he had to grapple with the new temptation they lit up. Then he said, with an effort—"Don't blame him—he's impeccable. He helped me to get them published; but I lied to him too; I pretended they were written to another man . . . a man who was dead. . . ."

She raised her arms in a gesture that seemed to ward off his blows.

"You *do* despise me!" he insisted.

"Ah, that poor woman—that poor woman—" he heard her murmur.

"I spare no one, you see!" he triumphed over her. She kept her face hidden.

"You do hate me, you do despise me!" he strangely exulted.

"Be silent!" she commanded him; but he seemed no longer conscious of any check on his gathering purpose.

"He cared for you—he cared for you," he repeated, "and he never told you of the letters——"

She sprang to her feet. "How can you?" she flamed. "How dare you? *That*——!"

Glennard was ashy pale. "It's a weapon . . . like another. . . ."

"A scoundrel's!"

He smiled wretchedly. "I should have used it in his place."

"Stephen! Stephen!" she cried, as though to drown the blasphemy on his lips. She swept to him with a rescuing gesture. "Don't say such things. I forbid you! It degrades us both."

He put her back with trembling hands. "Nothing that I say of myself can degrade you. We're on different levels."

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"I'm on yours, wherever it is!"

He lifted his head and their gaze flowed together.

XIV

THE great renewals take effect as imperceptibly as the first workings of spring. Glennard, though he felt himself brought nearer to his wife, was still, as it were, hardly within speaking distance. He was but laboriously acquiring the rudiments of their new medium of communication; and he had to grope for her through the dense fog of his humiliation, the distorting vapor against which his personality loomed grotesque and mean.

Only the fact that we are unaware how well our nearest know us enables us to live with them. Love is the most impregnable refuge of self-esteem, and we hate the eye that reaches to our nakedness. If Glennard did not hate his wife it was slowly, sufferingly, that there was born in him that profounder passion which made his earlier feeling seem a mere commotion of the blood. He was like a child coming back to the sense of an enveloping presence: her nearness was a breast on which he leaned.

They did not, at first, talk much together, and each beat a devious track about the outskirts of the subject that lay between them like a haunted wood. But every word, every action, seemed to glance at it, to draw toward it, as though a fount of healing sprang in its poisoned shade. If only they might cut away through the thicket to that restoring spring!

Glennard, watching his wife with the intentness of a wanderer to whom no natural sign is negligable, saw that she had taken temporary refuge in the purpose of renouncing the money. If both, theoretically, owned the inefficacy of such amends, the woman's instinctive subjectiveness made her find relief in this crude form of penance. Glennard saw that she meant to live as frugally as possible till what she deemed their debt was discharged; and he prayed she might not discover how far-reaching, in its merely material sense, was the obligation she thus hoped to acquit. Her mind was fixed on the sum originally paid for the letters, and this he knew he could lay aside in a year or two. He was touched, meanwhile, by the spirit that made her discard the petty luxuries which she regarded as the signs of their bondage. Their shared renunciations drew her nearer to him, helped, in their evidence of her helplessness, to restore the full protecting stature of his love. And still they did not speak.

It was several weeks later that, one afternoon by the drawing-room fire, she handed him a letter that she had been reading when he entered.

"I've heard from Mr. Flamel," she said.

Glennard turned pale. It was as though a latent presence had suddenly become visible to both. He took the letter mechanically.

"It's from Smyrna," she said. "Won't you read it?"

He handed it back. "You can tell me about it — his hand's so illegible." He wandered to the other end of the room and then turned and stood before her. "I've been thinking of writing to Flamel," he said.

She looked up.

"There's one point," he continued, slowly, "that I ought to clear up. I told him you'd known about the letters all along; for a long time, at least; and I saw it hurt him horribly. It was just what I meant to do, of course; but I can't leave him to that false impression; I must write him."

She received this without outward movement, but he saw that the depths were stirred. At length she returned, in a hesitating tone, "Why do you call it a false impression? I did know."

"Yes, but I implied you didn't care."

"Ah!"

He still stood looking down on her. "Don't you want me to set that right?" he tentatively pursued.

She lifted her head and fixed him bravely. "It isn't necessary," she said.

Glennard flushed with the shock of the retort; then, with a gesture of comprehension, "No," he said, "with you it couldn't be; but I might still set myself right."

She looked at him gently. "Don't I," she murmured, "do that?"

"In being yourself merely? Alas, the rehabilitation's too complete! You make me seem—to myself even—what I'm not;

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what I can never be. I can't, at times, defend myself from the delusion; but I can at least enlighten others."

The flood was loosened, and kneeling by her he caught her hands. "Don't you see that it's become an obsession with me? That if I could strip myself down to the last lie—only there'd always be another one left under it!—and do penance naked in the market-place, I should at least have the relief of easing one anguish by another? Don't you see that the worst of my torture is the impossibility of such amends?"

Her hands lay in his without returning pressure. "Ah, poor woman, poor woman," he heard her sigh.

"Don't pity her, pity me! What have I done to her or to you, after all? You're both inaccessible! It was myself I sold."

He took an abrupt turn away from her; then halted before her again. "How much longer," he burst out, "do you suppose you can stand it? You've been magnificent, you've been inspired, but what's the use? You can't wipe out the ignominy of it. It's miserable for you and it does *her* no good!"

She lifted a vivid face. "That's the thought I can't bear!" she cried.

"What thought?"

"That it does her no good—all you're feeling, all you're suffering. Can it be that it makes no difference?"

He avoided her challenging glance. "What's done is done," he muttered.

"Is it ever, quite, I wonder?" she mused. He made no answer and they lapsed into one of the pauses that are a subterranean channel of communication.

It was she who, after awhile, began to speak with a new suffusing diffidence that made him turn a roused eye on her.

"Don't they say," she asked, feeling her way as in a kind of tender apprehensiveness, "that the early Christians, instead of pulling down the heathen temples—the temples of the unclean gods—purified them by turning them to their own uses? I've always thought one might do that with one's actions—the actions one loathes but can't undo. One can make, I mean, a wrong the door to other wrongs or an impassable wall against them. . . ." Her voice wavered on the word. "We can't always tear down the temples we've built to the unclean gods, but we can put good spirits in the house of evil — the spirits of mercy and shame and understanding, that might never have come to us if we hadn't been in such great need. . . ."

She moved over to him and laid a hesitating hand on his. His head was bent and he did not change his attitude. She sat down beside him without speaking; but their silences now were fertile as rain-clouds—they quickened the seeds of understanding.

At length he looked up. "I don't know," he said, "what spirits have come to live in the house of evil that I built—but you're there and that's enough for me. It's strange," he went on after another pause, "she wished the best for me so often, and now, at last, it's through her that it's come to me. But for her I shouldn't have known you—it's through her that I've found you. Sometimes, do you know?—that makes it hardest—makes me most intolerable to myself. Can't you see that it's the worst thing I've got to face? I sometimes think I could have borne it better if you hadn't understood! I took everything from her—everything—even to the poor shelter of loyalty she'd trusted in—the only thing I *could* have left her!—I took everything from her, I deceived her, I despoiled her, I destroyed her—and she's given me *you* in return!"

His wife's cry caught him up. "It isn't that she's given *me* to you—it is that she's given you to yourself." She leaned to him as though swept forward on a wave of pity. "Don't you see," she went on, as his eyes hung on her, "that that's the gift you can't escape from, the debt you're pledged to acquit? Don't you see that you've never before been what she thought you, and that now, so wonderfully, she's made you into the man she loved? *That's* worth suffering for, worth dying for, to a woman—that's the gift she would have wished to give!"

"Ah," he cried, "but woe to him by whom it cometh. What did I ever give her?"

"The happiness of giving," she said.

THE END

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JOHN RUSKIN

By W. C. Brownell

MR. RUSKIN leaves his interesting "Autobiography" unfinished, but otherwise his life-work was substantially complete long ago; the main interest of the "Autobiography," in fact, is that it is a discursive commentary on this life-work already rounded and already a public possession. He was born in 1819, the son of a rich wine merchant, and was graduated at Christ Church College, Oxford, at the age of twenty, receiving the Newdigate prize for poetry. It is a great pity in many ways that he did not accept this good fortune as an omen, and consecrate himself thenceforth to the service of the Muses. He was certainly a born poet, but he abandoned poetry for prose at his graduation, and never returned to it. He was soon heard from in a work published anonymously as by "an Oxford graduate," and destined to become speedily famous, first for its style, and secondly for its ideas. The style was absolutely novel; it was in an exceptional degree "the man;" it was the prose of a true poet, and at once took rank as the first of that product of unrestrained genius known as "prose poetry." The ideas were equally novel. They were subversive of accepted commonplaces, fanatically professed articles of a new faith, and characterized by an ingrained contentiousness. All Ruskin is in the "Modern Painters," which, as everyone knows, was a most eloquent and fervid glorification of landscape and of the superior way in which it had been painted by certain English painters of the present era, notably Turner—*mirabile dictu*, who systematically violated every article of the Ruskin creed—compared with its insufficient treatment by the old masters. Five volumes of this surprising work appeared in quick succession, and they revolutionized English feeling on the subject with which they dealt. It may be safely asserted that no writer ever "made" a man as Ruskin did Turner. Plato did less for Socrates.

From that time on every work of the new author was greeted with applause and read with avidity. His activity branched out into a dozen different directions. His publications were on the most discordant subjects. Church government and discipline, political economy, the complexities of modern life, as well as nature and fine art, were discussed by him with equal ardor and authority. To say he was equally at home upon them all would be to claim a universality and comprehensiveness of mind which he not only certainly did not possess, but, contrariwise, most conspicuously lacked. But he endued them all with a very nearly even interest by his strenuous personality, his extraordinary intensity. The record and critique of these works comprise the history of his life, which was otherwise uneventful. The interest of such of his "Autobiography" as has been already published is purely subjective—too much so for so elaborate a work; no man's spiritual development can be so valuable to others as the scale of the "Autobiography" implies.

He was early married, but allowed his wife to obtain a divorce from him in order to marry the painter with whom she had fallen in love, whose work also he began forthwith to eulogize with his customary eloquence. The incident illustrates his intensity and lack of poise. In the pursuit of saintliness, measure had no interest for him. He was twice elected Slade Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He founded the "St. George Society"—a kind of community in which, in accordance with his views of private life and political economy, human nature was to be ennobled by manual labor and eschewing manufactured articles. One wonders if he had ever read "The Blithedale Romance." He took a great interest in workingmen, and for several years published a journal for them with the edifying title *Fors Clavigera*. Much of his life was passed on the Continent, where he made long and elaborate—one hesitates to say profound—

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examinations of the monuments of plastic art there. Of his works, besides "Modern Painters," the most celebrated and the most useful are the results of his travel and residence in Italy and France. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice," with the "Modern Painters," will probably comprise all of his product that will last through the epoch of indifference to much that the present age has delighted in, which we can readily perceive to be already upon us. Beautiful fragments, bits of real literature such as are worthily called gems —"The Ethics of the Dust," for instance, and "Sesame and Lilies"—will undoubtedly pass into the literary limbo of the future because of their lack of substance. As Carlyle said long ago, "everything not made of asbestos is going to be burned." There is, even in a purely literary sense, exceedingly little "asbestos" to be found in the sum of Mr. Ruskin's works.

It is not, indeed, hazardous to venture the prophecy that posterity will find his writings lacking in form as to style, and lacking in substance as to matter. He was to an extraordinary degree a pure sentimentalist, and there are many signs that the day of the pure sentimentalists is over. He was not, in fact, of his own time. He made a great impress upon it, it is true. He not only revolutionized the state of feeling in regard to fine art in England, did wonders both for the awakening of the humdrum, the matter-of-fact, and the Philistine element of English society to the vital truth and real beauty of art, and against the conventionality theretofore accepted as artistic beauty and truth—he made a very deep moral impression upon many serious minds, who still regard him (such is the chaotic condition of our culture) as an evangelist rather than as a mere writer upon fine art. This s the way in which he wished to be regarded. He expressly regrets somewhere having wasted so much force upon æsthetics which he might else have devoted to morals and politics. But his success in all these regards was, as we can now see, due to special causes, and consequently ephemeral. He was of his time only in representing the reactionary feeling common to all epochs. He was, as it were, flung off by one of those occasional excesses of the centrifugal motion of a period. To the weary he was consoling; he soothed the despondent; he gratefully flattered the disgusted, the unsuccessful, those who felt themselves out of harmony with the way the world was going. There are always such persons, and consolation for them is always developed, and in this sense Mr. Ruskin's message to them may be called a natural evolution, especially as they were particularly numerous and particularly in need of consolation at the beginning of our industrial era. But representative of the best spirit, of the courage and the faith of his time, Mr. Ruskin certainly was not. There is more of this to be found in Byron—where, indeed, there is a great deal of it to be found, by the way. The "note" of the time is expansion, development, exercise of one's faculties. With the material side of this we are all familiar, of course. Its spiritual side has since Goethe been marked by a turning toward mind rather than toward sentiment. The higher reaches henceforth are found unsatisfactory if they are pervaded merely or chiefly by emotion. In this sense Mr. Ruskin is altogether mediæval.

Now nineteenth-century mediævalism is not only a paradox, but the next thing to an impossibility. Indeed—although if obliged to sum up in one word what seems to me the vice of Mr. Ruskin's gospel, I should say its mediævalism—such is the perverse irony of the nature of things that Mr. Ruskin himself is lacking in certain of the most important characteristics of the mediæval spirit—simplicity and sincerity, for instance.

There are most assuredly traits of mediævalism which are of perennial value—*vide* Carlyle's "Past and Present," *passim*. But to preach them successfully one must be not merely fanatical, but simple; not merely eloquent, but serious and sincere. "Carlyle and I only are left," observed Ruskin once. The association is absurd. It reminds one of the association sometimes made of Carlyle and Coleridge, with whom Ruskin had a far greater affinity. It has been brilliantly said of Coleridge that he "had no morals," and in the same way Ruskin can be said to have had convictions only by extension. Terribly self-

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conscious in everything else, he was perfectly unconscious in his ignorance of this. He was, no doubt, thoroughly sincere in fancying his intensity of emotion a mark of reality of conviction, which, as an analytic age has discovered, it is very far from being. His passion for formulating his paradoxes, organizing his whimsies, making a credo of his fancies, for demonstrating, proselyting, disputing, illustrating his general principles by specific examples, fortifying his positions by proofs, and so on—in short, the predominance of the polemic element in his works—indicates how superficial is his mediævalism itself in everything but intensity of unmixed emotion. The one essential resemblance between him and St. Francis is his exaltation. Fancy St. Francis as the founder of the St. George Society! He undoubtedly made many people see the side by which St. Francis is superior to Theocritus, but it may be said that anyone nowadays who is especially grateful for such a service, is likely to receive more harm than good from it. St. Francis himself has irrevocably gone by. Rehabilitated by Mr. Ruskin, he becomes not only grotesque but injurious, because we only get the sentimental side of him, and the future is clearly not to sentimentalism.

This predominance of the emotional sense over the thinking power appears by no means exclusively in his practical preachments. It pervades his writing on art as well. This it distorts in the first place, and vitiates in the second. It distorts it by giving it the false sanction of moral purpose, of utility. In a large sense, art certainly has this sanction, and no other, like every department of human effort. In the only sense, however, in which this is not a truism, it is false; and a detailed consideration of art in this view results in distortion. It is nothing against the "Perseus" of Florence that Benvenuto was a rascal; it is nothing in favor of the absurd embryonic sculpture on St. Mark's that the artisan was a reverent and pious worker belonging to the "ages of faith." Purely emotional treatment of fine art is vitiated treatment, because it upsets all real distinctions and all relative values. A thousand instances of this in Ruskin crowd one's memory. In fact, it is to be said in all soberness that they make up the body of his art writing outside of its rhapsody. Complete surrender to emotion, which is, of course, the source of whim and fanaticism, has resulted, in Mr. Ruskin's case, in a body of criticism most of which is never seen by competent critics without either exasperation or contempt. It never sings the praises of restraint, of severity, of the Greek element in art. It loses the form in the significance, and the significance it as often as not supplies itself. It not only exalts sentiment in altogether undue degree, and depreciates pure expression, but the sentiment which unfailingly it admires, is sentiment of a particularly primitive nature. It becomes ecstatic to puerility over a crude Giotto forgery in Santa Maria Novella, for example (*vide* "Mornings in Florence"), and is unmoved by the ineffable spirituality of Raphael's inexhaustible expression. It shows the delight of a savage in the presence of the positive colors simply combined, and remains cold before subtle harmonies of value. It extols "the precision and perfection of the instantaneous line" as the acme of painting, and finds Titian's "Presentation" a cheap composition.

The truth is he was quite disoriented in writing about art at all. He neither recognized its limitations, nor understood its function, nor apprehended its distinction. He did not *like* it. He was, which is quite another thing, in love with Nature. All the art he cared for was what is sometimes called imitative art, and his measure of this was the amount of unadulterated nature it contained. For constructive and composed beauty he had no feeling. He thought it blasphemous. He shrank instinctively from everything architechtonic. Art, in the sense of nature plus the artist's alembic, absolutely disquieted and perturbed him. He had his own alembic—and certainly one whose magic is its own justification often. But what an equipment for a writer—either philosophic or even poetic—on art! Art has its own sanctions, its own gospel, its own devotees. Mr. Ruskin was of the opposite creed—one may say, in the opposite camp. A bit of botany in a painter's work was more to him than the loveliest generalization. Partly his contention was the moral one that it showed more reverence, more fidelity, more humility. Let whoever will

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define these terms, which in this sense, at all events, are already obsolescent, even in English writing upon art. Their illogicality is apparent. The cathedral is as apt a place as a cave to worship in, and God is doubtless as immanent in the work of man as in inanimate nature. Reduced to its lowest terms—and to absurdity—Mr. Ruskin's contention would be that the soul is not His habitation. But the only way to absolve him from the charge of the loosest kind of thinking in his lucubrations on art, is, avoiding confutation of his logic, to concentrate one's attention on his adoration of nature.

Here, however, he was beyond all cavil superb. Has ever anyone else done what he has here? One is almost tempted into dithyramb in speaking of the way in which he has verbally crystallized his appreciations of the myriad aspects of that immense and immensely attractive energy of which, if Wordsworth is to be called the poet, Ruskin himself is surely the oracle. He characterizes Wordsworth, somewhere, in his ludicrously patronizing way as in his best period "simply a Westmoreland peasant with the gift of melody." It is an absurd description of Wordsworth, but—*mutatis mutandis*—it might do for Ruskin, one might say, if inspired by an analogous whimsicality. He lacked constitutionally, it is true, the simplicity of the peasant. He had not even the Tennysonian substitute of *simplesse*—to recall Arnold's happy distinction. No great writer was ever so perversely complicated. But in his view of Nature, his absolute worship of her, he was more than simple, he was naïf. And his readers reap the benefit of this attitude in a long succession of lofty and noble and moving and intimate disquisitions which not only elevate and charm but inform and instruct. He declares her mysteries with prophet-like authority, and seduces us into her arcanum with the most winning persuasions. None of her aspects escapes his affectionately prolonged penetrative gaze, and he synthesizes them with an art that seems even to transcend the observation on which it is based. His one distinction is to have been the most attentive, the most affectionate, the most eloquent, the most persuasive apostle of Nature. But surely his preoccupation with art must be admitted to be perversity, and in his treatment of it anyone who has as much delight in beauty as Mr. Ruskin has, and who therefore needs no emotional stimulus, will find the same lack of substance as he who already believes in mediæval virtues will in his more specific "criticism of life."

As to the lack of form in Mr. Ruskin's style, there is likely to be far more dispute. Let it be said at once that his style has countless felicities. At times it carries one away with it. You forget any notions you may have about the essential characteristics of prose, or recall them only to feel yourself a pedant. It is when he is speaking of nature especially that this is true, as I have implied—when "the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets under the shadows of the pines." You doubt if Wordsworth's poetry has surpassed such expression of the power of nature over the emotions. And there is a great deal of it in Ruskin. But its first effect past, the old notions about prose recur, as they do after reading Jeremy Taylor or Elizabethan prose. You feel there is something lacking, some element tending to repose, to sanity. Such a force as is applied by the reserve of poetic form, reducing to calmer movement and severer outline the tumultuous cadences in which Mr. Ruskin's emotional genius riots, would be of advantage, perhaps, even in such a splendid passage as that whose closing lines I have quoted. Even outbursts of impassioned eloquence, when they merely or mainly express emotion, gain in elevation and permanent charm through the element of artistic restraint. But there is no room for doubt that the positive need of this is illustrated by the mass of Mr. Ruskin's rhapsodical writing. His exuberance is very often absolutely savage and meaningless. It is pure feeling exhaled in the worst possible taste. Take, among a multitude of examples, the once admired passage describing the piazza and church of St. Mark. It is perfectly unscrupulous in its rhetorical devices, and thoroughly puerile in its cheap tropicality. Mr. Ruskin would infallibly and correctly describe such a passage in another writer as "cockney." It is because his great defect is excess of emotion, and because emotion in one way or another is nearly his only source of strength, and because poetical

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form is almost sure to counteract excess, that English literature has perhaps lost from Mr. Ruskin's exclusive devotion to prose. To the preponderance of his emotional over his intellectual side, at all events, are justly attributable the two great defects which imperil his position as an English classic, namely, the lack of substance in his matter and the lack of form in his style.

THE POINT OF VIEW

I WAS struck, the other day, with a remark I heard an American make to a Frenchman, in discussing a certain noted French actress. The Frenchman, with that charming apostolic air that foreigners sometimes assume in this country, had expressed the opinion that, after acting for some years to English and American audiences, the artist in question had lost much of the original fineness of her art, and was no longer what she was when at the Français in Paris. To this my American friend rejoined: "I don't dispute the fact; but I should not call it necessarily a sign of artistic degeneration. Madame X. probably has, as you say, insensibly adapted herself to her public, and, to a certain extent, given up the French idea for ours. But you must pardon me for looking at this from our point of view. You French are undoubtedly the most highly civilized people in Europe; for that extreme pitch of civilization we Anglo-Saxons have little aptitude. Do what we may, there will always remain an uncivilized *residuum* in us; we shall have, to the end, something of the savage left, at bottom. And herein lies our strength."

Savage?

We Anglo-Saxons have ever been rather proud of our strength—with what justice is not for us to say. Neither will I try to determine whether our possible inaptitude for complete civilization is an element of that strength or not. What especially interested me in my friend's dictum was his statement of the bare fact. Is it true, I ask myself, that, after all our striving toward civilization, there still remains an uneliminable something of savagery in us? I must own that I think my friend was right!

Of course our Latin and Teutonic critics can point to the prize-ring, and to our so-called "brutal" athletic sports—Rugby and Association foot-ball among them—as signs of surviving savagery. True, the Spaniards and Portuguese have the bull-fight; but I do not care to pursue a comparison between this and our prize-ring farther, for neither the latter nor the more pancratiastic developments of foot-ball seem to me the surest sign of the Anglo-Saxon's having something of the savage left in him.

In studying the Anglo-Saxon from this point of view, it is best to go for documents to where the type is found in its greatest purity—to England rather than this country. The Englishman, not the American, is, after all, the typical Anglo-Saxon. In England, Anglo-Saxon blood, and especially Anglo-Saxon tradition, have been less modified by exotic strains or new social conditions than they have here. And it is the unbroken tradition which counts for most in forming characteristic "racial" traits; far more than purity of blood. If we are to study distinctively Anglo-Saxon traits, we can study them best in England. And I find much in even the more refined phases of English life to indicate a certain survival of inextinguishable savagery.

Take the average educated Englishman, say, the metropolitan Londoner who moves in what is called "good society;" his dominant social instinct, and with it many of the conventions of the society to which he belongs, is that of the savage. His ideals are, for the most part, Spartan rather than Athenian, based upon the idea of self-repression, not upon that of self-expression. And this may be called the most fundamental difference between the civilized man and the savage.

Winkelmann was, I think, the first to point out this difference between the Athenian and the Spartan. The former, admittedly the more civilized type of the two, had no reserve, except in the visual arts—painting, sculpture, architecture. In all other matters he was outspoken frankness itself; the only

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repression he acknowledged was that which forbade his intensity of emotional expression going to lengths that offended his sense of visual beauty; farther than this his reserve did not go. In ordinary life he would express the emotion of the moment with complete frankness, even with violence, and it never entered his head that his personal dignity could suffer thereby. We find a similar outspokenness in Greek poetry, in the Greek drama. Homer's heroes and Olympian gods cry out lustily, like babies, at the first scratch of an enemy's spear; Zola himself has not outdone the grewsome "naturalism" of parts of Sophocles's "Philoctetes," nor did the dramatist think it any indignity to his hero to give him whole lines made up of mere inarticulate ejaculations. The Athenian was so secure in his own dignity that he never thought of needing to "stand on it;" he cried and shouted, laughed or blubbered, as the feeling of the moment prompted. It was the Spartan who could never forget his dignity, and what he considered its due; his notion of dignity was essentially that of the savage—the barbarian, or foreigner—it was absolute emotional repression. The more impassive a man was, the more like a statue, the more man he.

Now, is not just this outward impassiveness, this strict emotional repression, the most characteristic of English social ideals? In English society it is "the thing" to show no emotion, to look as if you had none; the *ne plus ultra* of "good form" is to be perpetually bored, to take interest in nothing; this is an infallible mark of superiority. The Comanche's idea of dignity is little else; only he carries it a step farther, and does not even look bored. Here we find the Englishman more civilized than the Comanche; his look of boredom—the least animated expression the human countenance can assume—is an involuntary tribute to his higher civilization. It is as near to the Comanche as he can come; but he does his best.

Take another, cognate, element of English "good form"—the consecrated avoidance of as many of the ornaments of manner as possible. Such social embellishments the Englishman considers beneath him. A leader in London society told an American, not long ago, speaking of those little amenities which a Frenchman would deem the indispensable varnish of civilized social intercourse, that "We have done away with all that!" This has been explained on the ground of a superior liking for sincerity, an inborn horror of shams. I hardly think, though, that the explanation will hold water. To begin with, the Englishman's horror of shams is not particularly thorough-going; his very expression of boredom is, more than half the time, something of a sham in itself; he is not so inveterately unemotional at bottom as he gives himself out to be. I think it far more likely that his set avoidance of social forms and graces—which are, in general, essentially expressive—is but part and parcel of his idolization of impassiveness; such ornamental acts express more than he deems consistent with the unruffled calm of "good form."

Note, as has long been noted, that the only *manners* the Englishman cares about are what our country cousins call "table manners." He can lay enormous stress upon these without seeming to thaw out, for they really *express* nothing; and meticulous nicety in the forms of eating and drinking pleases his innate sense of refinement, and chimes in with his dislike for making a mess. Yet a certain Frenchman may not have been far wrong, after all, in saying that "the English would surely not frown so upon a man's mopping up sauce with a piece of bread, if they themselves had ever had any sauce worth mopping up." It may be that the Englishman's perfection of deportment at meals comes in part from a lack of temptation to do otherwise. But the truth is none the less apparent, that the complicated conventions regarding what to do, and what to avoid, at table that obtain in England do not in any way involve that outward expressiveness which the Englishman abhors; he can obey them without prejudice to his impassivity. And this cult of impassiveness, of self-repression, is essentially Spartan—that of the savage.

What is commonly called English snobbery, the charcoal-burner faith in the *intrinsic* value of rank and title, smacks also considerably of the savage. Still more so does the frank brutality with which this faith is often expressed. A worn-out noble gambler who marries a successful young actress, to live in lazy ease on her earnings, is not invariably considered to have made a disgraceful or unmanly bargain in England; he has given her his title in exchange for board, lodging, and pocket-money; it is all fair and square—if he only treats her decently and does not beat her. Of course what a man of

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that sort thinks of himself is unimportant; but it is not insignificant that hosts of his peers in rank think none the worse of him for it, save perhaps that it is always more or less bad form for a man to make a *mésalliance*. I have heard his course defended with perfect ingenuousness by persons of unimpeached respectability.

In London to-day, no matter who a man is or whence he may have come, whether he has the manners of a Grandison or a boor, he can—within certain pretty wide limits—have what society he pleases if he is able to pay the price. Those who hear his high-priced singers, eat his truffles, and drink his vintage champagne will treat him like a brute, sniff audibly when he offers his hand, or even wholly avoid meeting his eye; but they will come and eat and drink and listen to music; he can buy their presence if he has the requisite cash or credit. And they will consider that the appearance of their names, under his, in the next issue of the *Morning Post* is ample repayment for his trouble; that is enough for their part of the bargain—and is all he will get. Is this savagery, or a lower deep than savagery? It seems to me that here our Anglo-Saxon has outdone the Comanche.

Some Missing Books.

TWO groups of considerations are always ready to grieve the judicious reader whose mind runs on books. It makes him sad to think how many books are all the time being written, printed, and read—read sometimes in immense quantities—which were not worth the writing, the printing, or reading. He would like to have all books good of their kind, and that, undoubtedly, would be to the advantage of mankind. He recognizes that hosts of books, including myriads that fail and some that succeed, are not good of their kind or of any kind. For those that fail he has few regrets; but those that succeed dismay him not a little. When "An Empty Life," by Sagamore Mullins, sells 150,000 he groans, because he knows there is nothing between the covers of that book that is really worth attention, and he wishes that the 150,000 buyers were getting something better worth their money and their time. When "The Good Old Days" sells 200,000 he sighs, and tries to get comfort in remembering that after all it is a fair piece of work and entertaining at least, and, though a commonplace book, ought not to have the distribution that only great books deserve, "The Good Old Days" gives its buyers at least a fair run for their money. When a first-rate book comes along and beats all records, as first-rate books sometimes do in these days, that gives him a real glow of satisfaction, and every truck load of that book that he sees unloaded in the dry-goods district rejoices his spirit.

But in the end Destiny gets even with all books that ought never to have been written. They pass out of sight, sale, and remembrance, and the minds of men are no more concerned with them. Another grief of the judicious reader does not find this easy, final consolation. When he thinks of the books that ought to be written and are not, it is a different story, and Destiny has no help for it. Consider what entertainment we are deprived of for lack of the biographies of men whose lives will never be written! One special class whose lives, if they could be adequately recorded, would make story-books of the most fascinating sort, are the working millionnaires of our own time and our own country; men who have made, in one way or another, fortunes of fabulous extent; some of whom have lived for forty years on a stretch on the fighting-line of commerce. Some of them were great men, captains of trade, leaders by divine right in any enterprise that attracted them. Some of them were interesting to the last degree, in their personality as well as their achievements. Alas, unlike Agassiz, they had no time except for making money. Commodore Vanderbilt is gone, and how much do we know about him? If he had been as formidable in letters or in politics or in war as he was in finance we should feel confident that in due time we should know him. Only the other day died Mr. Calvin Brice, one of the most remarkable of contemporary mortals, a man whose memory was stored with recollections of extraordinary experiences. Then there is Mr. Collis P. Huntington, now, after a prodigious industrial course, at a time of life when some men begin to think themselves old. Is he writing an autobiography? Not as far as anyone knows. The papers tell of him as busy with shipyards, railroads, and such fleeting occupations. And so with numbers of others who owe, or owed, us stories. Plenty of reposeful persons who have never done anything very exciting write their memoirs, but the men of action—the strong generation—are apt to shirk the work.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ART CRITICISM AND RUSKIN'S WRITINGS ON ART

I

THE recent death of John Ruskin has called everyone's attention to the curious position of "the art critic" in the modern world. That Ruskin was not a critic at all, either by nature or by gained capacity, only makes the situation the more odd; because a large part of the English-speaking world steadily continues to believe him to have been a critical writer on works of fine art and the intentions and the characters of their authors. That this supposition should obtain is not more remarkable than that many self-assertive writers should be thought literary critics. The reading public is very apt to take, or to seem to take, at their own valuation, those essay-writers who will speak with the greatest conviction. If a bold and self-confident writer has a good deal of knowledge, which knowledge he knows how to show to the best advantage, his hold on taste and opinion will be even stronger.

This, then, was almost exactly Ruskin's case. He had remarkable powers of observation and a retentive memory for what he had once observed. He had a sincere love of art in many forms and a hearty desire to sympathize with the artist. Having abundant means, he saw whatever in Europe attracted him the most; he spent as long a time among the mountains of Switzerland as he cared to spend; he worked in continental galleries for as many hours and as many months as he thought expedient; and he lived in Venice, in Verona, and in the architectural cities of the north as long as he felt himself able to remain away from his even more beloved mountains and lakes. This course of untrammelled work and observation, this life of study, he began early and maintained for many years. He filled volumes with conscientious notes, and reams with carefully made drawings. The result of all this study and of all this natural fitness for his task as student is seen in the very numerous sentences and even longer passages in which extraordinarily clear, sound, and interesting statements are made upon matters of fine art. There is no writer upon art-subjects from whom it is better worth while to collect short passages. An immense amount of what seems almost to be wisdom, and is certainly alert intelligence, is to be inferred from any well-made collection of such short passages. It is quite another matter when one looks at the whole chapter and considers its outcome—its conclusions as drawn from its premises, and the general impression conveyed to the reader's mind from the author's; that, indeed, may prove to be far less intelligent.

II

WE are not concerned in this paper with Ruskin's status as a thinker or as a writer. When Matthew Arnold compared Emerson to Marcus Aurelius as being not exactly a great writer, nor a great thinker, nor a philosopher, nor a poet in any lofty sense, but a friend of those who would live in the spirit, he seemed to many of us to have settled our doubts. That, indeed, was the way to regard Ralph Waldo Emerson. If such a minute analysis were given to the works of John Ruskin, the result, in the hands of a master in literary thought, would be important; and if we knew that such were in course of preparation, we should wait for it anxiously. Ruskin's work is so very voluminous and so diverse in character; it is so much the reverse of self-explanatory, and tends, indeed, so much toward complete self-contradiction, that he would be a bold man who would undertake a thorough examination of its tendencies and a comparative estimate of its character and value. It may well be that this will never be done. It may well be that there is nothing in the work of Ruskin so important to the coming generations that it will call for such long-continued and arduous study. His many volumes consist—essentially consist—of a series of almost detached passages of sound thought clearly

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expressed, mingled with a still larger amount of very inconsequent and inconsecutive writing. The mind of the man is full of his theme and "his eye is on the object;" but he allows every passing incident to interest him or to drive him wild with impatient vexation, and a cherished and always growing habit of bold assertion of what could not be proved, or even fairly well demonstrated, has made his work from year to year less and less fit to serve as the authority which his admirers love to think it.

III

In art criticism there is, of course, no such thing as Authority. Art criticism is a matter of suggestion, of comparison, of good-natured and sympathetic hints at possible short-comings, of hearty praise for probable excellences. Art criticism is addressed not to the artist—as people who think they hate art criticism keep on asserting or assuming—not to the artist, but to the public. It is altogether notorious that the artist, even more than most workers in intellectual fields, cares nothing about criticism, or even suggestion, from outside. Moreover, there is absolutely no person who, having devoted himself to studying the world of art, past and present, with such success that he is fit to write about its ancient and its modern manifestations, has also the immediate and minute knowledge fitting him to say to this sculptor and that decorative painter that he, the artist, might have found a better or an easier way of doing what he undertook to do. Such knowledge is too great for man. The only criticism (if that be still the word) which the artist cares about at all, is that which is contained in the half hints and the guarded suggestions of his brother artist, who, looking over his shoulder or standing in front of his abandoned drawing-board, says three words of enlightening comment, or takes up a pencil and scratches a possible combination. Such criticism as that does indeed exist. It used to be said of William Burges that, after one of his friends had tried every resource and was ready to confess himself beaten, he, Burges, entering, would answer the despairing groans of the unsuccessful workman with the gentle question, "Have you tried so and so?" and with a few scrawls of his pencil would make the possibilities clear. This is hardly criticism; it is hardly more critical than George Edmund Street's night-work on his draughtsmen's boards; for he would spend the day in outside work, or in visits, or even in such social functions as riding in Hyde Park; and then, when the next morning came, his employees who had hardly seen him during the day would find their boards covered with minute, thorough, and comprehensible directions for change in what had been done, and for future work upon the same lines. That is not criticism, but it is valuable suggestion; and the suggestion of one artist to another is more and more nearly authoritative as his ability is greater, as his reputation is more exalted and admitted by the man whose work is under consideration, and as that man's need of assistance is the more immediate. Criticism is a very different affair. Criticism has nothing to do with telling the artist how he ought to work. Criticism consists exclusively in bringing up the public, man by man, woman by woman, by the ear, by the coat-lapel, or by the sleeve, and saying, in the simplest words which the subject will admit of, that the work of art in question deserves special notice on this account and on that—may be best appreciated if so and so is kept clearly in mind. This has to be done again and again, the thought has to be phrased in half a dozen ways, the significance of the work of art to the critic has to be conveyed through effort and repeated experiment to even the willing student. For the language of fine art is very little understood by those who are themselves not practising it. The student of poetry understands the language of words, to begin with, but the student of painting takes a long time to understand the language of the painter. That, and no more than that, is the true ground for the common assertion that none but a painter should criticise painting, none but an architect should try to judge of architecture. If the language of art is sufficiently understood (a very large, a colossal, a monumental IF), the critic may even be in some cases more useful if not of the trade. For criticism is always false and sure to be mischievous when it assumes the final and dictatorial tone. It is when the critic is the most gentle that he is the most likely to be useful; and whether it is Rembrandt or the last young *rapin* whose work is under consideration, mild suggestions of error, and praise not too absolute even if enthusiastic and hearty, are the only notes admissible.

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IV

AND as for knowledge — what of that knowledge which the art critic is supposed to require? He cannot know too much, and he cannot know it too thoroughly. If he cannot draw or model; if he has never made designs; if he has not worked with other men at tasks requiring the harmonious coworking of many artists; even if he has never watched in a responsible and painstaking way the processes which other men follow when they make designs—if he has not worked hard as a practising artist in some of these ways, he is terribly handicapped in his work. It will not do to say that no such man is fit to act as critic, because there is criticism of many sorts, put in many different ways, and if we begin by admitting that there is absolutely no authority in any criticism, then the suggestions of the thoughtful man who has seen and loved the art of the world, though he has not helped to produce it, may be full of value and interest even for art's most practical follower. It is not likely, though, that such a man will follow art criticism very far. He will, as was said above, find himself so severely hindered by a constantly felt ignorance on his part as to How the artist does his work, that he will insensibly drift away from that line of thought into one where he is more at home. And it should be noted that the unfamiliarity which he will then share with the world at large as to the full significance of the language employed by the artist is made the more vexatiously apparent to himself by the inability he feels to reproduce the criticised work on the same page with his comment. The literary critic can cite, without fear of being misunderstood, and he can quote with verbal exactitude whole sentences, whole paragraphs of matter, as perfectly adequate specimens of what it is that he is criticising; but there is no such privilege allowed the art critic. Only at great cost can he obtain a dozen illustrations to serve as partial and very inadequate representations of what he is describing and commenting on; and he would be a bold author or a bold editor who would print the same illustration twice in the course of the same chapter or article, because he had need of it twice. Matthew Arnold will repeat the passage upon which he is dwelling three or four times in the course of a chapter or an article, and so drive home the thought which he wishes to impart to his reader; he is not inclined to say, "Look back to page 51 and see the words on which I am commenting;" and yet that is exactly what the art critic has to do when his thought brings him again to the mention of the subject reproduced in a cut on a previous page. This is mentioned merely as explaining in part the difficulty which the art critic must always labor under, and the still greater need there is that he should have a "vast and varied" knowledge of all the subjects which go to make up the artistic work which he has under consideration.

V

THAT scrap of quotation in the last sentence brings to mind the real difficulty which lies at the bottom of most futile art criticism, and at the bottom of the greater part of Ruskin's own. The whole passage cited is, if recollection serves, to the effect that a certain very eminent English statesman was a man "of brilliant incapacity, vast and varied misinformation, and immense moral requirements." It would be absurd to apply that satirical speech to Ruskin; his great ability, immense power of work, natural fitness for abstract speculation, and conscientious devotion to what he thought his bounden task were all too honestly and well used to be ridiculed in any way; but the passage about the "misinformation" is very suggestive indeed and occurs involuntarily to the mind of him who reads once again the preface to Volume III. of "Modern Painters." That preface, appearing in 1856, states how Ruskin, having written the first and second volumes in a hurry "to check the attacks upon Turner which prevented the public from honoring his genius at the time when his power was greatest," had then gone at his work of art critic in a more carefully deliberate way and with years of preparation. His words are, "I have now given ten years of my life to the single purpose of enabling myself to judge rightly of art, and spent them in labor as earnest and continuous as men usually undertake to gain position or accumulate fortune." All that is undoubtedly true; but it is as possible to study for ten years and to know less at the end of them than one did at the beginning, as it is possible to injure the body by long-continued use of a few muscles to the comparative exclusion of others. And Ruskin's study

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of nature and of art was, unfortunately, of this character. He used a set of his mental faculties almost to the exclusion of all others, and absolutely to the exclusion of his judgment. His best book is "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," published when he was thirty, at a time when he had almost no knowledge of architecture as a constructional science, but a profound sense of the beauty of the monuments which he saw destroyed —either removed out of the way of the public or "restored" into ruin—from the face of western Europe. Inspired by indignation and by a hearty love for the lovely creations of the past which the public of his youth ignored or detested, he produced that poem in prose — that impressive, serious, inspiring, suggestive, and weighty series of essays which we have named. But at the same time he had committed himself, in his youth, and before he or any man could have had time to think anything out, to a variety of statements made so positively, and with such violence of invective showered upon those who disagreed with him, that he wore the fetters of those youthful assertions all his life long. Neither in his youth nor in his age were there any bounds to his certainty that he was right. Almost at the same time with "The Seven Lamps" there came out his "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," in which he, though kindly telling the public that he "did not profess to teach divinity," yet told Englishmen and Scotchmen just how they should organize themselves in a church, and what the Church of Christ must be understood to be. At the same time he had in hand "The Stones of Venice," which came out, all three volumes together, in 1851, when the man was approaching the age of thirty-two; and in this he committed himself definitely to a theory of architectural grandeur and beauty, to a theory of the relative value of the different styles of Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire, to a theory of the relative importance of different mediæval styles, north and south, east and west, all of which might have been well for a youth to suggest, or for a man of sixty to accept finally as the result of lifelong labor, for instance, the ultimath completion of such a great history of architecture as has never yet been written. And in these ways, the man, before his ten years of study had begun, was as sure of himself in things of which he knew little or nothing as he was at the close of them, while at the close of the ten years he found himself much more informed, indeed, as to what pictures were in existence, and even as to the true artistic value of some of them, but as ignorant as before as to the relative value of pictures of different schools and styles; while as for sculpture, he seems never to have looked at it except as it is intimately connected with Gothic churches; and as for architecture and the minor decorative arts, he seems to have steadily misunderstood them the more completely the farther he pursued his studies.

VI

INVOLUNTARILY the thought has run into what seems like scorn of Ruskin's work. Such was not the writer's intention; but, indeed, the animosity which is excited in the mind of the art student at seeing such wasted opportunity, at seeing such splendid powers misused to lead astray the whole community which they might have led to an intelligent feeling for fine art, is an evil passion which it is hard to restrain altogether. When a brilliant man writes hastily about what he does not understand, we are grieved, but we can endure that common affliction. When, however, a man who is by nature at once a poet and a thinker, a man so removed above the ordinary vices and foibles of humanity that he might be considered as by nature a recluse and an ascetic, although living among men—when such a man, having abundant means at his disposal and using them with the utmost intelligence and liberality, purchasing works of art in many departments with an enthusiastic love for what he buys and a perfect willingness to share it with his friends and with the world—when such a man devotes, as he says, ten years to be able to teach the truth about fine art to the world, and is able as the result of all this to give only bold assertion where no assertion is possible, and the declaration as fact of what was never anything but whim—then, indeed, the world has reason to regret that John Ruskin ever saw or thought of a work of fine art in his life. If he had remained a writer on morals and on sociology, he might have made strange remarks upon fine art and have done no harm; but the mischief his works have wrought in keeping a whole world of diligent readers out of touch with that other world of art producers, old and new, is apparently an irreparable mischief. —RUSSELL STURGIS.

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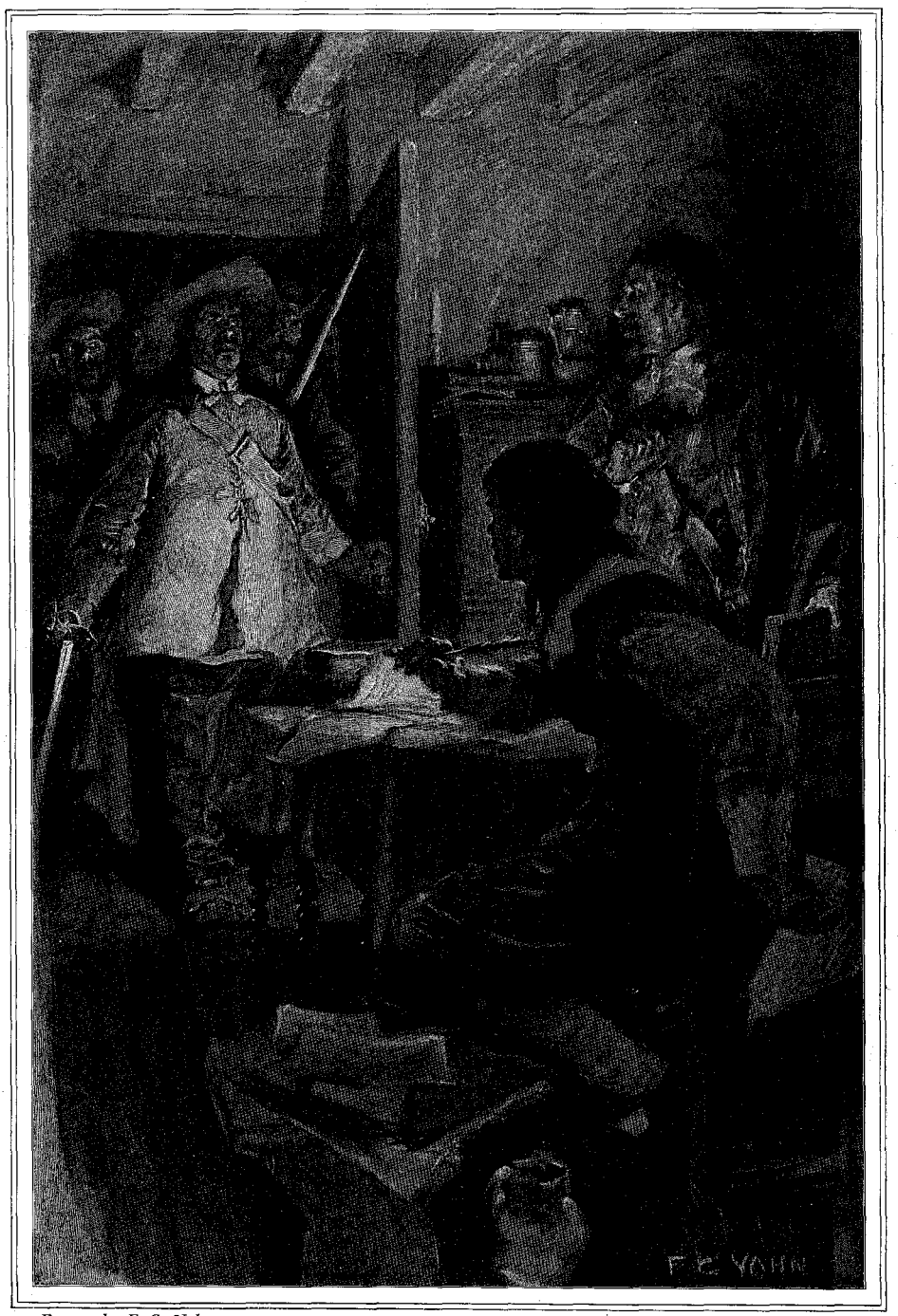

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THE ARREST OF MAJOR WILDMAN.

One of the leading plotters against Cromwell's life.

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